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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MRS. CATHARINE CAPPE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

BOSTON:

WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

1824.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE motives of the author in preparing for the Press the following Memoirs of her Life, are so fully and satisfactorily stated in the Introductory Chapter, that the Editor has only to observe, that she has executed the task enjoined upon her, by her late beloved and honoured Mother, in strict conformity with her wishes; introducing only such verbal corrections as seemed to be absolutely required; and of which, therefore, she is fully persuaded the venerable Author herself would have approved.

MARY CAPPE.

York, July 29, 1822.

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MEMOIRS.

INTRODUCTION.

The Author's view of human life....Her motives for writing her Memoirs.

ALTHOUGH the writer of this Memoir cannot accede to the opinion of those who represent human nature as altogether corrupt and depraved, and who think they do their Maker honour, by describing it as coming out of his hands loaded with the guilt of the primeval progenitor; yet she is well aware that the road of life is a dangerous road;* that great care and vigilance are required, lest, by improper indulgence, those very appetites and passions, which are implanted in the human constitution for the wisest and best purposes, should prove our ruin. Many a human traveller, for want of this salutary caution, has been wholly lost in the destructive whirlpools of vice and folly, making shipwreck of honour, of virtue, and of hope.

Others again there are, and of these perhaps a countless multitude, who, although they may escape the extreme wretchedness of atrocious vice, yet having no real solicitude to attain "to things that are excellent," no just estimate of human life and of human duty, or of those attainments which really constitute human happiness,

* See Dr. Cogan's Theological Disquisitions, Vol. II. p. 69. A most ingenious work of inestimable value.

suffer themselves to be daily guilty of a deplorable waste of time, never more to be redeemed; and of numerous lesser faults, which if not, when singly taken, extremely criminal, yet still in the amount, do not less effectually prevent their misguided votaries from ever rising in the scale of intellectual, moral, or religious improvement. Now if it be indeed true, that "honour, glory, and immortality," are promised in the gospel, to those alone who *excel* in Christian virtue, then it assuredly follows, that those disappointments, privations, and sorrows, which may eventually contribute to this end, however afflictive or distressing they may be at the time, are as really blessings dispensed by the favour of our heavenly Father, as those more resplendent bounties of his providence, which are the immediate source of present prosperity and enjoyment. To the reflecting mind, the mercy and goodness of the great giver are in both equally conspicuous; but as they are not at first sight equally obvious, it may be useful to others that the experienced traveller should point out such facts of this sort, as have fallen within his own observation: or, in other words, should become his own biographer.

It is not necessary, in order to be useful in this way, that the writer should have filled any very high or conspicuous station, that he should have risen to eminence in the walks of literature or science, much less that he should have been the accomplished statesman, the profound politician, or the successful warrior: it is not even necessary that he should have been distinguished for extraordinary talents, or admired for extraordinary accomplishments. On the contrary, it is rather desirable, if his Memoir is to be of extensive use, that he should have assimilated more nearly to the general mass of hu-

man characters; have been such as the ordinary beholder can see without envy; whose mental and moral progress he can easily trace in those common occurrences, continually taking place in human life, through which, in some form or other, he himself may expect to pass; and of whose various defects and attainments he may therefore avail himself, as of so many beacons in the great ocean of life, whether to avoid the one or to make for the other, so as happily to steer his own course in safety to the land of everlasting uprightness.

Reflections such as these, and not, as she firmly believes, any vain expectation of an imaginary life in the fleeting breath of those who may succeed her, have induced the writer of these Memoirs to take up her pen; and happy would she esteem herself, should any young persons of the rising generation, by a careful perusal of her simple narrative, be firmly convinced that those trials and privations, which necessarily arise out of their various circumstances, and are therefore the deed of Providence, may be made, even in this life, highly subservient to their happiness and comfort; and, on the contrary, that the very attainment of those objects which are usually most eagerly pursued, such as general admiration, a perpetual round of amusements, or even the acquirement of what is usually called a good establishment in marriage, issue not unfrequently in the ruin of their peace, their virtue, and their Christian hope.

But she has yet another end in view. It is her wish to state, as accurately as can be recollected, what passed in her own mind, upon particular occasions, during the period of infancy and childhood; being persuaded that if others would do the same, parents would eventually be furnished with more certain principles for the ma-

nagement of the infant mind, or at least, that they would endeavour to be more guarded in the government of their own temper, and more watchful to prevent the occurrence of erroneous sentiments in common conversation; which, being incidental, are wont to have greater influence than any moral lessons, however excellent, which are purposely taught.

It is likewise her intention, in order the more effectually to answer the objects principally in view, to give an outline, as the narrative proceeds, of the history of those persons with whom she may have been particularly connected; not indeed of their birth, parentage, and education, but merely of those leading features in their temper or situation, which appear to have fixed their character and marked their destiny. The real names of a few only will be given, but the reader may be assured that they are all portraits taken from the life; and therefore, that, as far as their history can be of any use, it may equally be depended upon.

CHAPTER I.

Her birth....Some account of the Craven district....Of its inhabitants in the early part of the last century....Situation of the Vicarage-house at Long Preston....Cheapness of provisions....Injudicious treatment of the small-pox....Widow of Capt. Maurice....Her singular fortitude....Etiquette of a Statesman's lady.

THE writer of this Memoir was born on the 3rd of June, (old style,) 1744, at Long Preston, in Craven, a very mountainous district in the western division of the county of York. Her father, the Rev. Jeremiah Harrison, was the only son of a second marriage, and was early left to the sole care of his mother, who destined him for the Church, and entered him, at the early age of fifteen, (about the year 1721,) as a commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, where he remained seven years, until he had taken the degree of Master of Arts. During this period, he lost his only surviving parent; and soon after he left the university, was presented by his college, first to the living of Long Preston, and afterwards, in September, 1740, to that of Skipton, both of them in Craven.

This part of Yorkshire, at the time of which I am speaking, was insulated from the rest of the kingdom; not so much by its high mountains, as by its almost impassable roads. No wheel-carriage could ascend its rocky steeps; the carriers from Richmond to Kendal, conveyed their goods in packs upon horses; and I well remember, that one of my earliest pleasures was to listen to the sound of the bells hung round the neck of their leader, followed with solemn step, by a long train of his compeers, as they passed stately along the shady lane

by my father's garden; all of them seeming to enjoy, equally with myself, this simple music. If this noble animal could compose and write, what petitions and remonstrances should we not daily receive against the unfeeling speed of flying diligences, hackney post-chaises, and mail coaches!

The native inhabitants of this hilly country, were then as uncivilized as their mountains were rude and uncultivated. When my father first went there, (about the year 1729,) almost all the country was divided among a number of small freeholders, or lease-holders, holding grants of nine hundred or a thousand years, made over in feudal times by the great barons, in exchange for military service. The ground almost every where remained in its primitive state, wholly uninclosed; and notwithstanding every man knew his own, yet their property being so intermingled, various subjects for endless debate and litigation were continually arising among them; and being proud from independence, and obstinate from extreme ignorance, it was almost impossible to arbitrate or to compose their differences. This herculean labour, however, my father courageously attempted: and, that he might do it with greater success, he took upon himself the office of a justice of peace, which he exercised among them many years with the happiest effects.

In large open fields, consisting perhaps of several hundred acres, the ground was nominally divided into what were commonly called *lands*, which had each their appropriate name; and it was one of his first efforts to prevail upon the different proprietors, to exchange with each other distant for contiguous lands, a proportionate sum of money being paid in addition, where the value of

a plat of ground might be less than that for which it was exchanged; and if the difference or value of the w[illegible] purchase was small, he drew the respective conveyance for them himself, to save them expence, and thus prepared the way for future enclosures and progressive improvement. I found a box not many years ago, containing a number of these agreements, for the exchange of small pieces of land, and for some entire purchases, in one of which, the sum amounted to no more than 2*l.* 10*s.*, and in no instance did they exceed the sum of 20*l.*

My father rebuilt in a great measure, if not entirely, the Vicarage-House at Long Preston, which is pleasantly situated on a rising ground. It is a double house with five windows in front; opening upon a little lawn, divided by palisades from a field of glebe-land, which slopes gently down to a little rivulet that runs at the bottom, the ground gradually ascending the opposite side, until the prospect is finally closed by the view of Pendle-hill, one of the highest mountains in the neighbourhood, and which bounds the horizon at the distance of about ten miles.

This country would have been extremely beautiful, were it not that many parts of it were, and still continue, almost entirely destitute of wood; and that even after enclosures were introduced: the fields were separated from each other, not by quickwood hedges, but by stone walls, which still give a general appearance of barrenness and poverty. Near the vicarage, however, my father endeavoured to supply this defect, and in spring and summer, the various rows and clumps of trees which he planted, so rare in Craven valleys, became the general rendezvous of little groupes of singing birds, who rewarded him for their accommodation by their enliven-

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usic. The value of the living did not exceed eighty by one hundred pounds per annum, and that of Skipton was, I believe, much smaller; provisions however were then very cheap. The family was supplied many years with excellent butter at twopence halfpenny per pound, (24 ounces,) the average price throughout the year, and other articles were in the same proportion: a neighbouring river (the Ribble) supplied excellent fish. My father, in common with all who acted in the commission of the peace, was plentifully supplied with venison twice a year, from the park of the noble proprietor of Skipton Castle: and having a small estate of his own, he was enabled to live in great plenty and hospitality himself, as well as to be useful and generous to others.

The income of the living arose principally from glebeland; a much more eligible means of supporting a clergyman who wishes to be of use to his flock, and to cultivate their good affections, than that of collecting tithes, which are always considered by the farmer as a vexation, and often supply the temptation to practise little frauds, which are at the same time most unfavourable to the moral character, and the prolific source of many cruel heart-burnings, destructive of all friendly intercourse.

My mother was the daughter of the younger son of a baronet of large property, and of great influence, Sir Rowland Winn, bart. of Nostel, and had been accustomed, from her family connexions, to associate with persons of rank and fortune, much superior to her own: but being of a very amiable disposition, good-tempered, actively benevolent and pious, neither this circumstance, nor that of her being extremely handsome, rendered her unfit for the wife of a country clergyman, or unhappy in

the retirement consequent upon that situation. She was naturally very cheerful, a great adept at her needle, delighted in visiting the poor, and making up medicines for them; and having a very musical voice, could pleasantly accompany my father, who played a little upon the violin, which constituted their favourite amusement in a winter's evening when the labours of the day were over. Never have I since heard any concert that sounded to my ear so delightful! My mother being asked if she did not find the winter evenings very long and dull, replied in her cheerful manner, "By no means; Mr. H. plays, I work and sing, and the children dance!"

At three years old, I had the confluent small-pox, and being treated according to the mistaken practice of that day, lost every little pretension to beauty, which might otherwise have fallen to my share. I was not only kept in bed ten nights and days, in a small close room, from which every breath of outward air, and even the daylight was carefully excluded; but an affectionate nurse submitted to share the same cruel penance, lest, by her leaving me, I might be more impatient of the confinement. At last the air in the room became so unfit for respiration, that for some days my father would not permit my mother to come into it, and when she did insist upon venturing, she was so affected by the sight of her child, and by the state of the room, that she instantly fainted.

It seems astonishing that experience such as this, did not sooner point out the wisdom and utility of a different mode of treatment. An aunt of mine, many years before this period, not being so carefully attended, was much more fortunate. She was on a visit at Pontefract, where she was attacked with the small-pox, and was immediately put to bed as usual. But happening to be left one day by

the nurse, with a little girl about her own age, and some soldiers coming by with drums and music, her young companion opened the window, and called to ask her, if she would not choose to see them? and upon her answering with great spirit, "To be sure I should;" they, with great difficulty, achieved her walking to the window;—the oppression on her breast was instantly removed, by breathing the fresh air, and from that moment, she began to recover; yet the hint was not taken, but, on the contrary, her narrow escape was considered as being almost miraculous.

I had one only brother, nearly two years older than myself, who had the small-pox about the same time; but so much more favourably, that his good looks were not impaired, and being like my mother in features and complexion, a comparison was often drawn between the brother and sister, by the servants and others, in which he was the object of their admiration, and his sister, of their pity and compassion. "Ah, miss, you should have been the boy, and your pretty brother the girl," was the common exclamation. Happily, however, the change had taken place at so early a period, that it seemed to me as a thing of course, and no feelings of jealousy or envy were excited; I should have been disappointed, if I had not heard him admired, but knowing that I had not the least pretension to beauty, I felt no mortification, and my ambition was turned into quite another channel.

In the village of Long Preston, or in the neighbouring hamlets, there were not any persons with whom my mother could associate as companions, except one widow lady, whose husband had been in the army, but died at Carthagena of the dysentery, a disease at that time not less destructive than the sword, leaving her with one

son and one daughter. They had come to reside at Long Preston some years before, on account of the cheapness of the country; their two children were born there, and my father had shown them all the kindness and attention in his power, and that their situation required. Captain Maurice was the younger son of a very respectable family in Wales, but had little or nothing, except his commission, for the support of himself and family: and when he was called upon to join his regiment, which was ordered to attack the Spanish American settlements, he besought my father to take his wife and children under his protection, during his absence. The letter, which brought the fatal news of his death from a brother officer, was directed to my father, on whom devolved the painful task of communicating to his widow the mournful tidings. She received the account in perfect silence; and when the children burst out into loud lamentations, she calmly said, "Peace, children, this was the will of God, it must be ours to exert ourselves and do our duty!" She was in every respect an extraordinary woman, had great dignity of manner, had attained complete self-government, and possessed great magnanimity. Her conversation was polished, but her temper so exceedingly close and reserved, that even her own children never knew any particulars of her history, previous to her marriage with their father.

After some time, my father obtained for her the pension of a captain's widow, amounting at that time to about twenty-six pounds per annum. This was her whole means of subsistence, and out of it, three persons were to be maintained; and her son, then about six years of age, to be educated. Thus circumstanced, she determined to teach a little school, and although she was

obliged to employ herself in the most menial occupations, yet was there a certain dignity in her manner, the result doubtless of early habit, and a superior mind; which being combined with the power of giving friendly and judicious advice, in difficult and perplexing emergencies, always secured her attention and respect; which was the more extraordinary, if we take into account the character of the persons among whom she lived, whose estimate of the merit of others, was generally in exact proportion to their supposed riches.

In the township of Long Preston, the greater part of the inhabitants who did not earn their living by daily labour, or by some little trade, were, as we have already observed, the small proprietors of land, possessing property from generation to generation, to the amount perhaps, of from ten to one hundred pounds per annum. These are denominated *Statesmen*, and are divided into two classes, great and little statesmen; the former of whom consider themselves as among the first personages in the world. The usual etiquette on calling upon the lady of a great Statesman is as follows. After inviting her guests to come in "and make free," she dusts the chairs with the corner of her apron, desiring them to be seated; she next takes a brush to sweep the floor, apologizing all the time that it was not done before their arrival. She then adjusts her own apparel, and not unfrequently goes through the whole ceremony of an entire change of upper garments, standing by her company with great unconcern, and relating the history of her family—when Thomas was born—where George goes to school—how fast he takes his learning, &c. &c. Her dress being finished, she offers each of her visitors a glass of brandy, assuring them that "they are as wel-

come as if they were at home;" and this being done, she fetches a chair, and seats herself by them. I do not recollect a single instance in which any part of this ceremony was omitted, even so late as the year 1787.

Many of these Statesmen sent their daughters to Mrs. Maurice, to be instructed in reading and needle-work; and although in many respects they duly appreciated their own superiority, yet was she uniformly complimented by them, in common with my mother and the squire's lady, with the title of *Madam*, in token of profound respect.

CHAPTER II.

The Author's father obtains the living of Catterick....Removes thither.... Ideas of beauty, neatness, and order felt....Mrs. Maurice an inmate of the family....The Author's first instructress....The parish in a wretched state....Regulations and improvements introduced.

My father and mother were themselves very happy and contented in this secluded situation, but so were not my mother's relations; and Sir Rowland Winn, her father's nephew, being much connected with Sir Robert Walpole, who was at that time prime-minister, obtained for my father the living of Catterick, in the gift of the crown. The late incumbent, a brother of Lord Wandsford's, had suffered the house to go to ruin. It stood upon an eminence near the church, in the middle of the village, surrounded by broken tottering walls, overgrown with weeds, and mouldering into decay. Although I was but four years old when the family removed thither, in the summer of 1748, yet do I distinctly remember the

very painful impression which this scene of desolation made upon my mind; and I am perfectly convinced that children are capable of being impressed in this way; and, on the contrary, of receiving great pleasure from neatness, order, and the beauties of nature, much earlier than is usually imagined, and long before the period of their being able to analyse their sensations, or to explain their causes. Often did I lament, without exactly knowing why, the charming fields of Long Preston, into which the vicarage garden opened; where I had been accustomed to gather in little baskets, the daisies and cowslips; had thoughtlessly pursued the painted butterfly, or heard at a distance the plaintive note of the cuckoo! even the croaking of the bittern in a neighbouring pool, was listened to with pleasure; and at this distant day, I cannot hear mentioned the names of various objects in its vicinity, of this river or that mountain, which then first struck the ear, or regaled the eye with wonder and delight, although the distinct idea of them, if it ever were obtained, has long since vanished away, without experiencing an indescribable feeling of tender regret.

Among the persons most afflicted by the apprehension of losing my father and mother from Long Preston, was the worthy Mrs. Maurice, who sensibly felt that she had no other friends; for much as she was respected by the Statesmen of the village and their wives, yet they loved their money still better.—Oftener than once had they prudently hinted that her family might eventually become troublesome to the parish; and before Captain M. joined his regiment, in order to preclude the possibility of his wife and children being thus insulted in his absence, my father had advised him to purchase *a land* in an open field, to gain them a settlement. Seeing her

distress, and at the same time highly valuing her society and friendship, my father and mother made her the offer of accompanying them to Catterick, promising that she should have an apartment to herself, and spend her time in whatever way should be most agreeable to her; and finding her hesitate, they made her the offer of her paying a trifle for her board, which at length overcame her scruples, and she yielded to their solicitations.

Her son had already been entered as a midshipman in the navy, by the interest of a relation of her late husband's, at that time secretary to the admiralty, to whom my father had introduced him, and he was then on board the ship of the gallant Lord Howe. The only remaining difficulty respected her daughter, who was about eighteen years of age. She might have been tolerably qualified for a governess in a respectable family, had this been a character at that time in request; but the fact being otherwise, no alternative remained, but that of her attending upon a lady. Accustomed always to consider herself as a gentlewoman, although from infancy inured to great pecuniary difficulties, this was felt by her as a sad degradation. "Consider," said her mother, "that true respectability depends not on station, but on the manner in which we conduct ourselves, wherever our lot may be cast. At any rate, in the event of my death, you would be left entirely destitute, and it will require much less effort on your part, to take the line at present which is allotted to you by Providence, than to wait until that period." Prevailed upon by these arguments, the plan was finally settled; a situation was found for the daughter, and the worthy mother became an inmate of our family. I was greatly indebted to the affectionate care and attention of this good old

lady, during the years of infancy and childhood; she taught me to read, to sew, and to knit; and many an excellent maxim did she rehearse, for the future guidance and conduct of my life. She had received a better education than was common for females of her day; but it appeared rather in the whole of her manner, and in the elevation of her sentiments, than by any thing she had been expressly taught. For instance, she knew little of spelling, and nothing of English grammar; we took no trouble, therefore, in dividing our words into syllables, but I learnt to know them by sight, or in any other manner as I could. I read lessons every day in the Bible, but with so little intelligence, for want of method, explanation, or arrangement, that I never considered it as a connected history, or gained much information from it. One important impression, however, was then made upon my mind,—the universal presence and government of God, by the constant reference of the sacred writers to Him, as the sole author and controller of all events. And I can truly affirm, that in proportion as that impression has been more or less vivid through every subsequent period of my life, such has been my happiness or discomfort. "Why cannot I see him and converse with him, like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?" was a question often propounded by the pupil to her revered preceptress. The answer was not in point, but it was improving and consolatory; "If you are good, you will see him hereafter, and dwell with him for ever." And I much question, whether more real benefit was not derived from this transcendent hope, thus simply held out, in the difficult attainment of self-possession and self-government, than could have been derived from all the ingenuity of the most artificial and philosophical education!

As my father was himself literary, and as I was his supreme favourite, it may seem extraordinary that he did not take the business of my instruction into his own hands. But the fact was, that although in other respects extremely liberal, he had imbibed some of the prejudices of that day, in respect to the cultivation of the female mind. And if he saw in his daughter an early desire of mental improvement, and some capacity for making progress in it, it is probable that he might think it the more necessary not to encourage, but rather to restrain the growing propensity. However this might be, I not only lost many of those superior advantages which I should otherwise have obtained, but what is more to be lamented, my affection for him was not cultivated and improved as it would have been. I remember admiring very early, his manner of reading, which indeed I have never since heard excelled, and very seldom equalled. He paid great attention to my brother, whose scanty attainments he continually lamented, but I do not recollect that he ever taught me a single lesson. My mother, excellent as she was, had neither the habit nor the power of supplying the loss. Her own education in those respects, had been wholly neglected, and she owed it entirely to her own industry, that she was able even to read a chapter in the Bible, or to write a common letter.

My father, on his removal to Catterick, found his new parishioners, like the vicarage-house, in extreme disorder. The parish was widely extended, had three chapels of ease within its circuit, to two of which a person of very immoral conduct had been appointed, as a licensed curate. The late incumbent (the honourable and reverend Mr. Wandsford,) had never resided, yet he had contrived to quarrel with a gentleman of large fortune, his

principal parishioner; and the great farmers were split into parties, some of them adhering to one side, and some to the other. My father immediately set about endeavouring to heal these breaches, and to correct the disorders they had occasioned; but being more solicitous to reform his parishioners, and thus to contribute to their happiness, than to increase his own income, he contented himself with a very moderate commutation in lieu of tithes, and never, I believe, cleared more than one hundred and eighty, or two hundred pounds per annum by the living; although it has since been raised by some of his successors, who have not resided, and consequently have cared little about the feelings or improvement of their parishioners, to upwards of fourteen hundred pounds per annum. He also nearly rebuilt the vicarage-house, made a flower-garden in the front, rebuilt the moulder-ing out-houses and tottering walls, which inclosed the church-yard; and in a very few years, both the appear-ance of the place itself, and the character of its inhabi-tants, were greatly improved.

My father and mother were exceedingly beloved and respected, and their society was so much desired by the principal families in the neighbourhood, most of whom were greatly their superiors in fortune, that by entertain-ing them at dinner-parties occasionally in their turn, they were necessarily involved in considerable expence. This my father often regretted, yet it seemed the un-avoidable result of their previous habits, former connex-ions, and present situation. He continued, however, his predilection in favour of Craven; and went thither regu-larly three times every year. It was his intention to bring up my brother to the Church; and when he was of proper age, to endeavour to get him presented to the

living of Catterick, which he meant to resign in his favour, and to retire once more with his family, among his favourite mountains. In all this there was surely nothing reprehensible or visionary; yet the providence of God saw fit to make another and a very different arrangement. And here I would pause for a moment, to reflect that had these events taken place, every circumstance in the life of the writer of this Memoir had been totally altered. She had neither formed the same connexions, been subject to the same influences, or suffered the same deprivations. And if it be the fact, as she firmly believes, that every one of these deprivations have had their important use, what abundant cause has she not in all things, whether apparently prosperous or adverse, to rejoice, and to give thanks.

CHAPTER III.

Hints for the use of parents....Importance of their own example....Mischiefs of injudicious praise....Lasting effects resulting from accidental circumstances....From incidental conversations....Value and importance of early religious impressions.

It being one of my objects, as already mentioned, to throw some light, for the benefit of others, on what passes in the infant mind, as far as I can do it, by instances adduced from my own recollection, I will here put down, as faithfully as it is in my power, the effects which I remember to have been produced, whether by something original in my own disposition, or by very early associations arising from peculiar situations, from accidental occurrences, or from incidental conversations.

In respect of the first, as far back as I can recollect, there was in my natural disposition a great desire of being noticed, and an ardent love of praise; not unaccompanied, perhaps, by a considerable portion of ambition and pride. It may partly account for this, that I was held up at Long Preston and honourably distinguished there, by the wives and daughters of the *Statesmen*, as "Miss of the Vicarage;" which, together with what I continually heard of the splendour of my mother's connexions, might, at the same time, generate very early the desire, and encourage the expectation, of becoming hereafter a person of some consequence; and I can remember a number of little stratagems, when I was yet very young, which had for their object the ambition of being thus considered. Soon after we removed to Catterick, Sir Conyers D'Arcy, a very old man, the uncle of Lord Holderness, and a character at that time much esteemed in the neighbourhood, called upon my father, who happening to be from home, and my mother being confined to her room by indisposition, I was deputed to make her apology. Charmed with the commission I recollect determining, as I went down stairs, that I would hold up my head, and behave so well, that he should say, he never saw so fine a little girl; and I believe the wish was accomplished, by what I afterwards heard accidentally that he had said to my father.—Another instance I shall mention of the same temperament, which led afterwards to considerable finesse, and which might have been extremely pernicious to the future character, if the propensity had not been checked by the immediate operation of other principles, more favourable to truth and virtue. Being taken to Harrogate when I was eight years old, by a neighbouring gentleman and

lady, who had no family of their own, and with whom I was a great favourite, and having already observed the respect which is usually paid to station and power, the thought struck me one evening, as I was walking on the common with some strangers, in the absence of my friends, that I would give the company a high idea of my father's consequence, and I asked accordingly, if they knew such and such persons, who were my father's curates, mentioning first the gentleman who filled that office at Long Preston, and afterwards the two others, who were appointed under Catterick, to different chapels of ease. The reply was in the negative; but the remark upon it, fully gratified my wishes. "Your papa surely must have great preferment!" Afterwards, however, when I reflected upon what I had done, I was extremely unhappy; I had purposely led the company to imagine that my father had four livings, whereas I knew that he had no other than Catterick and Long Preston, for he had resigned Skipton, when he removed to Catterick; and I dreaded exceedingly, lest by some accident, he should hear what I had said, and discover my disingenuousness.

I would here remark, that I was set right on this occasion, not so much by any particular precept I had been expressly taught, as by the just opinion which I had formed of the integrity and honour of my parents. If I had ever seen them on any occasion practice artifice or dissimulation, (and children are extremely quick-sighted in discovering the faults of those who have any authority over them) whatever they might have said to me on the subject, I should not have felt the same salutary sorrow and remorse. An instance of the effect of the contrary conduct on the part of a parent, in the neighbourhood of

Bedale, which I shall here relate, occurs to my recollection at this moment.

A lady, whom I well knew, regretting to a friend, who came to dine accidentally, that the dinner was not such as she wished, and choosing to say, that had she come the day before she could have treated her with several varieties, enumerating at the same time whatever at the moment occurred to her, a little boy, who had listened very attentively, said to the visitor—"Miss B. do lend me some pins!"—"What can you want with pins, my dear?"—"Oh, I only want to stick one in the table-cloth for every lie my mamma tells, for I do assure you, we had not one of the things yesterday to-dinner, which my mamma says."

This unfortunate child, who certainly at that time, discovered considerable quickness, and no predilection for falsehood, became afterwards a very unprincipled, dissolute character, for which the foundation was doubtless thus early laid. He was brought up to the Church, and, through family interest, obtained a good living in the south. I heard of him again, a few years ago, as being lately dead in great poverty, unrespected and unlamented, with the additional circumstance, that he would have been wholly destitute of attendance in his last illness, had not a poor girl, an illegitimate child, whom he had deserted, and who was brought up by charity, heard of his situation, and nursed him with the greatest tenderness.

A very judicious friend,* to whom I was mentioning my own little stratagem for applause, at Harrogate, favoured me with the following reflections, accompanied by an illustrative anecdote.

* The Rev. W. Turner of Newcastle.

"Perhaps," my friend remarks, "there is much more frequently, and early than we are aware of, a portion of this sort of manœuvre in the minds of children. My wife's father, Mr. Willets, used to relate a circumstance of himself which exemplifies this remark. His father was an eminent dissenting minister at Dudley, but died comparatively young, about the year 1702. He was then about four years old. Shortly before he died, he called his child, who happened to be alone with him, to his bed-side, and told him that he was going to die, but that God would be his father. A few days after his father's death, some persons were lamenting the condition of the widow, and of this poor child who had now no father. 'Yes,' said the child, but I have, God is my Father.' The people were struck with this 'extraordinary' answer, and it was much talked of in the neighbourhood, and great things were expected from such a child of four years old. 'I knew all the while,' Mr. W. used to say, 'that it was nothing but what my father had said; but I was cunning enough to keep my own counsel, and enjoy my reputation.'" My friend proceeds; "he would not perhaps have been led into this disingenuousness, if it had not been for the extravagant praise of his remark, which was made, no doubt, in great simplicity; and if he had been simply asked, how he came to know this? he would have said, without hesitation, from his father: but corrupted by undue praise, he assumed the credit of it to himself. Reflecting upon this early incident, it was probably afterwards beneficial to him. But he always made this application of it: never extravagantly to praise children himself, nor to give them implicit credit for all the fine things that are told of them, with extravagant praise, by others."

But to return to my own history. The following effect of the same temperament operating on the fear of shame, although not so easily discoverable, I well remember.

I was on a visit for a few days, when not more than five or six years old, to the children of the late Archdeacon Blackburne, who was exceedingly exact in catechising his own children, as well as those of the town of Richmond, at church on the Sunday. I was extremely happy there until the Saturday, when I was to be sent for home; but the morning proving very rainy, no servant appeared. I knew that I was not perfect in my catechism, and the fear of the disgrace which I apprehended would await me the following day, was insupportable. In vain did my young companions and their worthy mother endeavour to divert or console me; as they knew not the cause of the affliction, they could not supply a remedy, and I could not reveal my secret without immediately, as I thought incurring the very disgrace I so exceedingly dreaded. At length, however, the clouds dispersed, the day became fine, the servant arrived, and the tear of sorrow ceased to flow. But still the circumstance appeared to me as most unfortunate; I knew I should be considered as being discontented, childish, and fretful, and it was not until some years after, that I could recollect that visit without extreme pain. It is obvious to remark, that a temperament like this, depends wholly for its future character, upon the objects to which its ambition is directed. If to obtain the favour of the good and virtuous, and much more, if to gain the approbation of God himself, it will lead to the greatest purity of heart and mind, and to conduct the most exemplary; but if, led captive by specious appearances and false glory, it supply, on the contrary, a temptation to folly, vanity, and

dissipation, it may be productive of conduct the most reprehensible, nay eventually lead even to crimes of the deepest die.

Of the effect produced by what may be called accidental circumstances, I shall give the following instances. My father had an old man-servant, who had lived with him twenty years. He had a good voice, was an adept in psalm singing, and particularly excellent in the following anthem, taken from the 12th chapter of Isaiah; "Behold, the Lord is my salvation! in him will I trust, for the Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation. Cry aloud and sing, for great is the holy one of Israel. Alleluia." When I was very young, he frequently took me upon his knee, and sung this anthem; probably he hardly understood the import of the terms himself, most unquestionably I did not. I used to listen to him, however, with extreme pleasure; something of pious sentiment was insensibly generated, and the early association of great delight with this song of praise and humble triumph, has given it an efficacy with me, to sooth the mind in many an hour of subsequent sorrow, which it would never perhaps have otherwise possessed. May we not hence conclude, that there is something erroneous in that mode of reasoning, which would defer all attempts to make religious impressions, until the principles, on which they are founded can be completely understood? Alas! were this principle pursued to its full extent, where is the human being that might presume at any time, or in any manner, to address his Creator? Can a creature of yesterday, who has scarcely had time to get a small glimpse of one little corner of his mighty works, be able to frame a language, or even to conceive

a thought, which shall be at all commensurate with his infinite power and boundless perfection?

Again: one of our maid-servants used to tell me a story about a good little girl whose parents were dead, and who was cruelly treated by her relations—that one day, as she was praying, an angel appeared to her, and gave her a very good book to read, and that soon after she died and went to heaven. Most certainly I would not thus mislead the imagination of a child; but the impression made in this instance was not unsalutary, as the inherent desire of praise was here a stimulative to the wish of attaining real excellence; and although the impression had been more rational and more lasting, as being founded in perfect truth, had it been made by the judicious association of the idea of the continual presence of God, as manifested in the works of creation, as explicitly taught in the Scriptures, and as connected with human responsibility, yet was I really benefited by it; and I do not see much danger of permanent mischief from these fanciful delusions, so long as the example held up, has a powerful tendency to purify and elevate the mind.

Of the effects produced by incidental conversations, I shall produce the following instance. A gentleman nearly related to my mother, came to make a visit at Catterick, when I was about six years old. He frequently amused himself with shooting, and one day brought home an owl of most beautiful plumage, which the whole company where busied in admiring. "Ah," said he, "my heart smote me when I came away, for there was another poor owl, unconscious of its fate, that was incessantly calling for its lost companion!" For the dead owl I had felt no great sorrow, but this little anecdote was most overwhelming. I instantly left the room to bemoan

the sufferings of the surviving owl, with my friend Mrs. Maurice, whom I affected by my tears, and wearied by my interrogatories, whether it could know what was become of its friend; and if it would ever be happy any more? The impression was too strong and vivid to be transient; and from that day to the present, I have never heard the detail of shooting exploits, without very painful emotions.

When my brother was eight years old, he was sent to a public school at Scorton, of which my father was one of the governors. There were many children there, whose parents were members of the Kirk of Scotland, one of whom, who came from Dumfries, happened to be my brother's bed-fellow. "I charge you," said my father to him, "if you ever hear any of your companions laugh at little Wilson, for not saying the same prayers, or repeating the same catechism which you have been taught, that you do not join them; Presbyterians, if they are virtuous and pious, ought to be as much esteemed as if they were church people." I knew not what the term meant, but I set it down in my mind, that Presbyterians were not to be despised for being such; and afterwards, when I became able to generalize my ideas, I thence derived an important lesson of candour, respecting those who might differ from myself in religious opinions. This circumstance, together with the following conversation, which I happened to hear between my father and some other person, whom I do not recollect, when I was about eleven or twelve years of age, entirely settled my creed for many years, in respect of two material articles. "There can be no doubt," said my father, "that our Saviour Christ, was that great personage who existed with God before all ages, by whom

he made the worlds, and who repeatedly appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." I instantly and eagerly imbibed this sentiment; this, I thought, is the very truth, I will trouble myself no more about understanding the meaning of a Trinity in Unity, (about which my mind had really been perplexed,) and from that moment, without knowing the meaning of the word, I became what is called an high Arian.

It is very important in education to bear in mind, that whatever children hear incidentally from those whose opinion they respect, if it do not contradict what they themselves have felt or observed, is received by them as perfectly oracular.

CHAPTER IV.

Mischiefs from alarming the imagination of children....Unmixed, where the danger originates in fiction....Pernicious even when founded in truth.... An instance of falsehood....How corrected and cured.

In common with other children, I remember to have been told a number of idle stories, by different maid-servants, some of which, although of rather an immoral tendency, did no harm, because they were not thoroughly understood: those only were really mischievous, which too vividly impressed and painfully alarmed the imagination; such as the history of enchantments, giants, ghosts, and robbers; and these were always ushered in with a strict charge not to tell; "your mamma will be so angry, I shall be turned away, and then you will never hear any more nice stories." The promise was made and the secret kept, and the effects of the secret

long retained; for being naturally of a timid disposition, it was some time before I could get the better of a certain indescribable horror at being left alone in the dark; and if my father and mother had not been perfectly free from any weaknesses of this sort, and I had not known assuredly that they were so, it is probable that I might never have got the better of it.

But it is not enough that the minds of children should be sedulously guarded from the fear of chimerical evils, care should be taken, that they be not too vividly impressed even by the apprehension of such as are real.

It happened one summer at Catterick, that there was a succession of mad dogs in the village; several persons were bitten, and one poor old man in particular, had his leg terribly torn; he came every day to my mother, who was the surgeon, as well as the apothecary of the whole village, to have his wound dressed, and I frequently stood by her, to observe the process. Our common sitting-room above stairs, looked into the church-yard; and one day as we were standing by the window, one of these animals, in the paroxysm of the disease, ran repeatedly and furiously round it. The alarm was sounded; my father expressed his thankfulness that he did not happen to be walking there, which was his ordinary custom, and admonished me to get out of the way, if I should ever meet a dog running at full speed. The caution was certainly necessary and proper; but whether the manner had been too impressive, or that the effect produced was too strong, in consequence of the terrific histories recounted every day, of persons who had but just escaped, or who had actually been bitten, the result upon my mind was such, as to take from me entirely for many years, the pleasure of a walk into the country. The

association with the church-yard in particular, was so strong, that I never crossed it without terror;—in the neighbouring fields and lanes, I was constantly in dread of meeting a mad dog; many a solitary walk did I decline on this account; and the probability is, that if I had actually met one, I should have lost all self-possession, and been wholly unable to escape the danger. I was conscious that this excess of fear was a weakness which ought to be conquered; but so vivid and overpowering had been the impression, that I was unable to do it, by any effort of my own resolution, and I was deterred from seeking counsel of those who might have strengthened my mind by the fear of exposing my infirmity.

I shall mention another instance of undue fear, from which, in various ways, I suffered materially, some years afterwards, and which arose entirely from the effect produced upon my mind by exaggerated representation; for in this case, unlike the former, there was no real cause of apprehension, although the scene to which it referred was painful and distressing.

Being on a visit to a gentleman's family, in which one of the daughters was subject to epileptic fits, I heard the paroxysm repeatedly described by her sisters and others, in such terrific colours, that one afternoon when she was actually attacked by the disease, as the family were at tea, no words can describe the terror by which I was overcome. It certainly was not in consequence of any thing I witnessed, for I flew away on the first alarm to call her maid: and the probability is, so powerful was the panic which seized my imagination, that how much soever her safety might have required it, I could not have rendered her the least assistance. The remainder of my

visit was wholly embittered by this misfortune. Conscious of my own weakness, and dreading lest she should have a return, I cautiously avoided being left with her alone; we had previously been very intimate, and this change in my manner, the cause of which I could not explain, she deeply resented, and never forgave. Her behaviour, whenever we afterwards met, was suspicious, cold, and reserved; and this continued till the time of her death, at the distance of more than twenty years after.

I do not recollect having ever been guilty of a direct falsehood, except once, when I was about seven or eight years of age. I was not allowed to play with the children of the village, or to pass the gates, by which it was separated from the yard and garden of the vicarage, without asking leave. Not having a sister or any playfellow, this restriction however expedient, was a great mortification, and I was tempted now and then to go by stealth beyond the boundary, in hopes that some little girl of the village might pass by, with whom I might in some way or other, amuse the passing hour. There was an old woman, a farmer's widow, who lived opposite to the back gates, to whose house also I frequently made short excursions, and who sometimes treated me with sour cream and brown sugar, and such other dainties. During one of these visits, I was missed from the yard by my mother, who had come thither to seek me. "Where have you been," was the distressing inquiry, when I returned. "Only in the yard, and at the back gate."—"Yes, you have been further, for I went thither to seek you, and you were not there: I did not think that you would have endeavoured to deceive me." I then confessed the whole truth; but the shame, confusion, and remorse

of the culprit were inexpressible: never can I forget the painful emotions: often did I repeat to myself, "all had been well if it had not been for that unfortunate word *only*." My father was from home, which I considered as very fortunate, hoping that he would not hear of my disgrace. I was to have been indulged that day, by going to a christening in the village. "You cannot go to the christening," said my mother. How terrible was the decision! the arrangements were all made, the company invited, and I was to have nursed the baby; and what if the reason should ever be known, why I was not permitted to be of the party? A message was sent that I could not go: deputation after deputation of intreaty arrived from various quarters, for I was a great favourite in the village, and several little girls had expressed extreme delight in the thoughts of meeting me; but my mother was firm and inflexible. She was certainly right as a general rule, yet as it was a first offence, and considering my particular temper, she might safely have relaxed, for I should not have been guilty of the same fault again; this however she did not know, and she determined, if it could be done, to strike at first at the root of the evil. A circumstance, she said, had occurred, which made it impossible for her to yield to their wishes; kindly, however, she did not reveal that circumstance, which was as wise as it was kind, for thus my honour was saved. Had she published my disgrace, far from being deterred, I might perhaps have considered myself as having no longer a character to lose; I should have thought that she had acted cruelly, and have felt resentment: whereas I was now convinced that it was my good only that she consulted, and not any malignant, capricious humour of her own.

I mention these circumstances merely as instances, how very early children learn to pass a silent judgment on the treatment they meet with, and of what importance it is in education, that parents and preceptors should attend to this, and never suffer punishment to exceed, what the case my seem to justify, to the mind of the delinquent.

CHAPTER V.

The Author sent to school....First reception by her grandmother....Sketch of the old lady's character; the evident result of peculiar circumstances, and early strong associations....Infectious fever at Catterick....Fortitude of the Author's parents....Their preservation....Beneficial effects of a father's praise....Contrary effects of unreasonable severity.

In June, 1754, when I was ten years of age, I was sent to York for the purpose of attending the dancing school, and of learning the sort of ornamental needle-work then in fashion. I was boarded with a person, who had two nieces, whom I accompanied to the different schools for these purposes, and who was well-meaning, but illiterate, vulgar, and of an uncontrolled temper. It was the first time I had ever been from home with strangers; and the contrast between her manners and those of my old friend Mrs. Maurice, although I did not exactly know the reason, impressed my mind very painfully. I consoled myself, however, with the frequent visits I should doubtless make to my maternal grandmother, who had lately resigned the family mansion to her son, just returned from the continent; and with her daughters, my two maiden aunts, had come to reside in this city. I

had never seen her, but I had pleased myself with anticipating how well I would behave, and how delighted she would be to receive me. She was a very stately old lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, a complete aristocrat of the last century. When I entered the room, she was siting on a great chair as on a little throne, her two daughters happening to be standing near her, as if they were ladies in waiting. When she saw me, not a muscle of her face relaxed. "Is this her?" she haughtily enquired; "Well child, how do your father and your mother do?" I was probably restrained at the moment by fear, from bursting into tears, but when I returned to my lodging, excessive disappointment and sorrow brought on a violent headach. York, I told Mrs. D. (the person with whom I boarded,) did not agree with me, and that I must return home immediately. My elder aunt was sent for, who being both kind and judicious, succeeded perfectly in composing my spirits. My grandmother, she said, would love me when we were better acquainted, and in the meantime, I should be disgraced for ever, if I returned home, without accomplishing the purposes for which I had been sent. This last argument was decisive, and although I continued silently to count days and weeks, I never sorrowed very deeply any more.

This old lady had but two criterions for estimating character—rank, and beauty: she did not consider the daughter of a country clergyman as possessing the one, and the small-pox had deprived me of all pretensions to the other. She was herself a woman of rank; and her family had risen, from the circumstances of the times, into great consideration. Sir Patience Warde, her paternal uncle, was the intimate friend of the virtuous

Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of the second Charles, and he had himself, narrowly escaped the like fate. He was afterwards one of those who had the happiness of conducting king William to this kingdom; and my grandmother, then a girl, having money given her on that occasion, to throw among the populace in London, considered herself as entitled to be a partaker in her uncle's triumphs. With what majesty and importance, when I had afterwards obtained a small portion of favour, by listening to her stories, and flying to obey her commands, did she detail to me these histories! adding many an anecdote of the exemplary conduct of queen Mary, of the fortitude of lady Rachael Russel, of the disinterested patriotism of her virtuous lord, and of the piety of Archbishop Tillotson, contrasting with these, the infamous character of the licentious Charles, and his equally licentious and still more tyranical and bigotted brother. She had the offer, she said, of being one of queen Mary's maids of honour:—I durst not ask her why she refused, but I remember thinking that I would not have done so. She died the following year.

The piety, fortitude, and benevolence of my father and mother, were this spring and summer, put to a severe trial, and it was likewise a season of great expence to them. A typhus fever was brought into the village of Catterick, by a poor traveller, to whom it proved fatal. The old woman at whose house he lodged, caught it first and died; and it afterwards spread rapidly through the neighbouring cottages. A general alarm was soon taken; the sick and dying were in danger of being deserted; and had not my father and mother resolved from the very first, steadily and firmly to do their duty, placing their whole confidence in the providence of God,

it is difficult to conjecture where the calamity might have terminated. They visited the sick, procured them medicines, which my mother generally administered in person, and in some particular instances, they even sent their own servants to sit up through the night. It is a remarkable fact, that our family was almost the only one that wholly escaped infection; many persons died, and among those who survived, there were not a few who never afterwards entirely recovered their health. The medical men who were called in, mistook the disease at first, apprehending it to be inflammatory; not a single patient whom they bled under this idea, recovered; and it was not till many had fallen a sacrifice, that they discovered their error.

I would again remark how much depends, in forming the future character of children, on the sentiments and conduct of those who are about them. Seeing my father and mother attend the sick and dying, without apparent apprehension, I felt no fear, and instead of remaining at home, would gladly have accompanied them, had I been permitted; yet, that my natural temper was extremely timid, possessing little courage or fortitude, and liable to be long and distressingly affected, by too vivid impressions on the imagination, is sufficiently evident from the two unfortunate instances of extreme terror, which I have already related.

I have before mentioned that with my father I was a great favourite, but so indispensible a duty did he deem it in parents, to keep their children at a distance, that although he was never displeased with me, yet I recollect but one solitary instance of my ever obtaining from him any praise: the occasion was this. When I was eleven years old, he took me with him into Craven; a

little girl, my visitor there, the daughter of a *great Statesman*, complained to me that she had no time to play, being constantly obliged to spin worsted, when she had done her share of the household business, to supply herself with clothes. When we were coming away, her grandfather, who was also one of the greatest Statesmen of the parish, pressed me exceedingly to accept half-a-crown for pocket money; he was above ninety years of age, very deaf and almost blind. I was doubtful, whether on account of his years, it would be respectful not to accept it. His daughter too, who kept his house, was very anxious to give me a shilling. I hesitated for a few moments, but at length determined to accept of both; disposing of the half-crown that same day to the grand-daughter, my young companion, and the shilling to the maid-servant. On telling my father some time after, assigning my reasons, and asking him if I had done right? his eyes sparkled with pleasure, "yes, my dear," he replied, "you have done very right; and, if in your progress through life, you always shew equal judgment, I dare promise myself you will get through well." The delight which I received from his decided approbation, though the circumstance was in itself so trivial, made an indelible impression on my mind: "I will always endeavour," I silently resolved, "to act in such a manner, that my papa, if he knew it, would say that I had done well and acted wisely." This salutary resolution was strikingly put to the test that very summer, and although it failed in part on the first trial, yet it gained such additional strength on further reflection, as to be my security for the future.

I went to make a visit to the two young people, in a

neighbouring market-town, with whose aunt I had been boarded in York, the preceding year. Their mother died when they were very young, and their father, although well enough respected among his acquaintance, was extremely arbitrary in his family, and severe with his children, beating them not unfrequently, if he was out of humour, for little or no cause. Their favourite companion was the grand-daughter of the clergyman of the place, who was the rector of an opulent parish. She was an orphan, and her grandmother also being dead, she presided at the head of her grandfather's table, at the early age of fourteen, which gave her considerable ascendancy; and being a lively girl, of uncommon talent and high spirit, she did what she pleased among her young companions, with whom her will was law. My young friends were seldom allowed to visit her, except by stealth, which they often effected in the following manner. The rectory house stood close to the churchyard, and there was a back-door, which opened into the stable-yard, without any communication with the street. Prayers were read at the church every morning and evening, and my companions availing themselves of this circumstance, under the pretence of going to church, often visited their friend, going into the church-yard through the great gates by the street, and then, instead of entering the church itself, watched their opportunity, when they could do it unperceived, of running through the back-gate to the rectory, carefully returning by the same road, at the very moment when the service ended. If they happened to meet their father in the street, or if he enquired for them, in their absence, the answer was prompt and ready;—"they had been at church." I was soon entrusted with the grand secret, and invited to make

one of the party :—"But if your father should find out that you have deceived him, will he not correct you severely, and will he ever trust you again?"—"Oh, it does not signify, he will not now trust us, and it is just as likely, that when he is next in an ill-humour, he will beat us without a cause, as that he should do it, when we may have really deserved it." Wishing to visit their friend as much as they did, this logic of theirs silenced my scruples for the moment, and I one day went along with them; but when we were there, it forcibly struck my mind, that by being their associate, I was a partaker in their guilt; and the agonizing question occurred; "If my papa knew this, would he praise me now?" The answer which my heart returned, was most distressing; I watched eagerly for the moment when the service should be over, determining, that if I escaped this once undiscovered, I never would be of the party, under a false pretence any more, and I steadily kept my resolution.—So important are the effects on the minds of children, on the one hand, of kind and judicious, or on the other of capricious and tyrannical treatment! On my return home, I did not reveal this circumstance even to my friend Mrs. Maurice, being partly restrained by my own share in the adventure, and partly from the desire of not exposing my companions with whose sorrows and ill usage, I sincerely sympathized.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author again at school—Her reception—False estimates and maxims—Little fraudulent practices—The importance of their correction—The Author's revered preceptress leaves Catterick—Difficulties encountered in learning French.

In my thirteenth year, I was placed at a boarding school, in York, of which I shall relate a few anecdotes, both in the hope of their supplying some useful hints to parents, who send their children to such seminaries, and also to the persons themselves, to whose care the children are committed.

On my first arrival, before it was quite settled how I should be received among them, I was interrogated by many of the young ladies, as to the station of my father, or rather, respecting the figure he made in the world. "Does your papa keep a coach?"—"No."—"How many servants have you?"—"Four."—"Dear, only think, miss's papa does not keep a coach, and they have only four servants!" My wardrobe was next examined, and fortunately passed muster pretty well, until it was discovered that I had not a gauze suit of linen.—"How ill-natured must be her mamma!" was the universal exclamation, "not to buy her a gauze suit of linen!" On the subject of personal beauty, nothing was directly said, and I believe that the want of this would have been atoned for, had my father lived in splendour, and kept a coach; but as there was nothing magnificent to throw into the opposite scale, even this was hinted at, and I soon found that the current set very strong against me. It was immediately discovered however, that I had brought along

with me, a small stock of money, also of thread, tape, needles, &c. I was instantly beset by a crowd of little borrowers, one wanted this article, and another that, all promising to pay me again in a day or two. At first I lent them whatever they desired, but soon found that the promise of payment was a mere matter of form: that it was the constant practice to pillage in this way every new comer; and I determined to put a stop to it before my little stores were wholly exhausted. On refusing to lend any more, the clamour was prodigious and the exclamation general, "How stingy must miss be!" I felt very indignant at this, for I never had been thought covetous. It was in vain, however, to remonstrate, and I determined to wait patiently for an opportunity of convincing them how much they were mistaken. Fortunately, this opportunity soon occurred. My mother sent me a present of a large plumb cake, which I unpacked in public, and after reserving for myself one small wedge, divided the rest completely among them, adding, "you will not again call me covetous, for you see what I consider as really my own, is freely at your service." A buzz of general approbation announced my triumph, and I was treated ever afterwards with the greatest respect.

It is obvious to remark how exceedingly pernicious to the future character, were the ideas that prevailed in this school, respecting the things that are most to be desired and coveted. Far from correcting, it is not unfrequent for the governess herself to foster these misleading prejudices. "This madam," said a schoolmistress, of considerable celebrity, to me many years after, "is the elegant pink bonnet and cloak of miss B.," holding it in her hand, and her eyes sparkling with

apparent exultation, that the fortunate little girl should be her scholar. "Her papa has an estate," she continued, "of twenty thousand pounds per annum, and he never grudges miss any thing. You see with what very fine lace her bonnet and cloak are trimmed." It was true that her papa did possess this fortune, and that he was very lavish in the expenditure, but he was a man of most profligate character, and her mother had been his kitchen-girl, whom he had seduced and abandoned; yet, because he bought her fine clothes, this poor forlorn child was held up by the very person, who ought to have instructed them better, as an object of envy to the whole school.

I cannot say whether the mistress of the school where I was boarded, was exactly a person of this character, for we never saw her but at dinner, and during school-hours, when she was very distant and stately, and seldom vouchsafed to give her sentiments upon any subject. It is probable that she knew little of the general manners of the school, and nothing of the different dispositions of her pupils, and particularly of the shameful want of moral honesty in respect of each other, so prevalent among them; yet this she ought to have known and to have corrected. I do not think, however, that although the latter of the two evils just mentioned, was certainly the most flagrant, that its future consequences would be the most pernicious; and for this reason, that the scandal which would attach to any species of direct dishonesty, among persons in the rank of gentlewomen, when they afterwards came into the world, would eventually put a stop to such practices; but the vehement desire of fine clothes, and of a splendid establishment, and the habit of estimating character according to

these, are so congenial to the mistaken wishes and erroneous pursuits of that world itself, that if they have once been suffered to take deep root in the youthful mind, and have been fostered and cultivated there, little hope remains that the baneful influence will ever be totally eradicated. For my own part, I was quite indignant at the meanness of the first, but in respect of the other, although I felt the injustice of being appreciated according to the riches and splendour of my father, as far as it respected myself, yet I could not help breathing a secret wish that he kept a coach, and that my mother had bought me a gauze suit of linen.

During my absence from home this summer, our excellent friend, old Mrs. Maurice, ceased to be an inmate in our family, after having resided with us about nine years. Her daughter marrying, and going to live at Newcastle, she thought it right to accompany her thither. Her son, who was now a lieutenant in the navy, gave his sister, upon this occasion, the whole of his prize money, amounting to about four hundred pounds. He had all the virtues, and unfortunately, many of the vices also, of the seaman's character. He had weathered many a storm, especially during a winter's cruise in the bay of Biscay, and had fought courageously in various sea engagements; he was generous, and disinterested, but sadly deficient in the virtues of self-government, which, unhappily, at length proved his ruin. Most deeply on my return, did I lament the loss of my honoured preceptress; and often did I pace, with sorrowing steps, the now deserted apartment, where she had been wont to rehearse her lessons of wisdom!

About two years after this, I was kindly invited by my two maiden aunts, who continued to live at York

after the death of my grandmother, to spend a few months with them, in order to have the benefit of further improvement in dancing, and to be taught arithmetic. I was very desirous also of learning French, and was indulged with having a master, who provided me with a grammar, a dictionary, and a Telemachus, to translate. He told me on his first visit, that I must get the verbs, and he read to me the first auxiliary verb, which I was to repeat when he came again; he also gave me the first sentence in Telemachus to translate, saying, that I must look in the dictionary for the words. After he was gone away, nothing could exceed my perplexity. I had heard indeed of the Latin grammar, the Greek grammar, and the French grammar; but I conceived of them as merely so many vocabularies, in which all the words of their respective languages were contained, with the corresponding English words opposite to them. I had no idea whatever of the different parts of speech, or that there were verbs in the English, as well as in other languages. The labour of getting a verb, I considered as peculiar to the French, and I could not understand the end that was to be answered by it. A vocabulary was a precise thing; I comprehended very well, for instance, that *maison* was French for *house;* but to repeat a string of words that varied continually, according to the relation in which they stood, appeared an intolerable burden, and I could get no light whatever on this difficult subject. On applying to my aunts, they could merely answer that they had never been taught French; and when I asked a young lady, who was said to speak the language very correctly, what was the meaning of a verb? she replied, that "a verb was a verb, and that every body must learn verbs."

With my translation I was no less puzzled; frequently the word wanted, was not to be found in the dictionary; and when my master told me, that having discovered the root, I must search for the tense in my grammar, having no idea whatever of the rationale of language, I could not comprehend his meaning. If it had once been suggested to me, that in every cultivated language, terms from the same root must vary, in order to give precision as they relate to number, time, and place; and that by classing these several variations under general heads, however puzzling it might appear to a beginner, the process of learning a foreign language, would eventually be rendered more simple and easy,—how different would have been the progress I should have made! It was not till long after, and the result of much labour and study, that I made the grand discovery; and I find it carefully noted in an old memorandum-book, for the use of myself and of all who should succeed me, that "a verb is a part of speech, not peculiar to the French, but common to all languages."

In learning the first rules of arithmetic, I had not the same difficulty; and after having advanced successfully to the Rule of three, I had great pleasure in finding the solution of a few simple problems set me by my master; and triumphed not a little in finding out the method of working one of these, which he told me when he went away, he would give me his head if I discovered. He was employed in teaching many young ladies the use of the globes; and most earnestly did I wish that I might have been added to the favoured number, but the thing was impracticable; I was soon to return home, and in a country village there were no masters.

CHAPTER VII.

Misfortune of the want of intellectual improvement—Opinion of the Author's near relatives—Style of conversation at the usual routine of town afternoon visits—The Author's regret in having little confidential intercourse with her father—His declining health.

BEING now arrived at an age, when the mind, no longer wholly engrossed by the trifling occupations of childhood, begins to expand its untried powers, and if not cultivated or usefully employed, is in danger of being over-run with noxious weeds, I suffered considerably both from the misleading conversation of some of my young companions, and from the total want of some well-directed, improving, and interesting pursuit. The various kinds of needle-work, in which I was a tolerable proficient, were not enough to occupy my mind. Often did I form magnificent, but mistaken and very imperfect conceptions of the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime —of some unexplored felicity in the airy regions of sentiment and taste, which I neither knew how to describe, to appreciate, or to obtain. I particularly remember that walking alone one summer's evening, on the banks of a neighbouring river, regretting exceedingly that my time was running to waste, indescribable sensations were excited, on hearing the distant sound of a ring of bells, reverberated from the opposite shore! On my return home, I wrote a letter to one of my young companions, relating the circumstance, and endeavouring to explain the effects it produced on my mind, by telling her, that the sound of the distant bells reminded me of the decay of seasons. How important to me would have been at

this time, a sensible, judicious, and well-informed female friend! Mrs. Chapone, in her excellent letters on the "Improvement of the Mind," strongly recommends the selection of such a friend to her niece, but she does not tell her, where such a friend is to be met with; most certainly I was not so fortunate.

My worthy aunts, whom I frequently visited, had a great horror of what they called learned ladies, and alarmed by seeing me sometimes take up the Gentleman's Magazine, or the Monthly Review, were continually warning me against spending my time in reading.—"They never knew it," they said, "come to any good;" and they instanced one young lady in particular, with whom they had been acquainted, who taught herself philosophy and Italian, until she lost her senses, and was obliged to be confined in a mad-house. It was not my habit on these occasions, to make any reply, for I knew it would not answer any other purpose, than that of prolonging the well-intended, though not very convincing lecture; which, without any such provocation, was usually delivered by one, and then re-echoed by the other, for a very considerable length of time. Unfortunately, however, what I saw of their character and pursuits, far from changing my opinion respecting the desirableness of some degree of mental cultivation, served only to strengthen and confirm it. They had a numerous acquaintance at York, among elderly ladies like themselves, to whom almost every afternoon was devoted, and to whom I had the honour of being introduced; it being, as they observed, "such an improvement to young people, to see a little genteel company."—The conversation usually turned on the anecdotes of the town; what families were coming for the winter;—where they had

taken lodgings;—what their stile of living;—to whom they were introduced;—and if they were likely to be generally visited? All this I did not feel very interesting; and I remember how forcibly I was struck with the following lines, in a volume of the Spectator that I had borrowed, and which I sat up to copy by the kitchen-fire, after my aunts had retired to rest, bedewing the paper with many tears.

> "How slow th' unprofitable moments roll
> That lock up all the functions of my soul!
> That keep me from myself, and still delay
> Life's instant business to a future day;
> That task, which as we follow or despise,
> The oldest is a fool, the youngest, wise;
> Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
> And which not done, the richest must be poor."

The feeling however which occasioned my tears, was not that of pure sorrow. There was mixed with it a certain elevation of sentiment, which gave it a peculiar charm, and induced a train of thought, confused indeed and indefinite, yet far more soothing to the mind than most of those pursuits, which are commonly classed under the head of pleasure.

I cannot but regret exceedingly, that during this period, I had so little confidential intercourse with my father; an intercourse, from which he would probably have derived some pleasure, and which to me would have been productive of the greatest advantage. Many circumstances contributed to prevent such an intercourse, some of which I go on to relate; hoping they may supply hints for the conduct of others in similar situations.

My father's manner, as I have already intimated, was generally reserved and distant, from principle. Far from recommending or pointing out to me any little

plan of mental cultivation, he frequently insinuated incidentally in conversation, that domestic occupations and household duties, were the proper province of women. This indeed I was ready to admit, but I would have added, if I could have taken courage, "Surely not exclusively." Once or twice I recollect his being highly pleased with a remark I had made on some book or other, which had fallen in my way, and he appeared to relax a little in my favour, recommending it to me to read the History of England. I attacked Rapin, but knowing nothing of the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, or the Normans; being little acquainted with the geography of my own country, and totally ignorant of its relative situation, my ideas were confused and perplexed; and the narrative being dull and heavy, I gave up the enterprize in utter despair. He likewise made me a present of the "Spectacle de la Nature," but the dialogue manner in which the investigations are pursued, was so unpleasant to me, that having no associate with whom to study it, I could not fix my attention sufficiently, to gain much information. I think, however, my father would have taken additional pleasure in my improvement as I grew up, had not his own energies been extremely enfeebled by the languor incident to a very declining state of health, and had not I also, on my part, become more shy and reserved towards him. When a child, my natural temper being open and communicative, I always told him every thought as it occurred; but many circumstances prevented my continuing to do so now. I had not, indeed, any secrets of my own to conceal, but unfortunately, I was the confidante of another, who abounded in secrets. As her history and fate have been singular, and may give rise to reflections not un-

salutary to my young female readers, I shall dilate upon them in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

History of an admired young lady....Her accomplishments and conquests ....Her marriage....Character of her husband....Mode of spending their time....Specimen of matrimonial apathy....Left a widow....Her second marriage....Wandering life.

Miss A. D. was the younger sister of the two young persons, with whose aunt I had been boarded at York. Rejoiced to escape from the tyranny of their unfeeling father, they frequently spent two or three months in the year at Catterick. They were entitled to considerable independent fortunes, in right of their mother, (whom, as already mentioned, they had lost when very young,) which gave them a consequence in the little market-town where they lived, which they certainly would not otherwise have obtained. A. D. was not handsome, but in her person she was remarkably neat and exact; and she always dressed herself in a manner that was becoming, if not elegant. Many an hour did she daily spend at her toilet, which her wiser sister employed in active industry; and their future characters took their colour accordingly. "Nancy, come to your work," was the never-ceasing admonition of her well-meaning, although not well-judging aunt; but the mind of Nancy, from the age of thirteen, was otherwise employed, in constantly studying how to preserve her old conquests, or in planning little stratagems for the acquisition of new ones. In her manner, there was the appearance of great sim-

plicity; she made a point of being obliging to strangers, had a lively way of saying common things, possessed a very musical voice, and sung a ballad so charmingly, as to enchant all her hearers, and to open to her, within her own little circle, the prospect of unrivalled empire. Almost every young man with whom she conversed, became, as she imagined, her devoted admirer; she had seldom fewer than four or five at a time on her list; and I once recollect her enumerating twenty in succession; for they were retained or dismissed, as caprice or vanity might dictate; and it was a sort of maxim with her, I know not on what principle, that one old lover dismissed, was certain of being succeeded by two new ones. "Did it not make your heart ache to have been the cause of so much uneasiness?" was sometimes my expostulation, when she was describing in glowing colours, the despair of a discarded lover. "I was a little sorry at first," she would reply, "but if he would take a fancy to me, was I to blame? could I help it?"

At length, having attained the age of twenty years, and her home being very uncomfortable, notwithstanding the gratification of general coquetry, she gave her hand to the only man among her admirers, who perhaps had ever really desired to obtain it; or, at least, who was in a situation, that should enable him to marry with any prudence. He was a dignitary of the church, having become such by the interest of his near connexions; for in himself, he was a very poor creature in every respect, but good-tempered, and as much attached to her as he was capable of being to any thing. This lasted, however, but a very little time: they had neither of them any powers of mind, any indispensable occupation, or one rational pursuit. He was extremely dull, had few

ideas, and literally no employment. They lived in a secluded part of the country, where they saw very little company; and the lady, who had always in reality, been whimsical, capricious, unfeeling, and soon offended, had now no longer any motive for concealing these various defects, or for endeavouring to exert the powers of pleasing which she had hitherto possessed. Why should she sing, when there was no one but her husband to be charmed with the music of her voice? His praises a thousand times repeated, had become dull and monotonous, and how should her conversation be lively, when the source was wholly unsupplied by the daily anecdote, and when the stimulus of the spirited retort had totally failed? Her mind would have sunk into downright apathy, had it not been for the almost daily excitement of some fancied neglect or designed affront. Far from cultivating the good affections of their parishioners, they were seldom upon speaking terms with one half of them; and the almost exclusive topic of conversation whenever they did converse, was the recital of some petty grievance, or the overflowing of some little jealousy.

I made them a visit soon after they were married, and found them in possession of every thing which is usually thought to ensure happiness, and yet they were not happy. They had an easy, if not an affluent fortune; were both of them in perfect health; their rank in society was respectable; their minds wholly free from any outward cause of anxiety, and, added to all the rest, their union was on both sides a matter of choice. The deanery was delightfully situated; the house cheerful and convenient, almost approaching to elegance; and the surrounding scenery charming. It was built on a rising ground,

which sloped down, through rich meadows, adorned with trees of varied foliage, to one of the most beautiful rivers in the whole island, over which a bridge was thrown, in a very picturesque manner. The ground rose again on the opposite side, richly studded with little hamlets and scattered villages; and in the evening, when the sun threw his beams across the valley, the scene was still further diversified by alternate light and shade, and the prospect was quite delightful. If the dean and his lady had been compelled to manual labour for their daily support, although they might not have been very comfortable, yet they could not have been quite so miserable; and I presently discovered that some expansion of mind, some useful employment, some benevolent pursuit, is quite essential to happiness; and that even the fascination of what is commonly called love, if not succeeded by esteem and friendship, will soon lose its power to charm.

In the near neighbourhood, were many delightful walks, and one in particular, to the fine ruins of an ancient castle. "The evening is very fine, shall we take a stroll to the castle, my dear?"—"Just as you will, I do not care about it, not I!"—"Well, but really it is very pleasant, we might as well go."—"Did I make any objection? only I would rather you did not teaze me."—"Will you then go, and prepare yourself?"—"Indeed, Mr. Dean, I dislike being teazed exceedingly."—Here usually ended the first dialogue, which however was generally renewed at intervals for about half an hour; when, at length, the lady would rise from her seat and equip herself, and we all sallied forth. During the walk, she seldom joined in conversation, or deigned to notice the charming scenery, which varied at every

step as we proceeded. Alas! she had no eye for the beauties of Nature, or heart for the sentiments they are formed to inspire! It was her usual manner to walk a little separated from the rest of the company; or, if she hung disconsolate upon the arm of her uninteresting husband, in musing mood, to hum at intervals, a little melancholy air, the knell of her departed gaiety!

They had only one son, who being very handsome, was admired for his beauty, dressed elegantly by his mother, and perfectly idolized (there being no other child in the family) by his father and paternal grandfather. He was suffered to domineer over the servants; and that part of education, which relates to the government of the temper, and the regulation of the moral conduct, being totally neglected, he grew up insolent and tyrannical; became early the slave of depraved appetite and passion, and died a victim to disease, brought on by his vices, at the age of nineteen or twenty years. The unhappy father did not long survive; he left to his widow, the whole of his property, which the son had not squandered; and she had once more the world, as it might seem, at her command.

I never saw her after these events; but it is highly probable that notwithstanding her independent fortune, she must now have found herself a very forlorn, insulated being; for her very trifling pursuits, (if indeed she could be said to have pursued any thing,) her capricious, petulant temper, and highly selfish conduct, had effectually estranged from her all her early associates. With her sister, who was married, and had a numerous family, she had kept up no friendly intercourse, although she might have derived much pleasure from it herself, and have been useful in many respects, to her nephews and

nieces, whose fortunes were not likely to be affluent. Deserted by all the world, she entered precipitately into a second marriage, with a person of plausible appearance and showy manners, and who had lived much abroad; but of whose conduct, character, or temper, she previously knew nothing. He had no habitation of his own, had been accustomed to a wandering life, and did not seem inclined to settle any where. He immediately sold all her furniture, dismissed her servants, disposed of her landed property, and then went from place to place without a single attendant, taking lodgings sometimes in farm-houses, and sometimes at different inns, in various parts of the kingdom. One while they had a small apartment in an ordinary public-house, close by the gates of the mansion of her first husband's father, where she had formerly presided as mistress, and who lived in great affluence and respectability. I know not whether she is yet living; but it is now many years since she wrote a cold, formal letter to her sister, telling her that she and her young people, must not expect any thing from her, for that she had given her whole fortune to her husband, as the reward of his extraordinary merit, but she did not say in what that merit consisted. The last authentic account I heard of her, was the following:

Travelling about twenty years ago, in a northern district of this county, we stopped at an inn, where I recognized the landlord, as having formerly been servant at the deanery; and I asked him of course, if he knew what was become of his former mistress?—"O yes," he replied, "she is married again, and the last summer, she and her husband had a bed-room in my house four months, with the use of a dining-room, when it could be spared them."—"And did he behave well to her?"—

"I believe he did; for one day he called me into the room, and said, that perhaps I might have heard many things to his disadvantage, but he was going to convince me from Mrs. N's. own mouth, that they were untrue.—Then turning to her, he enquired. 'Do I not make you a very good husband, madam.' She instantly replied, "Yes, indeed, Sir, you do, a very good husband.'" Does the reader require any other proof of their conjugal felicity?

How different has been the history and fate of that sister, who in early life, was completely eclipsed by the superior attractions of Mrs. N. She married also, and was left a widow many years ago; and although not without her share of sorrows and anxieties, and disappointments, she bore them with fortitude, and they led her to seek for consolation, where alone it can really be found. Although her circumstances were not affluent, she was a great benefactress to the poor: her habits of industry still continued; and she employed her time, like Dorcas of old, in making clothes for those who could not make them for themselves; and in doing every little act of kindness for the sick and needy, which came within the compass of her limited income. She has now been dead some years. She bore a long and painful illness with exemplary fortitude, resignation, and patience, and is doubtless gone to reap the reward of her many virtues. She was attended most assiduously and affectionately by her exemplary daughter, and is most deeply lamented by her friends, and by all the poor in the village where she resided.

CHAPTER IX.

Unfavourable influences on the Author's mind....Importance of knowing the character of early associates....A train of family anxieties....Unpleasant traits in a brother's character....His unfavourable situation at school.... His dislike to study....His admittance at Cambridge....Mrs. Maurice returns to Catterick....Misfortunes of her son-in-law....Remarkable memory of a child four years old.

I CANNOT look back with any great satisfaction on that period of my life, in which I was entrusted with the confidential secrets of her, whose history I have previously related. It was not that my mind was infected, like hers, with an insatiable desire of general admiration; this, had I even wished it, I knew was quite unattainable. But the current of my thoughts was driven from its proper channel; present duties, if not wholly neglected, were but languidly performed; and at the time when I should have been laying up a stock of useful knowledge for future use, my attention was continually occupied by listening to the recital of some new adventure, or of some splendid conquest, meditated or achieved. Fortunately for me, my first visit at the deanery, already described, when I was just seventeen, broke the charm. I saw that the ardent lover, if he had no other quality to recommend him, might degenerate into a very stupid companion; and that the heroine of the Novel is not exactly fitted for the exemplary wife. I returned home with the earnest desire and stedfast resolution, of attending more sedulously for the future, to my own improvement. I have dwelt the longer in the last chapter, on this frivolous character, and on the consequences to which it led, for the purpose of demonstra-

ting to parents and others, the extreme importance to young persons, of the female intimacies they early form. Fortunately for me, my companion above described possessed no extraordinary powers of mind to excite my admiration, no charms of temper to engage my affection; yet, if the mischiefs resulting from the intimacy were such as I have stated, what might they not have been, if her talents had been superior, and her mind vicious rather than vain, unfeeling, capricious, and trifling?

A train of family anxieties were now coming on, and every day increasing; and among the greatest of these, was the rapidly declining health of my revered father. Travelling into Craven on horseback, about three years before, and crossing one of the most mountainous districts on the 19th of May, he was overtaken by a tremendous storm of wind and rain, accompanied by such severe cold, that the rain froze as it descended, and his wig hung in icicles. This journey he never recovered; and the apprehensions of my mother and myself, on his account, became every day more and more painful. But this was not my only anxiety; there was something in my brother's temper which I could not unravel, and which had always prevented our having any confidential intercourse. As he grew up, his reserve increased; and although it was evident that from some cause or other, he was extremely dissatisfied, yet we could not discover from what it proceeded. My father observed it also, and it gave him great uneasiness. "If he would but unbosom himself," he was wont to say, "it would make me happy."

I have already mentioned that he was intended for the Church; a determination, on the part of my father,

both of prudence and of choice, for he could not so well provide for him in any other manner, and he thought that no character could be more respectable than that of a worthy clergyman. My brother's wishes, however, had long flowed in a very different channel; he had not the least pleasure in literary pursuits, and although it was said that his progress in the languages kept pace with others in his class, yet, as he never appeared to make much use of what he had learnt, it seemed to be the acquisition of words, rather than of ideas. From his infancy, he had been my mother's delight, and of course she was almost broken-hearted to see my father so dissatisfied with him, as well as by some doubts of her own, which never had perhaps, till then, arisen in her mind, respecting the dispositions which gave rise to this dissatisfaction. He did not seem indeed to have any vicious propensity, yet he had acquired habits of indolence and self indulgence, which would equally unfit him for eminence in literature, or the active life and varied pursuits of a merchant. His mind, originally not powerful, had probably been early misled by the general respect paid to my father; the rank of my mother's connexions, and more especially, by his having spent six months, when a child, with my grandmother and aunts, who admired him exceedingly for his beauty, and for the display of some little imitative powers, which they considered as a sure indication of future genius. They were continually telling him, that when he was a great boy, he should go to Russia to his uncle, who was a merchant there, and write for him and get riches. Alas! little did they imagine how very pernicious this early association of respectability and happiness with great riches, would eventually prove to his future character!

My brother's discontent having become more and more apparent, my elder aunt, who was on a visit at Catterick, was requested by my father and mother, to endeavour to find out the cause. She discovered that he exceedingly disliked the school where he was placed, and that he wished not to go into the Church. For his disgust to the school, there appeared upon enquiry, to be sufficient reason. The master was indeed a pious, worthy man; but his wife, although fifty years of age, was of so intriguing a disposition, that, as it was afterwards proved, one of the ushers, and two of the elder scholars, had at different times been corrupted by her. My brother, of course, was immediately removed, and was placed under the care of a private tutor, until his future destination should be finally determined. For his dislike to the Church, he could assign no satisfactory reason; he merely said, that he wished to be a merchant; in consequence, no doubt, of the desire of riches having been so early generated, and of his believing that to be a merchant, was the certain way to obtain them. Had it been practicable, my father would have indulged him in this wish; but the uncle, to whom he had been taught to look up, had retired from business, and there was no other friend or connexion in that line, from whom any assistance could be expected; besides, my father must have mortgaged his small estate, which was fixed on my mother, as her jointure, in order to obtain money for him, if he were to be placed in a respectable situation; and to have gone into an inferior line, however suitable to his circumstances, would not have consorted either with his own previous habits or future expectations. Unfortunately, perhaps, for him, my father's talents and attainments, and especially his colloquial powers, which,

whilst he continued in health, were of the first order; and my mother's many amiable qualities, personal advantages, and family connexions, had gained them a consideration and place in society, to which their fortune alone would not have entitled them, and had produced upon the mind of my brother, expectations not likely to be realized. Though it was far from probable that he should ever be ranked with his parents, he doubted not that he should be raised much higher, by the magic wand of a sort of indefinable hereditary right. So important are the effects which are usually produced upon the youthful mind, by the relative situation of parents and friends,—their habits, manners, and degree of respectability in society. There is an excellent paper on this subject, in the Monthly Magazine, Vol. IX. page 338. But to return;—

My brother at length, was prevailed upon to acquiesce in my father's wish of his going into the Church; and, after spending a year and half, with the tutor already mentioned, the late Rev. Daniel Watson,* he was entered a pensioner at Peter-house, Cambridge, in Oct. 1760, the late eminent Bp. Law, who was a friend of my father's, being then the Master.

I have omitted mentioning in its place, that some time before my brother went to Cambridge, our worthy old friend, Mrs. Maurice, had returned to Catterick with her daughter, who took a small house there, in order to be near our family, during the absence of her husband, Mr. Logan, who had entered into a commercial speculation with his brother, a wholesale linen-draper in London, and was gone to Antigua, for the purpose of open-

* See, for some account of this gentleman, Nicholls's Lit. Anecdotes, Vol. VIII. p. 334—343.—Ed.

ing and conducting a store-house in that island. She had one little girl, who was a few months old, when she removed to be our neighbour; and, as there is something both interesting and extraordinary in the talents and history of this child, as well as in the great vicissitudes of fortune experienced by the father and mother, I shall here give some account of them up to the period of my father's death, and of our leaving Catterick, five years after their removal thither.

The whole property of Mr. Logan was laid out in goods, with which the ship was freighted, in which he sailed to the West Indies. The voyage was prosperous for some time, till at length, having crossed the Atlantic, the vessel was attacked and taken by the French, and carried into Martinico;—the goods seized, and the proprietor made prisoner on his parole. Whilst he was there, being a man of observation, and possessing a very active mind, he obtained a great deal of information respecting the state of that island, which was afterwards transmitted to our ministry; and at times, when he had no other occupation, he employed himself in making and arranging a curious collection of sea-shells. At length, after remaining there nine months, an exchange of prisoners took place, the day of liberty arrived, and Mr. Logan was landed at Antigua, not however as a merchant, coming to establish a respectable trade; but as an unfortunate, ruined adventurer, whom the chance of war had robbed of his property, and who was now quite destitute even of the means of subsistence.

In this forlorn situation, he was happily introduced, by what is commonly, although not accurately, called an accident, (for in the great chain of causes and events there is no such thing as accident) to Colonel Martin, a

principal planter on the island, and a gentleman highly respectable for his station, his talents, and his virtues. Interested at first, by the misfortunes of the stranger, he kindly invited him to his house, and the connexion which originated in compassion, was afterwards, on further acquaintance, improved into the most cordial and lasting friendship. After some time, fresh goods were sent from England; a store-house was opened, and considerable hopes were again entertained, of future prosperity. These, however, as may well be imagined, were years of heavy trial and anxiety to Mrs. Logan, and to good old Mrs. Maurice, whose only solace and amusement, was the rapid improvement of the little Maria. The good old lady, as she sat in her great chair by the fire-side, had much pleasure in teaching this child to repeat pieces of poetry; and the facility with which she learnt them, was truly astonishing; her ear was so quick, and her memory so retentive, that whatever was read to her slowly two or three times, was made completely her own. I had also my share in this amusement; and at three years and half old, her little stories were almost inexhaustible. It happened one day, that I took up Pope's "Essay on Man," which was lying in the window, and reading aloud, "Awake, my St. John!"—the child instantly continued, "leave all meaner things"—"To low ambition,"—the child added, "and the pride of kings." The thought instantly struck me, how clever it would be, if she could be taught to repeat the whole four epistles; and the good old lady, partly perhaps to oblige her former pupil, and partly to gratify herself, agreed to assist me in the undertaking. It was my ambition that this should be accomplished before Maria was four years old, and it actually was accomplished. On

her birth-day, when she had attained that age, she sat on the knee of Mr. Watson, my brother's tutor, and repeated the whole poem, from beginning to end, almost without making a single mistake. Respecting the wisdom of the undertaking on the part of the teachers, whatever praise may be awarded to their diligence, or admiration excited by the astonishing memory of their little scholar, it may, perhaps, be quite as well not too minutely to enquire.

CHAPTER X.

Declining health of the Author's father....Great increase of anxiety....Fascination of theatrical representations....Causes of a protracted rage for them....Journey into Craven....The exertions as a Magistrate of the Author's honoured father....His last illness and death....His epitaph.... Mr. Lindsey obtains Catterick....Pecuniary affairs not prosperous.

We spent the winter of 1762, in lodgings at York, that my father, who was very ill the greater part of the time, might have the advice of the late highly celebrated Dr. Dealtry; the only relaxation in which I could be indulged, was in going two or three times to the theatre. There was a new piece acted that season, entitled "the Desert Island," the dresses, the scenery, and above all, the ingenuous simplicity of the heroine, perfectly enchanted me, and I was almost tempted to envy the happy lot of those, who had it frequently in their power to partake of what I then esteemed, so delightful an amusement. The complete fascination would, no doubt, have worn off with the novelty which partly occasioned it; yet I can hence comprehend how it is that many persons

remain through life, so wholly devoted to such gratifications. At first, to the youthful imagination all is fairy-land;—the deception is kept up by variety, till the habit is formed; and afterwards, although the original spell is broken, yet excitement of one kind or another, beyond what is yielded by the ordinary occurrences of life, becomes necessary to happiness. They commence critics, perhaps, on the merits of the different performers, or at least the discussion supplies them with a never-failing fund of conversation; some vague ideas of superior taste and judgment are attached to these disquisitions; and they continue their regular attendance on the theatre, partly, as it helps them to dispose of a certain portion of time, which would otherwise hang heavily upon their hands, and partly that they may figure to more advantage in conversation among their acquaintance. If this account be true, one would expect that the rage for theatrical amusements would continue longer, and obtain more generally in the middle and lower classes of society, than in the highest ranks; and the fact I apprehend, in this country at least, fully justifies the expectation. At the theatre, a duchess or a countess is nothing more than a spectator, in common with others, but at the crowded assembly, where hundreds appear in her train, she is herself the deity that presides there. Her taste, her accomplishments, or at any rate, her splendour and magnificence attract every eye;—her vanity here receives its highest gratification;—occurrences that shall perpetuate its triumph, are easily multiplied; and if, at last, all these should fail, the excitement of the gaming-table remains, to create an interest even by the ruin which it threatens, and to make a wretched atonement for the loss of youth, of beauty, of fame, and of peace of mind.

My father did not receive any benefit from the skill of his physician; he bore the languor of disease with great patience and fortitude: but not a day, or even an hour passed, on the part of my mother and myself, without some new anxiety; and we returned to Catterick with heavy hearts. My father could not bear the sound of many voices, and in consequence, we saw scarcely any company, except our good old friend Mrs. Maurice, who sympathized so truly in our apprehensions and anxieties, as apparently to forget her own.

In the spring of 1763, my father, being desirous of trying the air of Long Preston, and perhaps, of once more revisiting a place, where he had spent many happy days of tranquillity and usefulness, I accompanied him thither; my mother, who had some important business to finish at Catterick, being left to follow us in a few days. The journey was fatiguing in the extreme to my dear father, and very anxious and alarming to me, occasioned principally, by the awkwardness of the horses, accustomed only to a level country, in ascending and descending the hills. How vivid is still my recollection of the terror I endured, in consequence of his extreme feebleness, when the carriage was many times in danger of being overturned. At length, we arrived in safety at the end of our anxious journey, and soon after were joined by my mother.

There was at that time, no magistrate within many miles of Long Preston, and no sooner did the country people hear of my father's arrival, than they flocked about him, from all quarters, for the benefit of his opinion and advice; so exceedingly was he beloved and respected. My mother, dreading the fatigue to which he would be subjected, would gladly have refused them

admittance, but he assured her that in listening to, and endeavouring to relieve their distresses, he should greatly alleviate his own; and he really seemed to recruit considerably, for the first few weeks after we came thither. He even summoned resolution, in the month of June, to attend a meeting of the gentlemen of the neighbouring district, at Skipton, eleven miles distant, to consider of the best means that could be devised, for the relief of the country, and to appoint new magistrates. In July, my mother was obliged to go to Catterick on business; and on the 21st of that month, as we were sitting at dinner, he was seized with an excruciating pain in his head, the knife and fork dropped from his hands; he soon became insensible; was unable to speak afterwards, and expired the following day, in the 58th year of his age.

An express was dispatched for my mother, which met her on the road as she was returning; and she received the afflicting intelligence, with her wonted resignation and fortitude. For my own part, although I loved my father, and respected him still more, yet so unceasing for several years, had been our anxiety, and apprehension on his account, that after the first shock was over, my mind felt relieved from a weight that had long been most painfully oppressive; and, although I was well aware of the loss we had sustained, and foresaw that we should have many difficulties to encounter, and many privations to suffer; yet, did the cheerful spirits of inexperienced youth soon recover their natural tone, and I looked forward with hope and confidence to happier days and less sombre scenes.

Forgive me, my father, if I did not at that time, duly appreciate thy value; if I did not fully comprehend thy

honoured character, or love thee for thine own sake, with all the tenderness with which I should at this moment love thee, couldst thou again be manifested to me!

He was interred in the church at Long Preston, within the rails of the communion-table, and a brass plate, fixed on the flag, under which his remains are deposited, has the following short, but appropriate inscription, written by Mr. Watson, then upon a visit at Long Preston.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JEREMIAH HARRISON, M. A.
MINISTER OF THIS PARISH TWENTY-TWO YEARS,
AND OF CATTERICK FIFTEEN.
AN ABLE AND CONSCIENTIOUS PASTOR,
A STEADY AND ACTIVE MAGISTRATE,
A FIRM AND BENEVOLENT FRIEND.
HE DIED JULY 22, 1763,
AGED 57.

As soon as our affairs could be adjusted at Long Preston, we returned to Catterick, where we were met by my brother, then in his third year at Cambridge, and who was coming to spend the vacation at home.

There were several candidates for the living of Catterick; but the successful one was the rev. Theophilus Lindsey, who exchanged for it, a living in Dorsetshire, formerly given to him by the Earl of Huntingdon, and which in fact, was of greater value; but having three years before, married Miss Elsworth, the daughter-in-law of Archdeacon Blackburne, of Richmond, he wished on her account principally, to remove into Yorkshire, that she might be nearer to her relations and friends;

and particularly to the Archdeacon, of whose talents and character, he had formed a very high idea. With Mrs. Lindsey, I had been very early acquainted. She was the only one among my young associates, from whom I could possibly gain any improvement; but as she was four years older than myself, I was hardly competent to be a companion to her, previous to her marriage in 1760, at twenty years of age; and afterwards, her immediate removal to so distant a part of the island, had greatly interrupted our opening friendship.

On investigating our pecuniary affairs, they did not appear prosperous. My father had left me a small estate, which he had purchased in Craven, subject to an annuity payable out of it to my brother, during the life of my mother; the greater part of the remainder of his property, which would eventually devolve upon my brother, being settled upon her as her jointure. He had yet another year to spend at Cambridge, before he could take a bachelor's degree, or go into orders; and he had no other means of defraying the expence, than by borrowing the money upon a small portion of my father's estate, which devolved to him immediately. My mother, being very anxious to assist him, although she wished to retire to a cottage of her own, as best suited to the tone of her spirits, yet consented to spend the ensuing winter in the family of her brother, in the West-riding of Yorkshire; and it was arranged that I was to go to Nostel, the seat of Sir Rowland Winn, my mother's first cousin, which was only three miles distant from the house of my uncle. Nothing could be more acceptable to me than this arrangement. I should see my mother frequently; I had repeatedly made visits of some weeks at Nostel, and had

always been received there with the greatest kindness by the worthy proprietor, who had been the intimate friend of my father, as well as the near relation of my mother; I was also much attached to his three unmarried daughters, the oldest of whom presided as mistress of his family, and had particularly honoured me by her notice and friendship, notwithstanding she was nine years older than myself. I shall digress a little, in order to describe the hospitable style of ancient splendour, which prevailed in this friendly mansion, and at the same time, to pay a small tribute of affection and gratitude to the memory of one, who was generally and deservedly honoured and esteemed.

CHAPTER XI.

Splendour and hospitality of Nostel....Venerable character of its owner ....Miserable contrast in that of his son....State of the family, when the Author became an inmate....Fascinating appearance of the son's lady ....Treatment of the Author....Its termination.

Sir Rowland, the second of the family who had borne that name, was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age, and had been a widower many years. His manner of living was not wholly dissimilar to that of an English baron, in ancient times, and was at once impressive of awe by its magnificence, and of respect, by the general happiness it appeared to diffuse. The splendid mansion, situated in an extensive park, approached by a long avenue of trees, and sheltered on the north-east by a wood of stately oaks, which had firmly withstood the winter blasts of successive centuries, had

all the grandeur, without the terrific gloom of the ancient Gothic castle. The family consisted of not fewer than sixty or seventy persons, among whom were many workmen and artificers, who were constantly employed in it, and dined regularly in the servant's hall. A pack of fox-hounds was kept, not so much for the amusement of their master, although he was himself partial to the exercise of hunting, as for a sort of rallying point, that should draw around it the neighbouring gentlemen. But it was at Christmas that the resemblance to the seat of the ancient baron was most striking. At this cheerful season, open house was kept for three days; all the farmers and cottagers upon the estate, were invited along with their wives, to dine in the great hall, precisely at two o'clock; where the worthy master of the whole family, (for they all appeared as his children,) presided at one long table with the men, and his amiable daughters at a second table with the women.

The venerable boar's head, decorated with evergreens, and an orange in his mouth, according to ancient custom, was the centre dish at each table. A band of music played during dinner; after which, the particular circumstances of every farmer and cottager, were carefully enquired into; and many little plans formed, for the alleviation or relief of their various anxieties or distresses. In the afternoon, some of the daughters of the most respectable farmers, were invited to partake of tea, coffee, cakes, and sweetmeats; and the evening concluded with a dance, in which they were permitted to join with the young ladies of the family and their other visitors, of whom there were several from Wakefield, Pontefract, and the surrounding neighbourhood. At nine the dancing ceased; the farmers' wives and daughters returned

home, and the family and their guests adjourned into another apartment to supper.

The broken meat was regularly distributed three times a week, and milk given every day, to the poor inhabitants of two large villages, which adjoined the west side of the park. I do not affirm that this mode of charity was, of all others, the most useful or enlightened, but to a passing observer it was strikingly impressive; and the whole effect on a young mind, was greatly increased by the other appendages of a large establishment, such for instance, as the number of orderly attendants, all arranged in their proper ranks, and the respectful manner of the neighbouring gentry. The fascination however, would not have been complete, or at least, it would have continued but a very short time, had not the appearance, character, manners, and occupations of the possessor himself, supplied the finishing charm. His person was singularly graceful, his countenance beamed with benevolence, and in his address, there was all the politeness, without the formality, of what is called the old school. He had been early left a minor, under the guardianship of his uncle, my mother's father, and of Dr. Trimnell, Bp. of Winchester, who had married one of his aunts; his father and mother having both died at Bristol, within a week of each other, when he was very young. He was sent by his guardians to Geneva, where he principally received his education, and where he imbibed those principles of civil and religious liberty, which afterwards united him in close friendship, with the late highly revered Lord Rockingham, and the upright, virtuous Sir George Saville. Before their day, however, (about the year 1732,) he stood a contested election for the county of York, on the Whig interest, against Sir Miles Sta-

pleton; but losing his election, and not choosing to represent a borough, he never had a seat in parliament: but as a magistrate, he was active, judicious, and indefatigable; regular in his hours of doing business, exact in the distribution of justice, and very careful of his time. It was his constant custom to rise early in a morning; in winter, long before day-light, and to kindle his own fire. His letters were usually written before the family breakfast, which was always exactly at nine o'clock; and he afterwards gave audience to a crowd of various descriptions of persons, in succession, who were generally in waiting for his assistance or advice. He was not possessed of shining talents, or eminent for literary attainments; but his judgment was accurate and discriminating; and although he was uniformly cheerful and condescending, yet there was an air of dignity about him, which forbad every approach to undue familiarity. No one ever thought of asking him an improper question, or of making him an impertinent reply; and he possessed a certain readiness and point in his manner, which seldom failed of producing the desired effect. I shall give the following specimen related to me by one of his daughters.

Being in want of a servant to attend upon his person, one, who he thought would suit him, declined the place, because he could not submit to clean his master's shoes. "If that be the whole of your objection," returned the baronet, "it may be easily removed; you can fetch the brushes and the blacking, and I can clean the shoes myself." The difficulty was instantly overcome; the man, ashamed of his folly, requested that he might be engaged on any terms his future master might think proper; and

he lived with him afterwards above thirty years, until the time of his death.

Sir Rowland attached himself with great earnestness, to the Foundling hospital at Ackworth, three miles distant from Nostel, for the reception of deserted young children, which was at that time, an appendage to the Foundling hospital in London. It was his delight to visit these children, which he generally did two or three times in the week; examining their diet, inquiring into their health and respective improvements, and investigating the conduct of the matron, master, and other assistants. Many of the children, and especially the boys, he knew and distinguished individually; and had great pleasure in observing whatever appeared promising in their disposition or talents: never shall I forget the animation and fine expression of his countenance, when, on his return, he delighted to detail the various little occurrences which had interested him, to an attentive and affectionate group of family auditors.

It may easily be conceived how charming it would seem to the imagination of a young woman of nineteen, not destitute of ambition, to have the prospect of being received, for some months to come, into a family like this, with all the kindness of an adopted daughter. But the gay delusion soon vanished; I had the inexpressible sorrow of finding this highly honoured friend confined to his couch, by a hurt which he had received on his leg, and which threatened a mortification; and of seeing the peace of the family entirely destroyed by his eldest son, who had been educated at Lausanne, had married there, and who, with his lady, had come some months before, to reside at Nostel.

It would be a painful task to delineate at length, the

character of these personages. Alas! the ruin they afterwards brought on this once honourable house, has rendered them but too notorious! The son was in every respect, the reverse of his father; but withal, elegant in his person and manner, specious in conversation, and insinuating in his address: his lady was trifling in her turn of mind, and in her temper, violent and imperious; at once, covetous and extravagant. Her appearance and manner however to strangers was singularly captivating, for she was very beautiful, and had a great deal of vivacity. When I first saw her, she was habited in a close vestment of pink satin, the colour not more delicate than her own fine complexion; she was tripping lightly along one of the great staircases; and seeing a stranger with one of the ladies of the family, ran up, and accosted us in French, with all the gaiety, ease, and politeness, peculiar to that nation; her fine dark eyes sparkling with a radiance exclusively their own. I had never before seen any thing like her, and struck with astonishment, the sudden emotion she excited of surprise and admiration, not wholly unmingled with a sentiment of awe, was probably little inferior to what I should actually have felt, had she been in reality, what at that moment, she appeared to be, a being of angelic order.

It was the constant practice of her husband to entertain every stranger with complaints against his father, and to prejudice them against his eldest sister, for no other reason than that Nostel was not immediately resigned to him, on his return from Switzerland the preceding year, and that his sister still occupied her seat at the head of the table. This lady had long filled her place with extraordinary judgment and propriety; and she now showed her fortitude, filial piety, and great self-

command, in patiently enduring the daily insults of her brother, without appearing to observe them. He took the opportunity of his father's being confined to his apartment, of doing every thing in his power, to provoke and put her off her guard;—she was treated by him at meal-times, especially if company was present, with the most marked contempt: and whatever she did, he attempted to ridicule. "This will be over," she said, when my father resumes his place; I could not resent it without a quarrel, and I would much rather endure any thing, than that he should have the pain of being made acquainted with my brother's unkind behaviour."

Such was the state of the family at Nostel, when I became an inmate in November, 1763. I was received by Sir Rowland in the kindest manner: "Assure yourself, my dear, and tell your mother," said the honoured invalid, as he lay upon a couch in his library, on my first entrance, "that I will take care of the interests of your brother:" and he lost no time in endeavouring to fulfil his promise. As soon as he was able to sit up, he wrote a long letter to archbishop Drummond, who then filled the see of York, and with whom he was in habits of great intimacy, requesting his advice respecting the course of study, which a young man intended for the Church, ought especially to pursue; adding, that he made the request in behalf of a near relation, about whose welfare he was very solicitous. The archbishop returned an answer at great length; filling many sheets of paper with a detail of the authors that should be studied, and the books consulted; adding, that he had copied it from a plan he had lately sketched out for the use of a near relation of his own.*

* This very sketch of a course of study for the ministry, was published

Mr. W. had spent so many years at school and abroad, that although I had been many times at Nostel, I had never seen him before. He began almost immediately after my first introduction, according to his usual manner with strangers, to endeavour to prejudice me against his sister, by throwing out hints and insinuations, (which was all that could possibly be in his power) to her disadvantage; being provoked almost to madness, that he had no real cause of complaint. Had she for a moment been off her guard, in any expression of resentment towards him, it is probable he would have hated her less, as he would then have had something positive to allege. Grieved beyond measure, at this cruel injustice towards a friend whom I sincerely loved, I could not join in the abuse, or refrain from showing great disapprobation, and the consequence was, an entire change in his behaviour towards myself. At first, he professed the most sincere friendship, but from the moment of my declining to join his party against his sister, I was treated by him as one proscribed, and whom it was lawful to take every opportunity of insulting. A series of sarcastic double-entendres, which it was impossible not to understand, was the warfare he chose to wage; and in proportion as the victim was distressed and put out of countenance, was his unmanly triumph. Unhappy man! I mean not, by this recital, to reproach his memory, but merely to give an example of the contemptible, as well as cruel conduct, of which an indulgence of the malignant passions may be the occasion. He was at this time, aided and abetted in his project, by an elderly lady, who was a visitor in the family; for no other reason, I believe, than the wish

in 1804, by his son, the Rev. Hay Drummond, Prebendary of this Cathedral, together with a selection from the Sermons of the Archbishop.

of recommending herself to his favour, who was considered as the rising sun. She was the wife of a clergyman, and the sister of a baronet. Often was the hapless object of their persecution, driven from the room in tears; which however, far from disarming their malice, served only to afford them a new subject of triumph.

At length an expedient occurred of arresting the cruelty of my female tormentor; and it succeeded to a considerable degree. She frequently mentioned with great interest, some young ladies near my own age, who were her nieces; and I took an opportunity of asking her one day, when we happened to be alone, whether, if by any accident, one of these should be thrown into a difficult and embarrassing situation, which, for want of courage and experience, she might feel herself unequal to combat, her aunt would treat her with ridicule and contempt, or kindly advise her how to act, and extend a friendly hand to her aid and assistance. "I would give her my advice and assistance to be sure."—"Have the goodness then, madam, to treat me in future as if I were one of your nieces." She muttered in a kind of soliloquy, "the girl is not quite the fool I took her for;" and she behaved to me during the remainder of her stay, with some degree of decency and humanity: but the persecution did not wholly cease, until my venerable friend was restored to his seat at the bottom of the table, and his son and daughter were gone to London.

CHAPTER XII.

The Author's mother engages a house at Bedale....Sketch of the character, and history of a young friend there....Richmond Races....Nostel on the eve of great revolutions....Marriage of the Author's principal female friend there....Sudden illness, and death of her beloved and honoured patron....Immediate change in her prospects and hopes....Her excessive grief and dejected state of mind.

The following summer, my mother having taken a small house at Bedale, a little market-town, seven miles distant from Catterick, we went thither to reside. She accommodated herself with great fortitude, to her narrow circumstances, but her daughter heaved many a secret sigh, on relinquishing the splendour of her late more elevated situation; yet not so much for the sake of the indulgences it afforded, about which she was even then sufficiently indifferent, as for the degree of consideration in the eyes of others which a certain style of living never fails to procure.

We were visited at Bedale by many of the neighbouring families, who had long known and highly esteemed my father and mother; but besides the difficulty of returning distant visits, to those who have no men-servants or horses, it was not convenient or prudent to associate frequently with persons, whose modes of life were so different from those which it was now become necessary that we should adopt; and in the town itself, with one single exception, there were not any young persons, whose ideas and manners assimilated much with my own. The young lady who formed this exception, had been my school-fellow, and was the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune, lately dead, who had left her ten thousand

pounds, with the reversion of his whole estate, if her brother, then a boy of ten years of age, at Eton school, should not live to come of age. This being generally known, brought about her a crowd of admirers, to which indeed she might have had some pretensions, although her pecuniary prospects had been less brilliant. She was lively in conversation, fashionable in her manners, unassuming and good-humoured, and if not beautiful, yet in person sufficiently attractive. She had read many works of taste, spoke French fluently, had an uncommon memory, and a facility of applying whatever she had read, with ease and eloquence. I spent much of my time with my young friend, and with pleasure accepted the offer of a place in the carriage of herself and her mother, the latter end of summer, to accompany them to Richmond Races, a meeting of general and fashionable resort.

At this meeting, the triumphs of the young heiress, (for as such she was almost generally considered,) were complete; every thing was at her command, and happy he, whom she deigned to notice. No fewer than three young gentlemen, of considerable rank and fortune, had come thither from great distances, in the hope of dancing with her; and her levee in the morning, was little less crowded than that of a minister of state. With myself of course, it was far otherwise; if I were asked to dance, it was merely out of civility: and when the bustle was over, the pleasure would not have made amends for the fatigue undergone, and the expence incurred, had it not been for the additional importance which I expected to derive, from having been a partaker in so fashionable an amusement. In this I was not wholly disappointed; many of my younger friends congratulated me by let-

ter, on my late felicity, and I was considered by others, as being more producible, from the accidental circumstance of my having danced every night at Richmond Races. My young friend bore her honours meekly; yet it was quite impossible, but that a crowded assembly should have had abundantly more charms for her, to whom it was the very seat of empire, than for one like myself, who mixed undistinguished in the crowd. This young lady married the following spring, the late John Sawry Morritt, Esq. of Rokeby Park, in the north-riding of this county. I usually spent some months every winter, in her family very pleasantly, for the four or five succeeding years, where her cheerful spirits and accommodating temper, won every heart. She died suddenly, in the spring of 1809, in the 64th year of her age, beloved and lamented by all her connexions. Her amiable temper continued to the last. She had suffered much within the last four years, from severe bilious attacks, and had been extremely enfeebled during the last, by a paralytic seizure; but her faculties were not impaired and she was enabled to read aloud to her daughter, which had ever been her favourite employment, to the very day of her death. In one of the last conversations I had with her, expressing the pleasure which it gave me, to see her contributing still to the happiness of all around her, she said, "It has been my earnest desire not to give way to impatience or peevishness, and I hope I have succeeded; one had not need add," she continued, "to the infirmities of sickness, the still greater infirmity of fretfulness and discontent."

But to return. Nostel, which after the death of my father, had been to me the subject of so much delightful anticipation, and eventually of so much severe disap-

pointment, and where I was to spend the ensuing winter. was now on the eve of great revolutions. The heir-apparent, indeed, was in better humour than in the preceding year, from the prospect of being soon relieved from the presence of that sister, whom he had so constantly persecuted, and of whose talents and virtues he stood in awe. She was to be married early in the spring, to a distant relation of the same name, who was brought up to the law, and was at that time, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland. Owing in part perhaps, to this, and in part it may be, to his being wearied of persecuting one of so little consequence as myself, he treated me on my return, with great civility, and his lady was profuse in her expressions of esteem and friendship. The proposed marriage took place in the month of March. It had been an old attachment, and had only been delayed from prudential motives; but Mr. Baron Winn, having lately had a considerable fortune left him by a distant relation, he felt himself at liberty to avow his sentiments, and the union promised great mutual happiness. I remained at Nostel till the month of July, when I went to Boynton, in the east-riding of this county, to make a visit to Lady Strickland, who was another daughter of the same family, and whither the rest of the family were soon expected to follow. But on the 22nd. of August, a letter arrived with the mournful intelligence, that Sir Rowland was very dangerously ill; and which was followed, in a few hours, by an express to desire Sir G. and Lady Strickland would set out immediately to Nostel. The express arrived in the night. and we got into the carriage the very moment it could be prepared; but on our arrival at York, about half-way on the journey, we

were met by a second express, to announce that our most excellent friend had expired the preceding evening. This mournful event took place on the 23rd of August, in the year 1765, two years and one month after the death of my father.

The fatal disease was a pestilential carbuncle, which was not understood by the surgeon who attended, and a mortification came on very rapidly. In the delirium which preceded death, the worthy patriot repeatedly desired his attendants to "take away that man from before the king," meaning Lord Bute, whose maxims of government he wholly disapproved. So strikingly in him was exemplified the elegant compliment of one of our most popular poets to Lord Cobham :—

> "Such in those moments, as in all the past,
> 'O! save my country, Heav'n,' shall be your last."

At this moment, for the first time in my life, did the world seem to me as a dreary waste, every ray of comfort appeared to have vanished. Hitherto, I had considered the small house, taken by my mother at Bedale, as a mere temporary habitation. My brother would soon, I imagined, be amply provided for in the Church, by his zealous patron and friend; and as to my mother and myself, if not in affluence, we should at least be enabled to establish ourselves with respectability and comfort. These fair prospects and delusive hopes had all vanished in a moment: yet so much stronger was my grief, on the death of this honoured personage, for his own sake, than for any pecuniary disappointment to which we might be subjected by it, that I remember feeling the intended, kind consolation of an old lady, (who seeing me in great affliction, suggested that my brother

had yet other friends who would patronise him,) as a sort of insult. I had not then learnt practically to refer every event to God, and to leave the issue in his hands; and it is well, if after the constant experience of his watchful providence, and continual preservation, during a period of sixty-nine years, I may even yet at all times, have fully attained to this blessedness!

I was kindly invited by Sir George and lady Strickland, to return with them to Boynton: but I resolved rather to go immediately to my mother; both, as it appeared to be my first duty, and as being more soothing to the afflicted state of my own mind. What were my feelings, after my Boynton friends had left York, on the following evening, as I was walking alone in my aunt's garden, every object being tranquil and at rest, and the sun just sinking below the horizon, when the bells of a neighbouring steeple, half of them muffled, suddenly began what is called a dumb peal; the dying tones of which, to my afflicted spirit, seemed like the requiem of departed hope!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Author visits the new baronet and his lady....Their late hours....Reprehensible conduct....Her determination to leave them....Hastened by the cruel and unjustifiable treatment of her brother....The Nostel vision vanished....Her brother goes into orders....Takes a small curacy....Purchases a few fields....History of the eventful life of the Author's kind preceptress until its close....Vicissitudes experienced by her family.

I FOUND my mother very composed and resigned, and my brother in his usual spirits, by no means justly appreciating the extent of his loss. He had still no pleas-

ure in literary pursuits, and much less in biblical investigation; and having now lost the friend, from the hope of whose patronage, he had been induced to consent to go into the Church, he wished to engage in some other employment. But unfortunately, whither could he turn himself? he was wholly unfit for any of the learned professions, he had no habits of application, and knew nothing of any kind of business. Nor was this the only misfortune; he had a visionary turn of mind, which continually led him to engage in new schemes, and to expect success without the means, or even perhaps, without the least probability of obtaining it; and what was almost equally misleading, he had a species of humour in his conversation, which made his company sought after in the convivial circles of the town where we lived, as it had before done at Cambridge, and introduced him to a set of acquaintance, who were neither desirable nor improving.

I had now a pressing invitation from the mistress of Nostel, to visit herself and the new baronet; which she desired I would do immediately, particularly alleging, that her very imperfect knowledge of the English language, would make her much at a loss in returning the visits of the neighbouring families: I went accordingly, and as they were not then removed thither, but were still at Badsworth, (at a house in the neighbourhood, belonging to the late lord Rockingham; where their excellent father had lately established them,) I was spared the pain of revisiting the scene of my former happiness in circumstances so miserably altered. It was chiefly on my brother's account, that I so readily accepted the invitation, the new baronet being profuse in his expressions of regard for him, and in his offers of service; and

although I did not much depend on these promises, yet I felt that it would not have been right to have supplied him with an apology, by my refusal, for not fulfilling them.

I was received in the most flattering manner; and although their very late, irregular hours, breakfasting at twelve or one, and dining at seven or eight, were very uncomfortable, and notwithstanding we sometimes made morning calls after the families we visited, had already dined, and were guilty of many other eccentricities, yet we went on pretty well upon the whole, for the first few weeks, and kept up a tolerable character in the neighbourhood; due allowance being made for two young people, just come into possession of a large fortune; and more especially for the lady, as a foreigner, unacquainted with English manners and customs.

The first thing that seriously disturbed my mind, was their very unkind treatment of an old widow gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, who had formerly been connected with the family; whom they had invited to live with them, and whom they considered as being wholly dependent on their pleasure or caprice. She was a person of weak judgment, and having in her youth, been very beautiful, was not free from vanity; but she was perfectly well-meaning, good-tempered, and extremely desirous to oblige. It would hardly be credited, were I to enumerate the various devices practised to insult and torment her. The baronet had an electrical machine, and was continually making experiments, of which she was frequently the subject. She had a foolish antipathy to mice, and when he had obtained a few of these wretched little victims for his air pump, she was in agonies, lest he should set them at liberty, as he

threatened, for her discomfiture and terror. Nor was his lady, although in a different way, less tyrannical and unfeeling. Frequently did I venture to remonstrate on this subject, and particularly on the hardship of obliging the poor old lady to sit up till two or three o'clock in the morning, so contrary to all her former habits, and eventually ruinous to her health.—"I keep her out of charity," was the unfeeling reply, "and have a right to expect that she should conform to my pleasure." This was an afflicting developement of character, and another trait, not long after, completed the picture.

Before I went to Badsworth, a young person had been invited to stay with them, who was the daughter of a gentleman-farmer in the neighbourhood. She was shewy and good-looking in her person, pleasant and agreeable in her conversation and manner, and the lady of the mansion professed for her the warmest friendship. She loaded her with presents, consisting principally of trinkets, which she insisted upon her wearing, and which her person became very well, although the style of dress was wholly unsuitable to her station. It was not to be expected that this metamorphose should pass without censure; envy and jealousy were excited, and the mention of her name was accompanied by a smile of ridicule on the part of many, who, had they been in similar circumstances, would have acted precisely in the same manner. She had left the house a few days before I went there; and I was continually assailed by exaggerated accounts of her absurd appearance, and improper conduct, from the very persons who had themselves led her into these improprieties; accompanied also by insinuations, perfectly false indeed, but which, had they obtain-

ed credit, would have been lastingly injurious to her character.

One day, when the lady had been amusing herself at the expense of her injured friend, my patience being quite exhausted—I said to her, "If, madam, you were aware that this mode of dress would render Miss —— ridiculous, I wonder that you should supply her with ornaments so improper, and encourage her to wear them."—"My dear," she replied, in her broken English. "I tell you one truth, I do it express for the ridicule."—"If that, madam, be the construction which your ladyship's young friends are to put upon your favours, they would be abundantly better without them," relinquishing at the same moment, her arm on which I had leaned, as we were walking backwards and forwards in the dining-room. She appeared confused, was profuse in her professions of regard to me, declaring that the like with respect to myself, could never happen; but from that moment, we perfectly understood each other, (for she was not deficient in acuteness of perception) and my determination was fixed, to leave the family as soon as I could do it, with decency and propriety; and it so happened, that what I had resolved upon as a matter of choice and of duty, became afterwards a matter of absolute necessity.

My brother had been invited to join me. He was received at first, with the warmest professions of friendship; but, as the baronet considered him as being in some measure, dependant upon him, and as he was not himself an adept in observing all the lesser proprieties of time, place, character and station, it was not likely that he should long maintain his ground. A rupture was early foreseen by a friend of ours, and one of his sisters,

who came there on a visit, for a few days, as well as by myself; but we could not prevent the explosion, neither could we exactly predict on what occasion, or in what manner, it would openly break out. After she had left us, a sullen, gloomy silence, interrupted only by incidental flashes of sarcasm, on the part of the baronet, for some days preceded the storm. I was treated by him, with the most officious civility, but every thing that my brother said, was sarcastically remarked with derision and contempt; and his silence was equally misconstrued as his words. At length, a party of humble neighbours being invited to dinner, over whom the baronet supposed he had unbounded influence, I heard my brother's voice very late in the evening, some hours after the ladies had left the dining-room, exclaim in a tone of phrenzy, "I appeal to my lord Rockingham." In an agony of terror, I sent to speak with the master of the mansion, and requested to know what had happened? He expressed extreme concern for my distress, assuring me how sincerely he sympathized with me; adding, that my brother had drank to such excess, as to have brought on a fit of delirium, but that they were going to carry him to bed, and he hoped afterwards all would be well.

It would be useless, if it were possible, to describe what were my feelings during the whole of this night of horror. I suspected indeed, what was afterwards known to be the fact, that some drug of an intoxicating quality, had been mixed with the liquor. After all was quiet, I had a conversation of two hours with the unfeeling author of this outrage, and hinted my suspicion, which he endeavoured to remove, by assuring me that drunkenness had been my brother's constant habit at Cambridge. —"Strange, sir, if that had really been the case, that I

should never have heard the least intimation of it; besides, surely at your own table you might have checked the propensity, before it produced such terrible effects.—We shall leave your house, sir, to-morrow morning." He was profuse in his expressions of regard to my mother and myself, and his lady even shed tears, when I told her our fixed determination. "I am very sorry indeed," she said, "for all this;" adding many expressions of regard and esteem for myself: but I never saw her afterwards.

I met this unhappy man once more, after an interval of seven years, at Boynton. He expressed himself with a sort of ironical politeness, as being glad to see me; and afterwards, in a long conversation, seriously protested, laying his hand upon his breast, that he was the most unhappy man alive—that he had not a friend in the world; owing, as he added, to his sincerity. I mention this extraordinary instance of self-deception, in order to demonstrate the extreme importance of self-knowledge, and of being able to appreciate justly our own motives of action; for I can have very little doubt of his really believing the cause he assigned of the melancholy fact, to be the true one.

The Nostel vision of my brother's future preferment, and of my own happiness, in so respectable and splendid a connexion, having completely vanished, I was now at full leisure to consider our actual situation, entirely separated from those false lights, which too sanguine hope, and inexperienced youthful expectation, had thrown around it. It was true, that there were many of my mother's connexions, who still professed a desire of serving my brother, but there was not any one who made a point of doing it, like the inestimable friend whom we

had lost. As it was absolutely necessary, however, that he should embark in some profession, he determined to be ordained; and had a small perpetual curacy offered him, four miles distant from Bedale, which he could serve on the Sunday, still continuing to live with my mother. Had he been satisfied with this, small as it was, he might still have been in comfortable circumstances, with the addition of a sum of money, which my mother was enabled to spare him, from the sale of an estate of my father's, still reserving for herself the same income to which she was originally entitled. But desirous of improving his little fortune, he purchased a few fields, five miles distant from Bedale, made great imaginary improvements, built a barn, stable, and outhouses, kept a man-servant, and two or three horses, and rode there every day with his servant, to superintend and assist in the work. This continued some time, till at length he discovered that the plan did not answer, and having expended a good deal of money upon it, he again disposed of the land for less than the original purchase.

As the reader may have felt some interest in the character of our good old friend Mrs. Maurice, and in the eventful history of her family, so singularly connected with our own, I shall here detail the sequel of that history, extending it to a few years beyond her decease.

It may well be imagined how great was the sorrow of this venerable friend, for the death of my father, and for our subsequent removal from Catterick. She continued however, to live there with her daughter, whose husband had succeeded at length, (as already mentioned) in opening a store-house at Antigua, and in that same year, came to England to visit his family. He appeared in

good spirits respecting his future prospects, but after his return to London, he found, on inspecting his brother's books, that he had been completely deceived as to the state of their affairs, and that a statute of bankruptcy must immediately be taken out against them. This discovery was most distressing to the whole family, and more especially, as his wife was left in a state of pregnancy, and in a few months afterwards, was delivered of a son. Well do I remember how exceedingly at the time, the birth of this son was lamented; far from being announced by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the senseless burst of popular applause, it was never mentioned without a sigh, and a significant shake of the head, sufficiently expressive of the doleful sentiments it excited. Yet has this son lived and prospered, and has long been a very useful and most respectable member of society. He is now (A.D. 1812,) in very great practice as a surgeon in Leeds; and was for many years, the consolation of his mother, after all her trials and sorrows. So erroneous is the judgment we frequently form respecting the character of passing events, which can never be certainly determined, unless we could see their various bearings and connexions, and anticipate the final issue.

After taking the most prudent measures that his ruined circumstances, would admit, Mr. L. returned disconsolate to Antigua, where his never-failing friend, Col. Martin, procured for him the appointment of attorney and overseer, to two large plantations, an employment which he exercised with great judgment and humanity. But in the mean time, the fortitude of his wife, and of her aged parent, were again put to a severe trial, although they were considerably assisted in their distress,

by Lieutenant Maurice, who came to reside with them at Catterick. The exertions of Mrs. L., were extraordinary, and her unwearied attendance upon her mother, who was confined to her bed a whole twelvemonth previous to her death, most exemplary. She just lived however, to have the comfort of hearing an account of the returning prosperity of her deserving, but unfortunate son-in-law, and died in the year 1768, five years after my father, in the 84th year of her age. She never made any discovery even to her children of her name, her connexions, or of the early part of her history, previous to her marriage with their father; nor did she leave behind her one single memorial, by which any one of the circumstances of it could be traced.

Mr. L. was now become very desirous that his wife should join him in Antigua, to which accordingly she consented; but the children being too young to take with her, my mother desired that Maria might remain with us, with whom in fact, she had already spent the greater part of her life; and the little boy, although only four years old, was sent to school, under the care and inspection of my mother. Maria continued with us six years after her mother's departure; when her father, having now obtained a lucrative place in Antigua, was extremely desirous of her going thither, and she left us in the year 1774, with an almost broken heart. She was received by her parents, but especially by her father, with the greatest joy; she was in herself a very interesting girl, and he had never seen her since she was five years old, so that he regarded her as a new-found treasure. But the transport was of short continuance; in a very few weeks, she was seized with the country fever, which brought her life into the greatest

danger; and before she recovered, he himself was attacked by the same fever, which put a period to his life, and left his widow and daughter destitute and forlorn, to recross the Atlantic, without knowing what course to pursue, when they should once more arrive in England.

I have greatly anticipated the order of time, in the foregoing narrative, in order to give a connected outline of the varied succession of adverse events, brightened now and then indeed, by a transient gleam of prosperity, through which my venerated, aged preceptress, and her worthy son-in-law, descended to the tomb.—I now resume my own history.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Author's first introduction to Mr. Lindsey....The impression made upon her mind by this visit....His character contrasted with those she had lately left....Visits other friends....Reasons for declining cards....Catterick the source of her purest pleasures....Leading objects of her friends there....Their family arrangements....Manner of spending their time....Habitual self-denial....Reflections on the temptations to a habit of dissipation....Its peculiar danger to young Ministers....Anecdote of Mr. Lindsey's school-master.

Soon after our return from Badsworth, in the year 1765, I was kindly invited by my former friend, Mrs. Lindsey, to spend a little time at Catterick; and I rejoiced in the prospect of renewing an intercourse, from which I had formerly derived both pleasure and advantage. Mr. Lindsey I had never seen. I had heard indeed much of the excellence of his character, yet so greatly, on personal acquaintance, did it exceed my ex-

pectation, that I could hardly persuade myself, he was a being of the same order with those, in whose family I had lately been an inmate. Nor was this vivid impression altogether a deception; for assuredly, so wide is the difference between those happy few, who are habituated, on genuine Christian principles, to look up to God as their Father and Friend; and those on the contrary, "who have him not in all their thoughts," that whatever may be their rank, their talents, or their other acquirements, they may truly be considered as forming a distinct class in the moral and intellectual scale of human being. I recollect at this moment, how forcibly I was struck the day after my arrival, when conversing on the dark scenes from which I had so lately emerged, Mr. L. calmly remarked, "what strange conduct this for accountable creatures!"—To a mind like his, in the remark itself there was nothing extraordinary; but it was so long since I had heard any sentiment of the kind expressed, or even adverted to, in the daily intercourse of life, that I seemed as if suddenly transported into a new world.

It is impossible to describe the powerful effect, which this astonishing contrast produced upon my mind. In the character of Mr. Lindsey, every Christian virtue was united with the deepest piety, and a temper and disposition the most perfectly amiable; and in their mode of life, Mrs. L. entirely conformed to his wishes. How often was I not ready in secret, to exclaim with the widowed daughter of Naomi, "Where ye live, there would I live; your God shall be my God; where ye die, there would I die, and there also would I be buried!" Never can I be sufficiently thankful to a merciful and kind Providence for the inestimable privilege of forming such a friendship!

After my return home, I endeavoured to express, in a letter to Mrs. Lindsey, some part of the sentiments excited by my late visit. "How improved;" she said to Mr. Lindsey, when she put the letter into his hands, as she afterwards told me: "How improved is my formerly honest young friend, by her residence among fine people, in the art of paying compliments; it is not possible she should really feel one half of what she here expresses." "Are you not uncandid, my dear?" was his characteristic reply. "Is it not more probable, from what we know of her character, that we may be greatly overrated by her, than that she should be disingenuous and insincere?"

Our manner of life at Bedale, not being very comfortable, I spent much time, during the first four or five years, in visiting different friends, and particularly, as already mentioned, Mrs. Morritt, who then lived at Cawood, and Lady Strickland, at Boynton. In the first of these families, our mornings were usually employed in reading, which contributed, as their books were in general well chosen, both to our pleasure and improvement. The evening, when the gentlemen joined the party, were as generally devoted to cards, in which however I never had any share; not that I abstained as thinking the amusement in itself unlawful, but my fortune being much disproportioned to theirs, I could not join them, without hazarding a larger sum, than was convenient to me to lose, and subjecting myself to an anxiety, in itself extremely painful, and in its effects unfavourable to the temper and character. When I was asked the cause of my refusal, I assigned the true one; the force of which they very candidly, and kindly admitted, and did not importune me further.

But the source of my purest enjoyment, was my frequent visits at Catterick, to which, whenever it was convenient to them to receive me, all other engagements were made to give way. With what pleasure did I mount the hired steed, which was to convey me to friends, whom I so much admired and loved! behind my usual squire; on those occasions, an old man with bags under him, to contain a change or two of apparel. The pleasant villages of Crake-hall and Hornby, through which the road lay, acquired a new interest, from the circumstance of their leading to Catterick; and when the venerable church-steeple, on the top of the hill, appeared first in sight, how delightful were my anticipations!—If such pure and unmixed pleasure could result from an earthly friendship, founded indeed upon right principles but subjected to so many imperfections, interruptions, and alloys, what will be the transport, when "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and when, as I humbly hope and trust, we shall meet again, to celebrate an eternal triumph over sin and sorrow, and suffering; and to make perpetual advances in the knowledge, the worship, and the love of God!

In the plan of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, as well as in the way in which it was executed, there was every thing to approve and admire. Their leading object was the improvement and happiness of the people committed to their charge; and to this, every species of unnecessary indulgence, whether of food, of outward appearance, or of mere amusement, in itself, or in other circumstances however innocent, was made subservient. Their family establishment of two servants, a man and a maid, moved as it were by clock-work. They rose very early, so that the work of the dairy, out-houses, stables, &c. was finish-

ed by eight o'clock before breakfast, when they were called to prayer. Mr. L. likewise rose very early, and always lighted the fire in his study himself; here his morning hours were usually spent, except when the duty of visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, or exhorting the impenitent, claimed a portion of his time. Mrs. Lindsey in the meanwhile, was usefully employed in domestic occupations, in which she excelled; in visiting the sick, studying the case, if any difficulty occurred, (for she had a good medical library, and great acuteness in the discrimination of diseases,) and in prescribing and making up medicines. She was careful always to obtain the best drugs from Apothecary's Hall, and generally administered them in person; and such was her knowledge, her care, and her assiduity, that if the disease was not absolutely incurable, she generally succeeded. When the weather would admit of it, she often spent some of her leisure time in gardening, in which she shewed considerable knowledge, and great taste; and every thing both within doors, and without; in the garden, the lane which led to the house, the church-yard, and little surrounding shrubbery, was kept with such extreme neatness, as to wear an appearance of great comfort, if not of elegance.

Although Mr. Lindsey had been accustomed for some years, after leaving the university, whilst chaplain and secretary to the duke and duchess of Somerset, to a very splendid table, yet he had never indulged in the luxuries with which it abounded; a species of self-denial, which prepared him to be perfectly satisfied with the plain and simple fare, which the extensive plans of benevolence, on which he and Mrs. Lindsey acted, with a very limited income, rendered necessary, and upon which his useful-

ness as a minister of the gospel, in a country situation, in a great measure depended.

In the afternoon, it was their custom, when the weather would permit, either before or after tea, according to the time of the year, to take a walk in the fields, often on the banks of the Swale, a rapid river, about half a mile distant; in those walks, with what pleasure was I wont to accompany them!

They made frequent visits to the rectory at Richmond, and occasionally spent a day in the families of some of the neighbouring gentlemen; but they saw very little company at home, and never received any dining visits. It required however, no little firmness of character, uncommonly qualified as they were for the enjoyment of social intercourse, among persons of cultivated minds, entirely to avoid this. "Give us nothing more than a potatoe," said a neighbouring lady to my mother, "only let us sometimes dine with you." She was a person of excellent character, and good understanding, but having always been accustomed to an affluent fortune, and a numerous establishment of servants, she had no idea of the trouble, expense, and numberless inconveniences, to a small regular family, of these potatoe dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, both of them possessed this necessary firmness, but with this difference, that in him it was a painful sacrifice, made at the shrine of superior obligations, so repugnant was it to his feelings to give cause of offence or pain to any human being; and he well knew that the line of conduct which duty prescribed, would be considered as unfriendly and unsocial. With Mrs. Lindsey, no effort was necessary; the determination in itself was right, and she regarded very little what others might feel or think. This discriminating difference ran through

the whole of their characters, and hence it was, that whilst Mrs. Lindsey was admired for her talents, and respected for the benevolent purposes to which they were subservient, her amiable and excellent husband, was every where affectionately beloved, as well as admired and respected. Here however, as in every other providential arrangement, where we can see the issue,—wisdom and goodness are strikingly apparent. How often have I heard it regretted, that Mr. Lindsey had not married a person whose disposition and temper would have assimilated more completely with his own. Little did they foresee, that this very unyieldingness to the wishes of others, if not always pleasant, was quite essential in the wife of a reformer to his completing the work assigned him by Providence, in which she was to be honoured with so considerable a share! This will be more evident as we advance in the history.

I would here make another remark, suggested by the subject, and not unimportant, as I conceive, to young ministers of the Gospel, whether within or without the pale of the Established Church. Having received in general, a liberal education, their society becomes desirable to persons much superior in rank and fortune to their own, by whose notice and acquaintance, they in their turn, are apt to be greatly flattered. "What harm," they are ready to inquire, if these persons are not profligate in their manners, or profane in their conversation, "what harm can arise from our associating with them? The gospel of Christ does not require us to live in caves and deserts, totally secluded from the innocent enjoyments of society." It does not require this—but it does require of its sincere votaries, and it is expected from its ministers, that they be especially careful not to conform too much to the man-

ners of the world around them;—the mere conversation of these opulent persons, may not be injurious, —the luxurious entertainments connected with it, the late hours, the fashionable amusements, and especially those which are necessarily expensive; those games of chance or skill, which may become so, or which require a great consumption of time, in order to obtain the skill that shall prevent it; the style of dress; the general objects of pursuit; the importance attached to them;—all these, if they could be made compatible with what ought to be the feelings and the habits of a Christian minister, are at any rate, wholly unsuitable to a narrow, circumscribed income; and more than all this, the very habit of frequently associating with those who live in a fashionable, luxurious style, insensibly generates the wish of procuring more ample means of being upon a footing with them. Hence the mind insensibly loses its firmness; and if views of ambition and the insatiable desire of higher and still higher preferment, do not gain the entire ascendancy, still the mind becomes altogether unfitted for those sacrifices of inclination and of ease, to principle and duty, which, in a world like this, the interests of truth and righteousness may, and frequently do, most imperiously demand. Is there, besides, no danger, lest persons habitually thus occupied, should neglect many important duties attaching to their family, to the congregation or the parish? and, that as the pious and benevolent affections necessarily connected with these duties, must become proportionably less vivid and operative, the character from being eminently useful and exemplary, should degenerate into that of a mere formalist?

Mr. Lindsey, it is true, was a rare example of the possibility of daily associating with persons of far supe-

rior rank and fortune, without being unfitted by it, for the arduous, humble duties of the gospel ministry. But where like him, shall we find another so devoted to the sanctuary from his earliest years, so unassailable by the temptations of pride, of vanity, of ambition, or the love of pleasure? Be it remembered also, that his two first patronesses, the lady Betty, and lady Anne Hastings, were not less distinguished for their genuine piety, and extensive benevolence, than for their high station; and that in their houses, where he constantly spent his school and university vacations, he had the rare opportunity of profiting by the most cultivated and highly polished society, separated in great measure, from the false maxims and delusive expectations with which it is usually associated. His excellent mother also, and the master, with whom he was at school at Leeds, Mr. Bernard, were remarkable for their piety.* Of this gentleman I have heard him relate the following circumstance, from which he used to say he had derived the greatest benefit.

It was Mr. Bernard's habit to retire so regularly every day into his study at a particular hour, that youthful curiosity was at length excited, to discover the cause. The lively pupil contrived some method of successful investigation, and found that his revered master was devoutly employed in repeating, with great animation, that fine hymn of praise, the cxlvth psalm; "I will extol thee, my God, O king, I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless thee: and I will praise thy name for ever and ever!"

So strongly had Mr. Lindsey imbibed the genuine principles of devotion in early youth, and such was the

* See Mr. Belsham's interesting memoir of Mr. Lindsey, pp. 2, 3.

irresistible power of the fear and love of God, to restrain from evil, that although naturally of a very cheerful, social temper, his self-government was even then so proverbial, that he was denominated among his fellow-students at Camdridge, "the old man."

CHAPTER XV.

The interesting manner of spending Sunday at Catterick....The Author unable to profit so much as she might have done....Establishes a sort of Sunday school at Bedale....Satisfaction arising from it....Its novelty and unpopularity....A report circulated to her disadvantage....Invented from the desire of entertaining.

Beyond all other days, it was the delight of my life, to spend the Sunday with my friends at Catterick. The morning family prayer was short, but appropriate, pious, and animated. The sermon at church, practical, serious, and instructive. At two o'clock, before the commencement of afternoon service, Mr. Lindsey devoted an hour in the Church every Sunday, alternately to catechizing the children of the parish, and to expounding the Bible to the boys of a large school, which was at that time kept in the village. The number of the boys generally amounted to about one hundred, who formed a large circle round him; himself holding a Bible open in his hand, with which he walked slowly round, giving it regularly in succession to the boys, each reading in his turn, the passage about to be explained: this method, accompanied by frequently recapitulating what had been said, and by asking them questions relating to it, kept them very attentive, and the good effects of these labours

proved in many cases, very apparent in after-life: Mr. L. having frequently been recognized in the streets of London by some of his former Sunday pupils, who gratefully acknowledged their obligations to him.

After evening service, Mr. Lindsey received different classes of young men and women, on alternate Sundays in his study, for the purpose of instruction; and Mrs. Lindsey in like manner, in another apartment, had two classes of children, boys and girls alternately. The family supped at eight, after which a chapter in the Bible, followed by some practical remarks, was read by Mrs. Lindsey to the family, and the service of the day concluded by a short, appropriate prayer.

To some of my readers perhaps, it will seem, that a day spent in this manner, must have been exceedingly dull, tedious and monotonous; but they cannot know how interesting it became, by the animating spirit of piety and benevolence by which it was pervaded, wholly unadulterated by superstition or gloom. How strongly pictured in my remembrance, at this moment, is the image of my excellent friend, as he walked backward and forward in the room after supper, when the labours of the day were over, his countenance beaming with benevolence; dilating, in a manner peculiarly his own, perhaps on the goodness of God, in the gospel dispensation, perhaps on peculiar traits in excellent characters, whom he had known, or of whom he had read, already gone to their reward, or perhaps, in general, on the happiness of a life of virtue and holiness. Yes, blessed spirit, the days of the years of thy earthly pilgrimage are now over: known only to God, are the pains, the difficulties, and the trials which thou hadst to encounter; but these things are now for ever past as a "watch in

the night," or, as the bewildering shadows of twilight at the glorious approach of the rising sun!

I did not profit so much as I might otherwise have done, by this improving society, for the want of sufficient previous knowledge; a deficiency, which my Catterick friends endeavoured to supply, by lending me books, or recommending them to me; but at home I had little opportunity of reading, owing to various causes which it would be useless to enumerate: and when I was absent on a visit, it seemed a matter of necessity, or at least of propriety, to give up the greater part of my time to the society, or to the assistance of those, who so kindly and hospitably received me. I might however, have improved in knowledge more than I did, had I possessed that energy of mind, which can seek it for its own sake alone, without the stimulus of a particular object. But the human mind is naturally averse to labour.—I was very fond of reading what gave me no trouble to understand; but I did not possess sufficient industry to overcome those preliminary obstacles to very successful mental progress, which arrest the footsteps of the young beginner, and which generally require the aid of a regular preceptor, effectually to conquer.

Despairing therefore of gaining much knowledge, but desirous of being useful, which of the two I considered as far more important, I endeavoured to imitate at Bedale, in a manner however imperfect, the edifying example, which I so much admired at Catterick. I established a sort of Sunday school there; collecting together a number of poor children, whom I assisted in learning to read, giving them books, &c., teaching them Dr. Watts's shorter catechism, together with his Devotional Hymns, and endeavouring to give them some such general in-

struction, as might enable them to read their Bible with more intelligence. I had no place in which to receive them, but the back-kitchen, which being small, we were exceedingly crowded; but they grew attached to me, and liked to attend; and in order to prevent confusion, I divided them into classes, which succeeded each other; so that on the Sunday I was occupied by a succession of children, nearly the whole day, except the time which was spent at church. A great desire to do them good, supplied in some measure, the want of knowledge; I was respected by the parents, whom I often visited; and gained by degrees such a proportion of influence among the poor, that if I could have afforded to relieve their several necessities somewhat more liberally, I certainly could have accomplished, with but few exceptions, whatever I had desired among them. The poor of Bedale, although it is a market-town, were more simple and far less corrupted, than many of the same class at Catterick; which is a great thoroughfare, containing a large inn, where the Duke of Cleveland, and afterwards Lord Darlington, with their grooms and footmen, used sometimes to spend whole weeks, for the purpose of fox-hunting; a circumstance most ruinous to the morals of the lower classes.

My exertions at Bedale, trifling as they were, produced the happiest effects on the comfort of my situation there: I no longer looked back with regret, on the departed splendour of Nostel, or disquieted myself with the inconveniences of a small crowded house. My mind reconciled itself perfectly to the many privations to which we were subjected; I now went little from home, except to Catterick; and every succeeding day found me more contented, cheerful, and happy. My mother, always

ready to promote every benevolent or useful undertaking, was delighted to see her daughter thus occupied. She did every thing in her power to assist and forward my various little plans; often indeed to her own great inconvenience, but it was a singular excellence in her character, that where the good, the moral improvement, or even the pleasure of others was concerned, her own ease or indulgence was never taken into the account, and her spirits were so much revived by seeing that we could again be of some use, notwithstanding our narrow fortune, that had it not been for her anxiety about my brother, she would have been once more quite comfortable and happy.

I must here mention that I could not prevail upon any of the young people in the town, the daughters of the tradesmen and others, to contribute in any manner towards my Sunday-school. The experiment was quite new, and far from being popular, as these institutions have since happily become; first, by the benevolent exertions of Mr. Raikes, and afterwards by the countenance and support of many worthy persons of all sects and parties, throughout the kingdom, the attempt was at that time considered as enthusiastic and visionary. I was regarded as a well-meaning young woman, but odd and singular; a fair mark for the shafts of ridicule, and one whose society was rather to be avoided, than sought after and desired. I shall give an instance of this, which, among many others at the time, was productive of considerable inconvenience.

A young lady in the neighbourhood, of some ability, and not unaccomplished, had made herself so agreeable to me, by her obliging manners, cheerful conversation, and musical talents, but particularly by the pleasure

which she apparently took in the pursuits which I found most interesting, that I treated her with unreserved confidence, gave her my opinion freely upon every subject on which we conversed; spoke of my friends at Catterick, as perfect models of the Christian character; expressing at the same time, an ardent wish that others would follow their edifying example. These conversations she had the address to repeat in a manner so ludicrous, as to give the idea that I meant to set myself up as a general reformer: they were coloured, embellished, and distorted, as best suited the occasion; and at length, a report was circulated, that I had written a satirical copy of verses, implicating the character, and reflecting upon the conduct and pursuits of the greater part of the neighbouring gentlemen; many of whom in fact, I had never seen, and of whose merit or demerit, I had not the slightest knowledge. The establishment of my Sunday school, together with our retired manner of life, gave currency to the belief, and the report was long circulated, before my mother or myself heard any thing of it. At length, a lady, who lived some miles distant, a former neighbour of my mother's, and her particular friend, came to spend the day with us; and after dinner, introduced the subject, by saying, that she had taken great pains to contradict a story, which she was certain, from what she knew of my disposition and character, could not be true, and then enumerated the above particulars. At first, we thought the report too ridiculous to be worth refuting, and especially, as she said that this supposed copy of verses had never been produced; but she affirmed that it was so much talked of, and so generally believed, that it was quite necessary it should be contradicted. I wrote accordingly to two

neighbouring ladies, at whose respective tables I understood the subject had been canvassed, assuring them that it had not the slightest foundation in truth, and requesting that the authority might be given up on which it rested. Their answers convinced me that it had originated in the manner above-mentioned, and afterwards they took so much pains on my behalf, that I never heard it mentioned any more.

I do not believe that it originated in any malice towards the person traduced by it. The unprincipled author of it was merely desirous of being entertaining; and not paying any regard to truth, of which many other instances afterwards occurred, considered only, what she thought would amuse, without reflecting upon the consequence. The opportunity of some display of wit, was the more tempting, as my Catterick friends were generally, at that time, considered as Methodists; a charge in which I was deeply implicated from our known intimacy, and from my having ventured to deviate in many particulars, from the common method in which the greater part of young people usually spend their time. And here I would remark, how very desirable it is, that certain unpopular terms, whether originally meant as terms of reproach, as Enthusiast, Sectary, Puritan, Jacobin, Quaker, &c; or such as were at first adopted for the sake of distinction only, as Dissenter, Presbyterian, Methodist, Socinian, Unitarian, &c; were accurately defined to their children and pupils, by intelligent parents and preceptors.* What strange confusion of ideas, and how much illiterate, low abuse, might thus be prevented!

* See some very ingenious Essays on this subject, by Mr. J. Foster.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Author visits Harrogate....Meets an interesting stranger....His pleasing manners....General information....His attention to the Author....Embarrassment of her situation....The stranger leaves Harrogate....Reflections on sudden attachments....The Author's state of mind.

As it is my intention to mention every occurrence I can recollect, which may in any way, be useful to my readers, and as the attachments formed by minds of sensibility, are often of the utmost consequence to them, and give the colour of happiness or misery to many succeeding years, I shall now relate a short history of an event, of a very different nature indeed, from the foregoing, but which for a long time, affected my mind far more deeply.

I was advised to go to Harrogate on account of a stomach complaint; and was to be met there by my two aunts from York. I was accompanied by my brother, and by lieut. Maurice, who after the death of his mother, and the departure of his sister to Antigua, had taken lodgings at Bedale. My aunts did not arrive till two or three days after our party. We did not expect to find much company; but it so happened, that there were in the house several gentlemen, although not more than two or three ladies. Opposite to me, at table, sat a person, whose manner was very superior to any of the rest, and whose countenance and whole appearance, prepossessed me exceedingly in his favour. During dinner, a petition was brought into the room on the part of a poor man, reduced to great distress by an accident, which had nearly cost him his life. I forget the particulars, but I was exceedingly pained by the many

uncandid, ungenerous, unfeeling remarks which circulated round the table. My opposite neighbour seemed to share in my vexation, and at length, taking a part in the conversation, which I had not done, being restrained, by the impropriety of attracting general attention, as a young woman, in a mixed company, most of whom were strangers, he expressed himself in a manner so perfectly congenial to my own sentiments, that I involuntarily made him a bow of assent and approbation. It was usual at that time, for the ladies to make tea for the gentlemen, and I found, on rising from table, that this obligation would that day, devolve solely on myself, the rest of the ladies being gone on a visit to one of the other houses. I retired for some time to my own apartment, and on my return, took possession of a small empty room, where I ordered tea, having previously invited an old gentleman to accompany me, with whom I was already a little acquainted; and when tea was ready, sent a message into the other room, to acquaint my brother and any of the other gentlemen who might choose to join the party. For some time no one arrived: but at length, this interesting stranger, wholly unaccompanied, made his appearance. On entering the room, he seemed surprised, then pausing a moment, addressed himself to me; —"How unfortunate I am, madam, in being so late; a message was indeed brought that miss Harrison had made tea, but little did I suspect, that the lady so called, was she who sat opposite to me at dinner. I was not playing at cards," he continued, "a mere looker-on; and to have conversed in this room, would have been infinitely more interesting." Neither my brother, nor any of the other gentlemen, made their appearance, and I secretly congratulated myself, that I had previously invited

my former old acquaintance to drink tea with me, thereby escaping the impropriety of a tete-a-tete, with an entire stranger, whose manners were so interesting, but of whose real character I was totally ignorant, and whose name even was at that time wholly unknown to me.

Two days passed before my aunts arrived, and in the meantime, I found myself in a very awkward predicament. Mr. J. continued to pay me the most marked, yet at the same time, the most delicate attention; seemed fully to comprehend the embarrassment of my situation, especially, as there was another gentleman, a stranger also, disposed to be very familiar and impertinent. He told me, in the course of conversation, that he was a native of Ireland, that he had been educated in the college of Dublin, and intended for the law; but that he had been induced, partly by a desire of visiting the Continent, and partly by some other considerations, to accompany Lord Molesworth, as a tutor and companion, having been strongly recommended by the professors of the college; and that he and his pupil had lately returned from making the tour of Europe;—That he was at that time, studying the law in the Temple, had made an excursion into Yorkshire, during the vacation, to pay a visit to a widow lady, near Leeds, whose husband had died in the south of France, whilst he and Lord Molesworth were there, to whom he was so fortunate as to have been of some use; and that he had come to Harrogate, merely to see that part of the country. His whole appearance, and the various anecdotes which at different times he incidentally detailed, apparently drawn from the life, agreed perfectly with, and seemed fully to confirm, what he related of his own history; yet after all, there might be some deception. I had no testimony but

his own, and being early conscious of a strong predilection in his favour, I determined as much as possible, to avoid conversing with him, and joyfully hailed the appearance of my aunts, especially as supplying an apology for absenting myself more in future, from the rest of the company, than I had hitherto done.

This resolution, however wise, I was compelled to relinquish, by the following circumstance. Our Bedale companion, Mr. Maurice, whose constitution had suffered extremely in a succession of dreadful storms at sea, as already mentioned, and who had, unfortunately, acquired habits of intemperance, which however, I did not know at that time; was suddenly attacked whilst engaged at cards, with a violent convulsion fit, which continued so long, as to threaten instant dissolution. I was sent for of course; and found him apparently dying, supported in the arms of Mr. J. who was the only person present that had any self-possession, or who was capable of giving orders, and of determining what was best to be done. He begged I would not be alarmed, assured me Mr. M.'s pulse gave indications of recovery; that he had been accustomed to attend sick people; that he would advise his being carried to bed, rest and quiet being absolutely necessary for him, and that he did not fear his being perfectly restored. This advice was followed as soon as it was practicable; Mr. J. himself watching many hours by the bed-side of his patient, till at length he could safely be left in a quiet and refreshing sleep. My aunts were profuse in their praise of this intelligent, agreeable, and humane stranger; and the heart of their niece, although she said nothing on the subject, was but too responsive to their merited encomiums.

I had now a new embarrassment. Mr. M. two or three

years previous to these occurrences, had expressed an earnest wish to my mother, that our long acquaintance, on my part from infancy, might terminate in a matrimonial connexion. To myself he had never intimated any thing of the kind, for I had determined from the very moment I suspected his intention, to assume a reserve which should be effectual, to save him the pain of a refusal.

At length, when he was convinced that there was no hope of succeeding, he consoled himself, by paying his addresses to a neighbour at Bedale, to whom he was considered as being engaged at the period of which I am now speaking; a circumstance which had left me at liberty to allow of his accompanying us to Harrogate, and of my conducting myself towards him there, with the ease of an old acquaintance. All this, however, could be known only to the parties immediately concerned; and it so happened, that when he was interrogated by my new friend, during his confinment, respecting her who appeared as his intimate acquaintance, that he answered him in terms of such hyperbolic praise, as to induce a suspicion, that his regard was something more than the mere result of long friendship. This apprehension was soon after hinted to me by Mr. J. who appeared very earnestly to watch my countenance during the conversation. My mind was not agitated, for there was no cause; the whole truth, indeed, it would have been indelicate, if not ungenerous, to have revealed; but I assured him in general of the fact, that although we had been long acquainted, and although Mr. M. possessed many good qualities, yet that there were various things in his temper, in his situation, and in the objects of our pursuit, which would for ever be a bar to the most dis-

tant idea of a closer connexion. Mr. J. appeared perfectly satisfied, yet a little anxiety still remained on my mind, lest I should not be entirely believed; while at the same time, to have expressed or even to have shewn that anxiety, might have betrayed a secret, which every feeling of delicacy or of prudence, compelled me to conceal.

The following day, Mr. J. left Harrogate, intimating however, a design to return thither again, which he accordingly did in about a week. My brother and Mr. M. had now taken their flight; and he attached himself entirely to our party, making no other acquaintance; and I thought it appeared evident that he was not less interested in the result than myself. We conversed much together, but always in the presence of a third person; for I sedulously avoided giving any opportunity for an explicit declaration, not wishing on the one hand, to affect an indifference which I did not feel, and being convinced on the other, that it would be the extreme of imprudence to acknowledge an attachment to a stranger, whose sentiments indeed appeared correct on every subject upon which he conversed, and his whole appearance and manner singularly pleasing; but of whose previous history, family, or connexions, I could in reality, know nothing beyond his own relation. It seemed also, as if his mind was perplexed by the same dilemma; he became silent and thoughtful, and one evening, when there were no persons present but my aunts and myself, declared that it was his intention to leave Harrogate the next morning; adding in a tone, and with an emphasis of extreme sensibility, that it had been well for his future peace had he never returned thither; and he afterwards took leave with an expression of countenance, which I cannot even now recollect at the distance of almost half a century, without awakening very painful feelings.

I am aware that all this will be regarded by many readers, as extremely romantic and visionary; it was a vision however, which proved a very severe trial to both parties; and perhaps, the detail of it may help to correct two errors of a very opposite nature indeed, but both of which frequently prevail, on the subject of sudden attachments. "Love at first sight!" says the parent or guardian; "the notion is ridiculous, and the thing impossible."—"So far otherwise," says the novel writer, "that it forms the criterion by which persons of refinement and genuine sensibility, are most strikingly characterized, and is quite essential to a happy marriage." Neither of these assumptions are true. To deny, "that such things are," is to contradict the result of frequent experience, but after admitting that there may be congenial spirits, who by some unknown law of intellectual chemistry, mutually attract and are attracted by each other, it ought to be insisted on, that there is great imprudence and extreme folly, in hastily giving way to it, and acting upon its supposed influences; there is great danger also, that the whole may be nothing more than the fanciful delusions of a lively imagination; and where this is the case, the fatal effects which may result, cannot be too strongly or too forcibly represented. It would be the part of a kind, wise, and affectionate mother, who may herself have trodden the same anxious road, to aim at being the confidante of her daughter. She might truly affirm that the greater part of men and women pass through life, without any such extraordinary sympathies; and therefore, that a previous, very strong attachment cannot be essential to a happy marriage; also, that if the prepossession arises, as it most commonly does, either from beauty of person, gracefulness of man-

ner, or mere external accomplishments, any or all of these may consist with very great defects of temper and moral character; and that where this happens, the eventual misery of the parties is certain, whatever may become of their attachment to each other, whether it be permanent or transient: on the contrary, that good principles, right motives, an amiable temper, virtuous habits, and the means of a decent subsistence, proportioned to the station in life, may generally be depended on for ensuring mutual esteem and affection, and for laying the foundation of great and durable happiness.

At breakfast, on the morning of his departure, the character of Mr. J. was seriously canvassed. It was allowed on all hands, that his manners were extremely prepossessing, that he played upon the flute with great taste, and that he could converse agreeably upon every subject that occurred:—but then, he was an Irishman, —had no servant with him, and had walked from Leeds, which was a certain indication of poverty.—At length it was suggested, that he was probably a Jesuit in disguise, for it was evident that he had been abroad, and could speak different languages; and besides, he was clever and agreeable, which was exactly the character of a Jesuit. One lady observed, that "whoever he was, or whatever he might be, the company at Harrowgate, were much obliged to him, for that he certainly went away with extreme regret. I watched him," she continued, "from my window, early this morning, as he ascended the hill, and observed him many times turning round to look at the house which he had left, and when he had gained the summit beyond which it could no longer be visible, he again turned round, and stood for some time in an attitude of profound contemplation." This was on the first of October, in the year 1771.

It may easily be imagined, that this little anecdote, so accidentally related, did not escape the notice, or fail to produce its full effect, on the only person really interested in the character and sentiments of this fascinating stranger. I was glad to retire in silence to my own apartment, where the hill he had ascended, was full in view, which, with every tuft of grass that grew upon it, seemed to have acquired a new interest. I endeavoured to retrace, and rigidly to investigate, as far as I was able, every circumstance which had occurred, and every conversation that had taken place, during the little period of our short acquaintance. Alas! is he gone for ever? was the involuntary exclamation. Mysterious, I thought, were the ways of Providence—wherefore was it, I was ready to enquire, that congenial minds, apparently formed for each other, should thus casually be thrown together, only to endure the anguish of an eternal separation? I approved not however of the temper of mind, which suggested this enquiry, and I endeavoured earnestly to beseech Him, who has the most intimate access to every heart, to pardon my folly and impatience, and especially to grant, that the disappointment however severe, might be endured by us both, with entire submission to his sovereign will, who—

> "From seeming evil still educes good,
> "And better thence again, and better still,
> "In infinite progression."

My spirits after this silent effusion of the heart became more composed. The issue, I was persuaded, whatever it might be, would terminate in good; and I derived some consolation from reflecting that I had no cause of self-reproach so far as Mr. J. was concerned,

and that there was nothing to be blamed in the conduct of either;—that I had not voluntarily inflicted one moment's pain; and that by having carefully concealed my own sentiments, he would never know how much I was suffering on his account. Soon after this, I took up my pen, and wrote to Mrs. Lindsey, not indeed telling her the strong impression made upon my mind, but describing the stranger, in the exact terms which my feelings dictated, leaving her to make the inference which I believed she would make, and which I thought would procure for me the best advice of a kind, judicious, and impartial friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

Enigmatical letter from Mrs. Lindsey....Painful state of suspence....An interesting letter answered....Full testimony borne to the excellence of the Author's newly acquired friend....His unfortunate visit at Warley.... Fatal effects of a damp bed....His illness....Visited in London by Mr. Lindsey....Leaves England....His death....The Author's affliction....A dangerous illness the effect of extreme and long continued anxiety.... Important enquiry respecting the government and providence of God.... The uses and improvement of such afflictive dispensations.

We left Harrogate in a few days after this; and I accompanied my aunts to York, whence I was engaged to make two visits, before my return to Bedale. The first to Cawood, which I expected to occupy about three weeks; and the second to Boynton, which was probably to be much longer, as I had promised my friend, lady Strickland, who was about to be confined, to stay with her till her recovery. When I had been about ten

days with her at Boynton, I received from Mrs. Lindsey, an answer to my letter; in which she rallied me on my accomplished stranger, promising however, that if I would be patient and very grateful, she would reveal to me his whole history; and moreover, that he should in future, be considered by me, in whatever relation myself and my friends might desire. Nothing could surpass my astonishment on reading this letter, which was couched in these general terms, without any further explanation. It did not remain long unanswered; and I earnestly besought her not to trifle with me, but to state ingenuously, every thing she knew on a subject, which I did not hesitate to acknowledge, had interested me more deeply than I wished.

Mrs. L. wrote again immediately, telling me that my brother had received a letter from Mr. J. avowing his attachment in the strongest and most handsome terms, adding that "conscious of his own want of fortune, he dreaded to inquire into mine, for that if it were considerable, he durst not flatter himself with the most distant hope of success, having nothing but a liberal profession to throw into the opposite scale;—that being thus circumstanced, he did not consider himself as being at liberty to apply to her who was most nearly concerned, without previously obtaining the permission of a brother, whom he must consider as her guardian and friend." This letter, my good mother, full of anxiety on my account, had brought to Catterick, to consult with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey on the subject; and they had determined that she should write to Mr. Baron Winn, requesting that he or his lady, (my late Nostel friend) as they were then in town, and had the opportunity, would inquire of the Molesworth family, if the

account Mr. J. had given of himself, were agreeable to fact;—and also, what had been his character, connexions, &c. No answer, she said, had yet been received to this inquiry, and when it did arrive, she imagined no further steps would be taken, till after my return to Bedale. I was not however to tell my mother that I had received this information, as she had wished to conceal it from me during my absence, in order to spare me every unnecessary anxiety.

I approved entirely of the inquiry which had been instituted, but grieved exceedingly, that my brother had not answered the letter, stating my absence from home, and saying, that on my return thither, he would acquaint me with it. Had my mother herself told me these circumstances, I should instantly have desired that this might be done, but she acted on the kindest motives, and I was bound in honour to Mrs. Lindsey, not to tell her that I had heard the account from another quarter.—Thus was I made acquainted with an occurrence on which, as on the key-stone of a building, all the future events of my life would probably depend, yet without the possibility of acting with respect to it, in any manner whatsoever—a situation which was to continue for some weeks to come! Mr. J. was also to remain in a similar state of anxiety, with the additional aggravation of not being able to account for the extraordinary delay.

It was now, in this interval of painful suspence, that I experienced with full emphasis, the extreme importance of being able in practice, as well as in theory, to resign all passing and future events, entirely into the hands of the Supreme Ruler over all. I remembered who had said that, "without our heavenly Father, not a sparrow

falleth to the ground, and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered." But I found that it was one thing to have a general belief in gospel promises, and quite another, to act resignedly upon them. Still the question occurred, "Is God really the author and controller of those events, which take place through the agency of others; as well as of those which appear to come more immediately from his own hand? Can the affairs of one so insignificant as myself, of one, whose happiness or misery can be of no comparative importance, in the mighty range of created being, can the interest of such an one, be indeed an object of his guardian care?"—The blessing seemed too great to be fully believed, and I was wholly unable to derive from it, all the comfort it ought to have inspired.

At length, on my return home, this important letter which had now remained almost two months unanswered, was put into my hands; also one from Mrs. Winn, stating that her inquiry had been very satisfactory; that the fullest testimony was borne by the Molesworth family, to the excellent character of Mr. J. and offering on the part of Baron Winn, if it would be of any use to me, to see and to converse with him in person.

It was determined that my brother should answer Mr. J.'s letter immediately, and should state that my fortune being small as well as his, the difficulties that presented themselves, seemed insurmountable; but that if he wished to explain more fully his present situation and future prospects, and to become acquainted more particularly with mine, and would call upon Mr. Baron Winn for that purpose, he would explain them to him. The purport of this letter I entirely approved, but I much disliked the manner of it, it was my brother's letter, not mine; yet

there was nothing in it to which I could reasonably object, and it went accordingly.

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. J. went immediately to Baron Winn's country seat in Essex, about twenty miles from London. He told him that he had no private fortune at present, having given up a small estate left him by his father, to his mother, and that she was still living; that it would be his wish to settle in England as a barrister, and that he had been greatly encouraged to decide upon Leeds, where there appeared to be a sufficient opening for a person in that profession; a proposal, he added, to which he was the more induced, as he hoped it might facilitate his success in an object still nearer his heart. I hardly know for what reason, but Baron W. discouraged him wholly against fixing in the country, and his advice weighed so decidedly, that he relinquished the project entirely. This journey proved most calamitous. Mr. J. was put into a damp bed at Brentwood, which brought on a cold and fever, that confined him to his bed some days, and left a cough which was very alarming. He mentioned this circumstance in his answer to my brother, but hoped he should soon recover. He regretted exceedingly, that he must relinquish the idea of settling at Leeds, but still hoped that he should be able to adopt some plan which might enable him to make personal application to myself; and in the mean time, referred my brother for further particulars respecting his character and connexions, to his former tutors in the College of Dublin, enumerating the names of three professors who were the most eminent, and who, he was certain, would give the necessary information.

Baron Winn also wrote to my mother, speaking of his new acquaintance in terms of the highest praise. His

talents, his accomplishments, the ingenuousness of his conduct, together with his pleasing manners, had interested himself and Mrs. Winn exceedingly; and he added, that they had never been equally pleased with any one of whom they had seen so little.—All this was extremely satisfactory, yet so numerous were the obstacles which on all sides presented themselves, that my brother wrote again to Mr. J. that "there must be a termination of this affair, at least for the present." He expressed our concern at hearing he was so ill, and requested that he would write again to inform us how he did, hoping to hear that he was perfectly recovered.

With this letter of my brother's I was still less satisfied than with the former. I saw indeed as clearly as any one, that the obstacles to a closer connexion were at this time insurmountable; but it was very far from being my wish to give up all intercourse, as the letter seemed to intimate; yet, for my brother to have said this in direct terms, the only way perhaps in which he could have said it, would not have been what I should have approved; and I therefore consented that the letter should go as it was. Had I written myself, although I might in fact have said nearly the same things, yet the manner of saying them would probably have produced very different effects; and I afterwards thought that I had refined too much in not doing it. It was a point of honour in Mr. J. circumstanced as he was, not to address himself directly to me, but I was not equally bound in respect to him; and now that we had full testimony of his sincerity, and of the worth of his character, and especially, as he had suffered so much from his unfortunate journey to Warley, undertaken on my account, I might have expressed my concern in my own way, without the slightest impro-

priety, or infringement of female delicacy. The time however was gone by; and I afterwards endeavoured to console myself with the reflection, that the fatal termination would have been precisely the same, whatever part I had acted, and that probably, both parties were spared some additional pain, which would have been inflicted, had the correspondence been personal.

A reply to my brother's letter came of course; Mr. J. said he was better, but that his cough was still very troublesome; that he was endeavouring to resign himself to his destiny, and had made up his mind to return to Ireland. My friend Mr. Lindsey, being then in London, on the business of the clerical petition, I requested he would call on Mr. J. in the Temple, to inquire after his health. He did so, and was equally pleased with the Baron and Mrs. Winn, and what was very singular, he found in the course of conversation, that a difficulty in signing the thirty-nine articles, had prevented Mr. J. from entering the Church, according to his original intention, and had been the principal cause of his accompanying Lord Molesworth in his continental tour. Mr. L. said that his health was exceedingly alarming, that the cough threatened a consumption, and that Mr. J. himself thought so.

After Mr. L.'s return to Catterick, I requested he would write to Mr. J. to inquire after him; and his reply to this letter, was the last account from himself which we ever received. His cough was very bad; he was preparing to sail to Ireland; the voyage might be of use: if it proved so, and he should recover, and be successful, he would not relinquish the hope of one day revisiting England. But that day never arrived. A few weeks

afterwards, in Feb. 1772, I saw an account in a London newspaper, of his death in the south of Ireland.

The anxiety I had undergone, and the sorrow occasioned by the mournful termination, of which I had, in some measure, been the innocent cause; a sorrow indeed, but little perceived by others, for "the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness," brought on a violent fever, of which the issue for some time appeared doubtful. I now blamed myself for indulging too much in unavailing grief, yet the circumstances appeared to me so aggravated;—had Mr. J. been saved the tedious interval of my brother's long delay in answering his letter;—had not his health been so fatally injured by his journey into Essex, on my account;—even had he known how much I had felt for these distresses, the affliction I imagined, had been less acute:—yet I was ready to acknowledge that it was the want of a complete subdual of my own will to the will of God, which had given to the cup its ten-fold bitterness. How often did the question again occur:—Are all events indeed under the direction, and subject to the supreme control of the Almighty? Could I be assured of this, what tranquillity of mind, what happy composure and serenity would be the result! But whence this hesitation and doubt? Was it not the doctrine of reason—plainly deducible from the divine attribute of omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence? Yet more, was it not the express doctrine of Christ himself, which he lived, and died, and rose again, to exemplify and illustrate? In some happier moments indeed, I was fully enabled not only to pray for this conviction, but firmly to believe that I should eventually obtain it. And I shall here mention, for the purpose merely of demonstrating the great importance of early pious im-

portance of early pious impressions, that I often derived much consolation from the recurrence of two simple stanzas of the thirty-fourth psalm, in the wretched doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, which, when very young, I had been accustomed to hear my mother sing very sweetly, as she stood by the window, in the twilight of a Sunday evening.

"I myself besought the Lord,
"He answered me again;
"And me delivered speedily
"From all my fear and pain.

"O see then that ye magnify
"With me the living Lord;
"To praise his great and holy name,
"Agree with one accord!"

If it be asked, where could be the use of this painful trial?—As far as I am myself concerned, the answer is obvious; it was the kind and necessary discipline of a wise and benevolent parent, to give greater stability to weak and imperfect virtue.—But what aspect does it assume, when considered in its consequences respecting another?—I cannot answer this question, being entirely ignorant of many circumstances requisite to form a judgment: but this I most firmly believe, that the day is coming, when these and all other doubts, which may even for a moment, have arrested our joy in the Divine government, shall effectually be done away; "when we shall no longer see, as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and shall know even as we are known."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conscientious scruples of Mr. Lindsey....The Author's first intimation of the determination to which they tended....The reasons of the delay.... Difficulties to be encountered....Noble conduct of Mrs. Lindsey....Gradual and calm preparation for the coming event....The children in the parish inoculated....Minute attention of Mr Lindsey....His plan of a reformed liturgy....Doubts, whether a promise of the living of Catterick might be solicited by the Author for her brother....Reasons for deciding in the negative.

SCARCELY had this sorrow become less acute, when another series of anxieties took possession of my mind; not so overpowering indeed at the time, but in their consequences, of far longer duration, and from which all the subsequent events of my life may be said to have taken their colour.

My excellent friend Mr. Lindsey, had been educated in strict principles of moderate Calvinism; and when he first engaged in the Christian ministry, he saw little, if any thing, to object to, in that form of Christianity, which is professed in the Church of England. "Although," as he himself says in his Apology, "he remembered it struck him at the time, as a strange, unnecessary entanglement, to put young men upon declaring and subscribing their approbation of such a large heterogeneous mass of positions and doctrines, as are contained in her Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies."

He had not engaged in the Christian ministry, with a view to obtain affluence or distinction. Splendid as were his early prospects, and extensive as were his connexions among the great and powerful, his whole heart was devoted from the very first, to the service of his heavenly Master, to whom alone he considered himself

as strictly accountable for the talents committed to his trust. It was therefore with the greatest concern and anxiety, after a stricter examination of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, whilst resident in Dorsetshire, that he found many things in the Established Church, her Articles, her Homilies, and her Liturgy, at variance, as he conceived, not only with each other, but what was still more important, with the doctrines and spirit of the Gospel. What passed in his mind, upon this occasion, he has so well detailed in his excellent Apology, together with his motives for wishing to leave the Church, and the reasons, which at that time weighed with him to continue in it, that it would be as injurious as it is unnecessary, for me to add any thing to it.* Some years previous to this time, viz. in the year 1766, Archdeacon Blackburne published his celebrated work, the "Confessional," without his name; yet so forcible and conclusive was the reasoning employed, that notwithstanding the tide of prejudice, of sophistry, and of interest, by which it was opposed, it excited a general spirit of inquiry, and gave occasion to a more complete investigation of the subject, to which it related, viz. the utility of subscription to human articles of faith, than had hitherto taken place. This interesting investigation might probably be one cause, among many others, of more forcibly impelling the upright, ingenuous mind of my invaluable friend, to reconsider his own ambiguous situation as minister in a church, whose leading principles he could not admit. This was doubtless, his painful state of mind, soon after I had the happiness of being first introduced to his acquaintance; but as he did not

* See also Mr. Belsham's Memoir.

advert to it in conversation with one, who had little previous knowledge on the subject; seeing him uniformly cheerful, and constantly occupied in diffusing happiness to all within his influence, I had not the least idea that any anxiety was inwardly destroying his peace. The first intimation I had of it, was after a visit, made to him in the summer of 1769, by the late very eminent Dr. Priestley, and the late Mr. Turner of Wakefield, a gentleman of great learning and exemplary piety, and peculiarly distinguished as a Scripture critic. This was their first acquaintance, and it laid the foundation, in respect to both, of a firm and lasting friendship. Happening to be at Catterick soon after their departure, the conversation frequently turned, on the part of my two friends there, on the subject of their late visitors; and Mrs. Lindsey observed, that "they were not alone illustrious for their various and uncommon mental endowments, but to be admired also for the innocent, and even playful cheerfulness of their conversation." "Ah," returned Mr. L. "your observation is just, but they are at ease!" "And are not you also at ease?" I silently inquired, "you who are always doing good, and whom every one loves, reveres, and esteems?"

He had long resolved never to renew his subscription, and still further, not to accept any additional preferment in the Church, though it might not entail upon him this obligation; but now all his former scruples had acquired great additional force, and he again most seriously doubted whether any considerations of utility, or probable greater usefulness, could justify his continuance in it.

For many weeks and months, he continued to endure this most painful state of indecision and suspense, till at

length, the attack of a violent rheumatic fever, decided the important question. On the apprehended near approach of death, the single consideration of acting with the smallest duplicity in His sight, who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," was quite insupportable, and he steadfastly resolved to resign his living, however ruinous the consequence; if the prayer of a petition for relief in the matter of subscription, then pending in Parliament, should be decided in the negative. Of this resolution, I heard frequent distant intimations; but I was not fully apprized that the determination was irrevocable, until Mr. Lindsey one morning brought into the room a letter, he had just received from the Rev. Mr. Wyvill, (then rector of Black Notley in Essex, and since so generally known for his zealous and patriotic exertions, in favour of a Reform in Parliament, and for his labours in the cause of general toleration,) from which he read a passage to this effect.—'If we should not obtain redress on the subject of our petition, there is with me but one alternative,—I must relieve myself.'—"That," said Mr. L. as he laid down the letter, and walked backward and forward across the room, with a saddened countenance, "That is what I must be compelled to do likewise."

Afflicted as I was at the prospect of the impending sacrifice, numerous as I foresaw would be the difficulties, to which my friend would thereby be exposed, and incalculable as would be the loss of their society to myself, should they actually leave Catterick, I never doubted, even for a moment, of the rectitude of the determination. Yet still I hoped, so long as the fate of this important petition remained undecided, that we might be spared this trial, for I really considered myself as

being deeply implicated in it. At length, however, the die was cast; the petition was rejected by a considerable majority, and my friends began calmly, but steadily, to prepare for the painful duty which now devolved upon them.* Mr. Lindsey had no private fortune, his father, who had been proprietor of some salt-works in Cheshire, had been deeply injured in his circumstances, by the extravagance of his eldest son, the child of a former marriage; and the remaining property, which would have devolved on him, he had generously given up, on his coming of age, to his only sister, who was married, and had a family in Leicestershire. Mrs. Lindsey's fortune was also at this time, very inconsiderable, and they had not saved any part of their income; it being their constant habit to give away in books and medicines, and sometimes in money, whatever they could spare, to the sick and needy in the parish. Neither did they at this time, make any alteration in other benevolent exertions; of which the intention now carried into effect, of inoculating at their own expense, for the small-pox, then very fatal, all the poor children of Catterick and its vicinity, is a decided proof. This undertaking was begun by Mrs. L. during the absence of her excellent husband, on the business of the petition, to whom, in zeal for unwearied usefulness, in ability to accomplish it, and in utter disregard of money, whether for its own sake, or as the means of procuring any selfish indulgence, she was not inferior.

One characteristic anecdote of Mr. Lindsey I must here mention, merely for the purpose of shewing that he

* I have elsewhere related the heroic conduct of my friend Mrs. Lindsey, on this trying occasion. See the Monthly Repository for Feb. 1812, Vol. VII. p. 109.

excelled as much in the smaller, as in the greater and more exalted virtues. After the fate of the petition was decided, anxious as he was to return, oppressed by disappointment, and harassed by fatigue, he yet took the trouble, on the morning of his leaving town, of going to the Tower, to purchase a quantity of new half-pence, to be given to the poor children, as rewards for taking their medicines.

If it be enquired how they purposed to subsist, after relinquishing Catterick, until Mr. L. should attempt to accomplish his favourite wish, of opening a Chapel, on the model of the late eminent Dr. Clarke's Reformed Liturgy, (of the success of which however, he was extremely doubtful, and for some time hesitated, whether to make the trial in London or in Bristol) I would answer, on the money to be obtained by the sale of their furniture, plate, linen, and china; and what was more, by the sale of the greater part of Mr. Lindsey's very valuable and well-chosen library, a sacrifice which the scholar and the man of letters, especially if he himself have made the selection, will well know how to appreciate.—It was made however, without hesitation, and without the expression of one word of regret.

Although Mr. Lindsey's resolution was fixed, to resign his living, and he was actually taking steps to accomplish his purpose, yet I believe I was the only person, who for some months, was perfectly acquainted with the whole business. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey were fully aware that the design would be exceedingly disapproved by all their relations and connexions, even by Archdeacon Blackburne himself, and that it would be combated by every argument, which the eloquence of friendship, or the stimulus of interest or prejudice could inspire; and

they therefore thought it desirable that the period of painful and distressing opposition should be as short as possible.

During this interval, the thought suggested itself to my mind, that I might, without any breach of confidence, solicit a promise of Catterick, in case of a vacancy, for my brother, through the interest of Mr. Baron Winn, and other friends, with the minister for the time being. I cannot say indeed, what would have been the success, but the probability in its favour was considerable, Mr. L. being nearly in the prime of life, and of course, no vacancy expected; and men in power seldom failing to make civil promises, when they are not likely to be called upon to fulfil them. The temptation was powerful; my brother had yet no preferment except the trifling curacy, already mentioned; and he lived with my mother and myself, in a small inconvenient house at Bedale, and as he was not making a fortune by his various farming experiments, we had no prospect before us, but that of increasing pecuniary difficulties. He had not Mr. Lindsey's scruples; in fact, like many others, he had never applied his mind at all to theological investigation. He had subscribed the Articles at Cambridge, as a thing of course; perhaps even without reading them, a practice, I am told, very common among young students. A sermon for preaching on the Sunday, he regularly transcribed from some of our best authors; and having a clear, audible voice, a good person, and when he paid attention to it, a manner not unimpressive, his preaching was liked, and he certainly might have become popular, without the aid of much more knowledge, if he had made the most of the powers he already possessed. It was likewise probable, that he would have filled the station

of vicar of Catterick, as well as many others, who might succeed Mr. Lindsey; and indeed as the event afterwards proved, in one respect, he would have done it much better, for he would have resided there, which not one of Mr. Lindsey's successors have since done. But I was deterred from making the effort by the following considerations.

Knowing well my brother's great indifference to his profession, and his consequent incompetency to discharge its duties, ought I to be instrumental to his being placed in a situation of such awful responsibility? How should I endure the striking contrast, between the character of my brother and that of my friend? And again, applauding as I did with my whole heart, the upright conduct of Mr. Lindsay, and the magnanimity of Mrs. Lindsey; making every effort within the small compass of my feeble powers, to sustain and support them, under the certain prospect of the numerous difficulties they would have to encounter; determining myself, to secede from the Church, whenever they should leave Catterick, what would have been the aspect in the eyes of others, what colour would have been reflected upon it, even in my own, if I had laboured to procure for my brother the very situation, which I had considered it as being so highly honourable in my friend to abandon? Where would be the consistency of this? Might it not have been suspected at least, that the interest of my own family had some share in the part I had acted, especially as it was well known that my father had earnestly wished to resign that living in favour of my brother? The circumstances indeed were widely different, my brother had not Mr. Lindsey's scruples, for he had not Mr. Lindsey's mind; but the person, through whose agency the promise

would have been solicited, completely felt their force: and was it not possible, was it not even probable, the great intimacy of the two families being taken into the account, that among the various calumnies to which Mr. Lindsey would immediately be subjected, that of collusion, in some shape or other, would have been insinuated? I determined therefore, not to take any steps whatever towards its accomplishment; not even to mention that such a thought had for a moment occurred to me; and I never afterwards repented of the decision, during the whole series of pecuniary difficulties, to which we were eventually subjected.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Lindsey preaches the assize sermon at York—Communicates his intention to Mr. Mason—His dissuasive arguments and violent opposition—The distress of his friend—Reflections on the power of different situations to influence the judgment—Opposition and discouragement on every side—Liberal offer of the Earl of Huntingdon—Declined by Mr. Lindsey.

One of the first persons, I believe, to whom Mr. Lindsey fully communicated his intention of resigning his living, was his former college friend, the late Rev. Wm. Mason, who was at that time, precentor in the cathedral of York, and so justly celebrated for his fine poetical talents. It happened in the following manner: Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, a friend of Mr. L.'s being High Sheriff, he was requested to preach the assize sermon in the Minster, in July, 1773; and being invited to lodge in the house of Mr. M. their former intimacy induced

Mr. L. to impart to him the resolution he had made. Mr. Mason was electrified with astonishment and grief. He really loved his old college friend, thought justly of the soundness of his head, and very highly appreciated the goodness of his heart; he was himself a very worthy, respectable character, but having devoted his time more to the study of belles lettres, than of the Scriptures, mixing much in the world, and viewing the subject through the false medium of its mistaken principles, he could not feel the necessity, nor comprehend the duty, of making such a sacrifice. Strict integrity, he was ready to admit, in all the transactions of social or commercial life, was an indispensible duty; it had ever been the rule of his own conduct; in respect to these, no mental reserve, however slight, ought, on any account, to be allowed; but to extend this to the usage of mere forms, by which no one was injured, and which might be considered as being simply official, was in his mind, to the last degree, visionary and absurd. He was indefatigable therefore, in his endeavours to dissuade his friend from persevering in his resolution: he stated to him the deprivations he must suffer; the difficulties he would have to encounter; the obloquy to which he would subject himself; and at length, when he found him immoveable on every consideration that respected his own sufferings, he changed the mode of attack, and asked him if he had a right to subject Mrs. L. to so many inconveniences and hardships? Here he found that his friend was not invulnerable; his final resolution indeed, being the calm and deliberate result of many an anxious hour, he could not shake, but he could pour into the appointed cup, a tenfold portion of bitterness. I was at Catterick when Mr. L. returned thither, and never can I forget his alter-

ed looks, and depressed countenance:—his very recollection seemed to be impaired, as he answered our anxious enquiries about his health, as he feebly ascended the few steps leading from the garden to the entrance; "how is all this," he said—"can one indispensible duty ever really be incompatible with another?"—We did every thing in our power to sooth and calm his mind; and, in a very few days, he was enabled to recover his usual serenity.—This was in truth, "his hour of darkness," but it happily soon passed away.

As to myself, I felt nothing but resentment against Mr. M. for taking, as I thought, an undue advantage; but this was perhaps uncandid; I did not sufficiently consider that the motive was kind and friendly, and that he conceived the use of every argument to be justifiable, which could save a self-devoted victim, on the edge of a precipice, from being precipitated to his own destruction.

I would here pause a moment, to remark, what must indeed be observed by every one, who is in the habit of paying the smallest attention to what passes, at different times in his own mind, how much and deeply we are affected in our progress through life, but particularly, before our moral and religious principles are by long consistent practice, become settled habits; by the outward circumstances in which we are placed, and the different associations which in consequence of these, we are led to form. So true it is, that religious and moral, as well as natural objects, alter their size and colour, and change their apparent magnitude and character, according to the relative positions and different mediums, through which they are viewed.

"As things seem large, which we through mists descry."*

For instance, if I had heard of Mr. Lindsey's intention of resigning all preferment in the Church, previous to my personal acquaintance with him; when for example, my mind was fascinated with the splendour of Nostel, and elated by the hope, that my brother might one day attain to considerable ecclesiastical promotion, through the interest of family connexions,—should I then have duly appreciated the eminent virtue of this sincere and humble follower of his divine Master? This will not be affirmed. No: the previous discipline of severe disappointment and grief, arising first, from the death of our Nostel patron and friend; secondly, from the deprivations we suffered at Bedale; and thirdly, in my Harrogate affliction, together with the inestimable privilege I enjoyed, of the examples exhibited at Catterick, was necessary to produce this effect. Be it observed, however, that the value and importance of truth, and integrity in the abstract, would have been equally admitted by me at one period as at the other, the difference would have arisen from the different lights thrown on this particular subject, by the comparative altitude of the two situations; and from the jarring interests of opulence, and worldly prosperity on the one hand, and of sincerity and perfect uprightness, on the other. In fact, it is not the business of an hour, or of a day, to correct the delusive estimates of duty, and of what will really constitute our truest happiness, to which, for the wisest reasons, in this state of discipline, we are continually subjected.

What an important lesson then, do not these reflections suggest, of candour towards others, and of the necessity

* Pope's Essay on Criticism, l. 392.

of constant vigilance in every thing which respects ourselves!—How would it soften the censure we too hastily pass on the conduct of many, were we as much as possible, to place ourselves in their circumstances, to consider the impressions to which they have been subjected, and the consequent associations which must in their minds, have necessarily been formed!—Should we not often pity and commiserate, where we are now too apt to censure and condemn? Respecting our own character, should we not be especially cautious of the intimacies and connexions we form, and of the situations in which we voluntarily place ourselves? and, as parents and guardians, should we not be particularly attentive, as far as may be in our power, to implant such principles in the minds of youth, as may assist them in separating the pure gold from the base metal, so current in the world?

It was not Mr. Mason alone who disapproved of, and discouraged Mr. Lindsey's decision. He had not a friend or relation, who did not either use their utmost endeavours to shake his purpose, or stand aloof in silent dismay, without making one effort to afford him the slightest assistance. Even Mr. Thomas Hollis, that liberal and zealous patron of civil and religious liberty, and with whom Mr. L. had for many years been in constant habits of corresponding, did not answer the letter which he wrote to him to convey the information of his design;—what he might have intended eventually, cannot now be conjectured, as he died before the whole was completed.

I was at Catterick when Mr. L. received a letter from his diocesan, Dr. Markham, then bishop of Chester, and afterwards archbishop of York, in answer to one writ-

ten to inform him of his intention to give up his preferment, the temper of which did the bishop great credit.*

I must not omit to mention here, the liberality and friendship of the late earl of Huntingdon, upon this occasion. It is, I believe, well known, that, revolted probably by the superstition and enthusiasm, which mixed with the genuine piety of his otherwise excellent and exemplary mother, he had run into the opposite extreme, and had become a decided unbeliever. It is probable, that he considered the foreign appendages unhappily interwoven in the Established Creed, as a part of the religion of the Gospel. "What became of the universe," he was wont exultingly to enquire of Mr. Lindsey, "when its great Creator hung lifeless upon a tree in Judea?"—"I am not concerned, my lord, to answer that question, the foundation on which it rests, not forming any part of my creed."—"But the belief of it, forms a part of the creed of that church, in which you weekly officiate as a minister," was the heart-piercing reply. To the honour however, of Lord Huntingdon, when he heard of Mr. Lindsey's determination to leave the Church, he wrote him a very handsome letter, saying, that how indifferent soever he might be respecting subjects of mere theology, he greatly honoured the integrity which could lead to such a sacrifice; and he offered Mr. L. to appoint him his librarian, with a handsome salary, and an apartment entirely to himself; where his time for literary pursuits, should be completely at his own disposal. This offer might perhaps have been accepted, had not Mr. L. most earnestly wished to continue his ministerial labours, as already mentioned, and to open a chapel in London, or

* See Mr. Belsham's Memoir, Appendix, No. IV. p. 501.

in Bristol, on such a basis, as should admit of the communion of Christians of whatever denomination, and exhibit a specimen of a Reformed Church of England, on the plan of the late eminent Dr. Clarke. This, as it is well known, he afterwards happily accomplished.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Lindsey's Farewell Sermon....The heart-felt grief of the crowded audience....Extract of a letter from Mrs. Lindsey....The Author accompanies them to Wakefield....Their kind reception from Mr. Mason....Extract of a letter from Mrs. Lindsey....Abuse of Mr. Lindsey in the York Chronicle....Ably defended by Mr. Cappe....The Author's first introduction to him.

THE time now approached, when every thing in this world was to be relinquished, and the pilgrims were to set out on their dreary journey, not knowing where they should finally pitch their tent. Their plate, linen, books and furniture, as I have mentioned, were already prepared to be sold; and I remember Mrs. Lindsey's saying how fortunate it was, that they had neither of them ever formed any very strong local attachment; that these things had only been valued by them, so far as they were useful and convenient, and not as being peculiarly *their own:* and that it was more fortunate still, that they had hitherto lived so abstemiously, and on principles of such strict economy, as to have few habits to change, or personal indulgencies to relinquish.

On Sunday, the 28th of Nov. 1773, Mr. Lindsey preached his Farewell Sermon from the 20th chapter of Acts, and the 32nd verse. "And now brethren, I com-

mend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." I was present at that Sermon, a partaker and witness of a scene, at once the most impressive and the most sorrowful. The church was uncommonly crowded; many who seldom or never attended his ministry, when they apprehended no danger of losing it, now severely reproached themselves, for their past neglect. His afflicted parishioners drew the parallel between their honoured pastor and the venerable apostle, bearing their testimony, that not "for the space of three," but of ten years, "he had ceased not to warn every one night and day," of their Christian obligations. He was frequently interrupted by the sighs and lamentations of his auditors, who like the Ephesians of old, "sorrowed most of all, for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more."

The following day, Monday the 29th, Mr. Lindsey resigned his living. I remained there till the Friday, and then returned to Bedale; how deeply and how sorrowfully impressed, it is not easy to imagine, and quite impossible to describe. I will here transcribe part of a letter which I received from Mrs. Lindsey, on the Monday after I left them, although I have inserted it previously in the Memoir already mentioned.

It was written on the Sunday evening, Dec. 5. "This day is over, and my husband's presence made me as happy as I can be among this sorrowing people. Surely these impressions which arise from affection and gratitude, cannot all die, and wholly miss of their first and best destination, the Author of all good. O that they may know and love him through his poor creatures, and have his favour for ever! John's grief (their man-ser-

vant) was native, but strong as his ties were: eight years indulgence, and the habits consequent to be destroyed, or nearly so, by removing to new scenes; and on such an occasion, in which no little resentments, that so commonly cause removals, and reconcile the mind to other places, stepped in to abate the sorrow! I am persuaded he will often be your visitor to enquire about us. Poor M. T. how she saddened me! She is perfectly stupified with grief. I have said and done all I can to reconcile her. We had no letter to-day, but from Mr. Mason; I imagine all our more distant friends suppose we are gone. Two days more will accomplish this painful removal, and send us into the wide world again; but if the great Governor do but go with us, we shall have nothing to fear."

On that evening, Dec. 8, they came to Bedale, where they slept; and the next morning, I accompanied them as far as Wakefield, in their journey southward. We spent two days there, in the house of the late excellent Mr. Turner, already mentioned; and on the Saturday morning, they proceeded on their journey. I was able to support my spirits, till I saw my beloved friends step into the carriage, and drive away from the door; but when they were quite gone, my fortitude entirely forsook me. Could I have accompanied them, and have been a sharer in all their difficulties and privations, the trial had seemed easy; but to part from them, in such circumstances, uncertain of what might await them to do or to suffer, was quite overwhelming! Nothing could be more kind or judicious, than the behaviour of Mr. and Mrs. Turner:—for some time they said nothing; but afterwards, they endeavoured to suggest every consideration that could sooth or comfort me.

I went from Wakefield to pass a short time at the house of my uncle, my mother's brother, already frequently mentioned, seven miles distant, and was received there by my aunt and her young people, in the kindest manner. It was fortunate for me, as I afterwards found, that he himself was not at home, for when he returned, and was told, that I had been there, after having accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey as far as Wakefield, together with the occasion of their leaving Catterick, he became exceedingly angry, and gave strict orders, that I should never be permitted to enter his house any more:—an interdict which remained in full force many years.

During my stay at Ackton, I had the pleasure of the following kind note from Mr. Turner. "The interests which I am sure Miss Harrison takes in every thing that concerns Mr. Lindsey, induces me to communicate to her a share of the pleasure I have just now received, from a paragraph of a letter from Dr. Priestley, dated London 15th inst. which is as follows. 'All my friends are very sanguine, in favour of Mr. Lindsey's Unitarian Chapel. Dr. Franklin says he knows several persons of distinction, who will assist to encourage it, and several have proposed to subscribe to it. His *Farewell Address* I have just read, and am much affected with it, and so was Lord Shelburne, to whom I shewed it; he wishes to see him as soon as he comes to London.'—"My imagination suggests to me," Mr. Turner goes on to say, "an idea of your looks, and the state of your friendly and anxious heart, on reading the above, which I exceedingly enjoy, and only wish for an hour's conversation on the subject."

I shall also here transcribe a paragraph or two, from a letter, written by the same excellent person, about the

same time, to a particular friend, which was lately put into my hands. "Since I wrote to you last, I had the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey's company here, one whole day, and part of another. They both appeared very cheerful, considering that they were launching into untried scenes of an uncertain world, with hopes far from sanguine of the success of the scheme they had proposed, and consequently, of obtaining the very means of subsistence; but confiding in the care of him who promised, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father, who is in heaven.'—Mr. Lindsey gave me a few copies of his little *Farewell Address* to his parishioners, one of which I send you. I think you will be pleased with the simplicity of the composition, as well as with the integrity and goodness of heart manifested in it. In short, it bears his very spirit and character." Mr. Turner then mentions the friend by whom they were accompanied, in terms, which sufficiently shew how much himself and Mrs. Turner had been impressed with the interest she took in their affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey were very kindly received by Mr. Mason. I shall give the following extracts of a letter from Mrs. Lindsey, which among other matters, bear this testimony. It is written from Swinderby, the residence at that time, of Mr. afterwards Dr. Disney.

Dec. 17, 1773. "I hazard these few lines, in hope they will meet you at York, both to express our great esteem, and in a less painful way to convey our thanks, for those innumerable instances of sincere, disinterested affection which you have shewn to us. We made our whole day's conversation, after we parted, of and about you, lamenting the unavoidable separation which had just taken place, but balancing again, by the hope that it would be short, and that it was the road of duty, which was diffi-

cult and trying, which caused it. So on, till we got to Mr. Mason's friendly mansion at Aston, whom you would ever love, if you had seen and heard all his care and concern for us. His offer, with regard to Catterick, had his friend Mr. A. succeeded to the living, was very generous and handsome. He designed that Mr. A. should have taken every article of furniture, down to the most minute particular, as we should have had them appraised;—then that Mr. A. should get them valued likewise, and if any loss on either side, from different appraisers, to have made it his own. In respect to Mr. A.'s present furniture, he designed to have taken the whole at a full appraisement; to have transplanted what was good and handsome to his own house, and to have sold the rest to an upholsterer for what he could get. Now here was both trouble and loss to be encountered, in the service of an honest man indeed, but of one of very different sentiments from his own; and the transaction would of itself, subject him to many misconstructions. He is indeed, a very worthy upright character, of various great talents, and loves uprightness in others. His house and everything about it, is what you might expect; himself, most easy to live with, and very communicative. We left Aston on Wednesday, and arrived safe here, were cordially received, and shall have every token of friendship, both in present and in future. . . . . We stay here till the 27th, when, if well, we set out for Achurch; the good Dr. Chambers is quite come over, they have all wept over the 'Farewell Address,' and are satisfied that we are right."

I have already mentioned, that Mr. L. had not any private fortune; and that his numerous friends, (for no one was ever more esteemed and beloved,) those even

from whose liberality, more might have been expected, all stood aloof on the trying occasion.—The honour of assisting him, was wholly reserved for strangers. The first present he received, was £100 from the late Mr. Newton of Norton, near Sheffield, a Dissenter, and one of whose name I believe, he had never previously heard. I had the following account of it, from my valuable friend Mr. Turner, who was ever most anxious to afford me all the consolation in his power.—"You remember that Mr. L. when he was here, gave me some copies of his 'Farewell Address.' In a day or two after, I had the opportunity to send one of them to the worthy Mr. Shore of Norton, near Sheffield, who when he had read it, sent it to his near neighbour, Mr. Newton, a Dissenter also. This gentleman is an old bachelor, of large fortune, and excellent character. From his general way of life, he has been thought to be of rather a narrow spirit; but on great occasions, he is capable of great exertions, both of bounty and personal service. When Mr. N. received the little piece, he happened to have two friends with him. It could not fail to excite curiosity, and therefore was read aloud, and drew tears from the party .....When Mr. N. learnt Mr. Lindsey's intention of opening a Chapel, he determined to assist him, and thereby serve the cause of liberty and true religion, in the manner he has done.....Mr. Shore has destined a legacy of the like amount, which had been left to himself, by a relation deceased, to a like service."—These presents were followed by many others, chiefly, which I ought to mention to their honour, from Dissenters.

After leaving the house of my uncle, I spent some time at Boynton, where the late transaction at Catterick, was considered in a very different point of view,

from that in which he had seen it. Sir George and Lady Strickland sincerely honoured Mr. Lindsey's integrity; and sympathized in the irreparable loss I had sustained. So entirely indeed was my mind occupied, at that time, by this one most interesting subject, that I could not have borne to have been an inmate in any family, whose prejudices should have led them to have misconceived or misrepresented it. So fully was I assured of the perfect uprightness of my friend, not in this instance only, but in the whole tenour of his life and conversation; so entire my conviction of the exalted virtue, which enabled him to make this sacrifice, that when I look back upon the many painful steps that led to it; the incalculable difficulties to be encountered, and the opposition from different quarters, and various motives to be endured and overcome; difficulties, of which no one that has not been an eye-witness, can form an adequate idea; —when I look back upon these things, through the long intervening distance of more than forty departed years, I must consider him now, as I did then, as entitled to rank among the very first of human characters.*

I was prepared to expect, that the step Mr. Lindsey had taken, would be the subject of much animadversion; but I did not expect to see an attack upon him, like one which appeared in the York Chronicle, soon after I went to Boynton, signed Erasmus, written in a strain of the most malignant abuse, totally misrepresenting his

* I would here observe that the character of Mr. Lindsey bears the strongest resemblance to that of the excellent Bernard Gilpin, who lived in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. The same unshaken integrity, entire simplicity, perfect disinterestedness, deep piety, amiableness of temper, and unbounded benevolence, were characteristic of both;—but they had learnt in the same school—and had imbibed the genuine spirit of their divine Master!

motives, and wilfully perverting that language of the Farewell Address, which had excited the sympathy of every ingenuous mind. I was astonished as well as grieved, because I did not think that there could have been a human being, whatever might be his theological prejudices, who could have read that Address unmoved, and because I feared that this gross misrepresentation, would excite a violent prejudice in the minds of many, who would never see the original, or know any thing of its author, but through this false and distorted medium. I had not sufficiently taken into my account the virulence of party rage, nor considered, that although the fires of Smithfield were then happily extinguished, yet, a portion of the spirit, which had kindled them, still survived; and it may be feared, will continue to survive so long as the favour of Heaven, shall be confined to the professors of a peculiar metaphysical creed, with the exclusive worldly honours and emoluments attached to it, of a splendid, religious establishment.

When I had read the paper which Sir George Strickland had put into my hands, I involuntarily exclaimed—'Is there no one who will answer this unprincipled defamer? who will correct his mis-statements, remove the mist from the public eye, and generously volunteer his services in the injured cause of truth and virtue?'—In the next week's paper, such a champion did appear, under the signature of "A lover of all good men." "Your wishes are obtained," said my Boynton friends—"Erasmus cannot stand his ground against such a champion, with such a cause to defend." The prophecy was fulfilled; for even in this first paper, the foundation was effectually laid of the complete victory which was afterwards obtained by the same writer, under various sig-

natures, aided by some others, who, like himself, generously volunteered their services in behalf of Mr. Lindsey. As I passed through York, on my return to Bedale, a few weeks after, I found that the "lover of all good men," was no other than Mr. Cappe, to whom I was then first introduced. He had not much previous acquaintance with Mr. Lindsey, nor did he know many particulars relating to him, further than the uncommon excellence of his character, exemplified in the sacrifice he had so lately made, at the shrine of integrity and truth. The attack, under the signature of Erasmus, was made by a Dr. Cooper, a dignitary, although not an ornament of the church, and what was rather singular, he was at that time rector of Kirby Whiske in this county, a living of much higher value than Catterick, and one which Mr. Lindsey had formerly held for a relation of the Northumberland family, who died young, and which he afterwards resigned, that he might take his preferment in Dorsetshire, at the earnest solicitation of the Huntingdon family, who were his earliest patrons. Dr. C. could have no enmity against Mr. L. but he wanted to write himself into notice, and was not very scrupulous about the means. The attempt however failed, for he was not joined by a single coadjutor; the slender defences in his favour, which afterwards appeared, during the continuance of the controversy, under different signatures, being all of them, the produce of his own pen.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Author returns to Bedale....Her brother resigns his curacy....Takes a farm....A visit to London....Situation of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey....Visits her late Nostel friend....Makes an excursion to Bath....Returns to London....Her friend's afflicting seizure....Her exemplary fortitude and resignation....Her death....Some account of her friend's daughter....The Author leaves London.

On my return to Bedale, in March 1774, I found my brother so thoroughly dissatisfied in his present situation, with the narrow stipend of a perpetual curacy of thirty pounds per annum, at four miles distance, that he had resolved to relinquish his profession, and although hitherto disappointed in all his farming experiments on a smaller scale, which might indeed have supplied an argument against it, determined to try his fortune on a larger. Neither my mother, nor I knew any thing of his intention, until he had actually resigned his curacy, and taken a large farm, called Stank House, in the west-riding of this county, belonging to the late Sir Thomas Gascoigne; in the rent of which, as we afterwards found, he had been greatly imposed upon, by the person who was authorised to let it. It was not his practice to consult with us upon any occasion; by which means, if he was in some respects a loser, at least all those painful altercations were avoided, which might have arisen from difference of opinion. We lived together always upon what might be called good terms, yet without knowing more of each other's intentions or plans, than if we had been the inhabitants of a different hemisphere.

My mother consoled herself upon this occasion, with

the hope that a country life, would be more advantageous to my brother's health and moral habits, than the mode of spending his time in a small market-town, her objections to which, instead of diminishing, had increased every year; and giving him credit for more knowledge in husbandry than he really possessed, she transferred to him £800, being a part of her jointure, to stock his farm; for which he was to pay her interest. It is remarkable, that just at the very moment when my brother had relinquished the Church, Mr. Warde of Hutton-Pagnel, a near relation of my mother's, had attained the promise of a living for him, which he would doubtless have most gladly accepted, had it been offered a few weeks sooner. But such was not the will of Heaven; and so true it is, that the purposes of an over-ruling Providence, can always be effected, whether of chastisement or reward, not only by the smallest alteration in the nature of an event, but even by the slightest change respecting the period when it shall take place.

In the following May, I realized the hope I had many months indulged, of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, in London. I found them in a small lodging, upon the ground-floor of a house in Featherstone Buildings, Holborn; the first floor was occupied by more affluent lodgers, and I had an apartment up two pair of stairs, in the pilgrim style. Mr. Lindsey had no place for the remnant of his library, but a small closet through the bed-chamber, which served at once for his study, and for their store-room and cellar. The books were piled upon each other, and as there was no room for a chair or table, were so contrived, as that part of them should serve as a seat, and another part as a writing-desk. Under all these circumstances, Mr. L. was cheerful,

easy, and contented; the people of the house dressed their victuals, of which a very small portion sufficed. Among their earliest patrons, the late excellent Mrs. Rayner deserves a foremost place. She was the great aunt of the Miss Burrels, so celebrated for their amiable character, and for their splendid matrimonial connexions; one of them being married to the duke of Hamilton, another to the duke of Northumberland, and a third to lord Percy, afterwards earl of Beverley. This lady was a person of good fortune, of great energy of mind, excellent principles, and of unbounded generosity, where a great object was to be obtained; otherwise, of habits the most economical. She first heard of Mr. Lindsey by the following accident.

Her maid one day asked her permission to go to Essex-street, where she had heard that a gentleman was going to open a room, to preach a new religion. Permission was obtained, and on her return, Mrs. R. not being perfectly satisfied with the young woman's very imperfect account, determined to call upon the gentleman herself, which she did accordingly the following morning; and upon hearing a full explanation of the object intended, and of the circumstances that had led to it, she not only gave it her most entire approbation, but became afterwards one of its greatest and most steady friends.

Although Mr. Lindsey had now succeeded in his wish of opening a room in Essex-street, for the celebration of public worship; and had obtained that patronage from strangers, which he had not found among his own numerous connexions, still, if we take out of the account the testimony of a good conscience, there was nothing enviable in their present situation. They were subjected

to many inconveniences, in a small close lodging;—their former associates and friends were many of them estranged;—their independence had vanished; they could no longer relieve the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, who applied for assistance; and although they were frequently invited to dinner-parties, where they met many worthy characters, still is there ever something painful to generous minds, accustomed to be on an equal footing with their associates, to be always on the debtor side of the account, without any prospect of striking the balance. For my own part, I felt this so strongly, that it was painful to me to incumber them, and still more to add to the list of their obligations, by being invited to different houses as their friend; and it was not long before I discovered that Mrs. Lindsey felt this also. After staying therefore about two months, I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Winn, my former Nostel friend, to make her a visit at their country seat at Warley in Essex.

I had never seen this lady since her marriage, in 1765, a few months previous to the death of her excellent father. Our acquaintance and friendship were renewed, on both sides, with equal satisfaction; my former attachment to her returned in full force; and she appeared equally pleased on her part, to find the person whom, when yet a girl, she had honoured with her regard and confidence, become now more capable of being considered as an associate and companion. Baron Winn was in Scotland, to whom in her letters, she so warmly expressed these sentiments, that the renewal of former intercourse, seemed to give them both the greatest pleasure.

They had only one child, a very charming little girl of five years old, but a second was expected the follow-

ing October. The first few weeks of my visit passed away very pleasantly, until our tranquillity was interrupted by an alarm about the butler, a valuable old servant, who broke a blood-vessel in his breast, which brought his life into the utmost danger. Before he recovered, we had a still greater alarm, by a distressing numbness on one side, of which Mrs. Winn complained, and which excited the apprehension of a very serious paralytic attack. A neighbouring surgeon was sent for, and she was bled in the arm very copiously; a treatment, which, as I was afterwards persuaded, was very erroneous. She recovered however, for the present; and the return of her beloved husband in perfect health, gave such a new spring to her spirits, that the threatened attack was no longer remembered. They were both very desirous that I should remain with them till after her approaching confinement, which I accordingly promised to do; and in the meantime, I went to Bath for three weeks, to visit another former Nostel friend, an unmarried sister of Mrs. W.'s, who then resided there.

On my return from Bath, I found the family removed to their house in London, where Mrs. W. was attended by the late highly celebrated Dr. Wm. Hunter, who was engaged to be her accoucheur. As she did not expect to be confined for some time, I accepted of an invitation to dine in the city, a day or two after my arrival, but before we sat down to dinner, a servant followed, to desire I would return immediately, his lady being taken very dangerously ill. I did return instantly, and found my amiable friend completely deprived of all sensation from her breast downwards, but her mind perfectly calm, collected and composed. "What a change," she said to me, as I approached her bed-side, "has a few hours made, I

might indeed say a few minutes, so very sudden was the attack. You know, I suppose," she continued, "that I have lost all sensation from my breast to my feet, but God is good, and will support me—perhaps a longer continuance of such happiness as we have uninterruptedly enjoyed, since our union, now for more than nine years, might not have been good for either of us; and how thankful I am that it is I only who am thus afflicted and not my husband!"

Dr. Hunter had called in the Doctors Ford and Warren to a consultation, being unable to ascertain the cause of the seizure, whether it was simply paralytic, or connected with, or even occasioned by, a state of pregnancy; and they all seemed to incline to the latter opinion. "If I had ever seen or read of such a case," said Dr. Hunter to me, with a degree of ingenuousness, which a practitioner less eminent, would hardly have hazarded, "I should not now have been so totally at a loss." The result of their consultation was, that their patient should be bled, notwithstanding she had a second time undergone that operation, only two or three days before. "I believe, gentlemen," said Mrs. W. "you are mistaken in this opinion; my own feelings and judgment are quite against your decision; however, you should know better than I do, therefore I submit;" and she immediately held out her arm, and was bled accordingly. Dr. Hunter afterwards told me, that he believed she was right, and that they had been mistaken; adding, "I would give the world to save her, we want such examples, among the higher ranks especially: pray send for me, if you perceive any alteration, or even if you find any difficulty in moving her, I will come at any hour, day or night;" and he faithfully kept his word. So very painfully was his

mind impressed by the whole scene, and especially by the distressing apprehension of her having been treated wrong, that a hand-organ under the window, happening one day to play a very plaintive tone, he burst into tears, rung for his carriage, and suddenly left the room.

Five days after her seizure, Mrs. Winn was delivered of a dead child, a son, the object of their fondest wishes. —"Ah," said she, "we have been too anxious about this." For some days, there were considerable hopes of her recovery, but the gleam was transient, and she afterwards sunk very rapidly. Still however her resignation and fortitude did not forsake her. "What a blessing," she said to me, "it has been, that I was inured in my youth, to afflictions and trials; otherwise, how totally might I have been intoxicated by the happiness that followed! Truly thankful am I now, that I was enabled to bear the cruel usage of my poor unhappy brother, in perfect silence; and that as far as I could prevent it, the peace of my dear father, was not disturbed by it. You remember," she continued, "that I shewed him no resentment." She then paused a moment—her mind was exceedingly occupied by the subject, and perhaps the more powerfully impressed, from the circumstance of my being with her, whom she had not seen for so long an interval. She then resumed, still holding my hand—"Alas, my poor brother—if he now knew my situation, would he triumph, think you? he has already suffered greatly; I bear him no resentment, but I fear he must yet suffer more:"—Her words were prophetic; he did eventually suffer more; his mind was torn by the most violent, conflicting passions, and at length, he died wretchedly at an inn, on his road to London. She continued, "how singular it is, that you

should have been with me at the commencement of my earthly happiness, and that you are now come to witness its close. Be attentive, I beseech you, to the Baron and to my child;—you will find her worthy of your attention." This was our last conversation; she grew weaker every hour, and on the following morning, Oct. 9th, 1774, she calmly resigned her breath, without a struggle or a sigh.

How insignificant at that moment, did all the fleeting happiness of this world appear, so beautifully compared by the poet to

> "A winter's gleam—a morning flower
> "That fades and withers in an hour!"

The amiable virtues of my departed friend, were now her only treasure, and what would have been my feelings, had I not been fully persuaded that they would again bloom and attain perfection, where sickness, pain, and death will be known no more!

When the hope of Mrs. Winn's recovery had entirely vanished, an express was sent to Bath for her sister, who arrived about an hour after she expired. The meeting was most distressing. The Baron was a man of great sensibility, and fully capable of appreciating the treasure he had lost; his affliction therefore, may be more easily imagined than described. With what extreme anxiety, did the little Georgiana watch his altered countenance, running to me from time to time, to enquire if I thought her dear papa began to get the better of his grief? Often, when she heard him descend the stairs, would she stand on the upper landing, watching till he had passed the door of her late mamma's apartment; and if he did not sigh or lament, as was some-

times his custom, she would run to me in transport, exclaiming, "I am sure papa is better, for I did not hear him as he passed by the room—the room you know!"

Her aunt staid with us about a month after the funeral; when the Baron being obliged to go into Scotland, requested that she and I would remain with the child, until his return. She refused, on the ground that her spirits were unequal to it; and the weight of the burthen devolved of course upon me. He was absent above two months; and although I had the consolation of regularly attending Essex chapel on the Sunday, and of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey at other times, yet the distance from Albemarle-street, was so considerable, that this indulgence could not be frequent, especially, as I had promised to leave my little charge as seldom as possible; and it may therefore well be imagined that the time passed very heavily; my little pupil indeed, rewarded my attention to the utmost of her power, by her affectionate attachment, and by her innocent, playful vivacity, and she really was one of the most interesting children I ever knew. The Baron had desired that during his absence, I would hear her the Church Catechism; and one morning as she was repeating it, coming to the exposition there given, of what is called the Apostle's Creed, namely, "First, I learn to believe in God the Father—secondly, in God the Son—thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost"—she paused of her own accord, and counting with her little fingers, "one, two, three; now how is this—my Bible says there is but one God, and my catechism says are three." "My dear, wherever they contradict each other, you must depend upon your Bible."—"O very well," she replied, and seemed perfectly satisfied: this conversation I did not

fail, after his return, to repeat to her father, commenting upon it as it appeared to deserve.

When the Baron returned from Scotland, on the 23rd of January, I found he had determined to send his little girl to school; and that of Mrs. La Touche, at Chelsea being fixed upon, I carried her thither, not without many a heart-ache, the beginning of February; and in two days afterwards, I left London, and set out towards Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Author's return to Bedale....Her state of mind....Feels the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey....Spends the Christmas and summer holidays with the little daughter of her late friend....She and her mother leave Bedale, and take up their abode at Stank-house....Some account of her principal Leeds friends.

In my return to Bedale, I made a visit to my brother at Stank-house. His situation there, upon the whole, appeared better than I expected: he was himself in the highest spirits with his new undertaking, had no doubt of living very comfortably, and as I had no data of my own, from which to form a judgment, I hoped he might not be wholly mistaken.

It was now on this second return to Bedale, in March, 1775, that I experienced the full extent of the loss I had suffered, in the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, and which I had so painfully anticipated, when I parted from them at Wakefield. The preceding year, I had looked forwards to the prospect of visiting them in London; and had indulged a vague sort of hope, the foundation of

which I had not strictly examined, that these visits might be frequently repeated. But I now found that the expense attending them, which was unavoidable even on the most economical plan, would render this wholly impracticable; and I had besides discovered, that to visit Mr. and Mrs. L. in London, was something very different from visiting them at Catterick; in the one case, I had probably contributed something to their comfort and support, during the pressure of the difficult duty to which they were called; in the other, surrounded as they were by persons of the first talents, and attainments in literature—the Priestleys, the Franklins, the Jebbs, the Lees,* the Prices, the Sergeants, &c. &c. my society could add nothing to them; but was on the contrary, as I have already remarked, rather an incumbrance than an assistance. Nothing therefore remained, but to reconcile myself as cheerfully as it was in my power, to an uninteresting, monotonous life at Bedale, and to endeavour once more to make myself useful there.

Another difficulty pressed upon me; I had made my decision to secede from Trinitarian worship, whenever it should be in my power to join any other society of Christians, whose principles appeared more conformable to what I believed to be the truth of Scripture. But at Bedale I had no choice. I must either continue to attend the Established Church, or totally abstain from all public worship. The manner too in which the service was performed there, even if I had not objected to the principles upon which it was founded, was dull, and unedifying;—and respecting the sermons, scarce a single ray

* The late John Lee, Esq. attorney-general under the administration of the late Lord Rockingham, and the particular and most intimate friend of Mr. Cappe.

of light was ever irradiated from the mass of contradictory assertions, with which they usually abounded; and thus it happened, that the return of Sunday, which formerly, and more especially at Catterick, I had been wont to anticipate with unfeigned delight, was now as constantly expected by me, with a mixed sentiment of disapprobation and grief.

During this year however, an unexpected event occasioned a temporary interruption of the dull uniformity of a Bedale life. Mr. Baron Winn had a large estate left him in Yorkshire, of which he came into the country to take possession; and he so earnestly requested that my mother and myself would spend the following Christmas with him and his little girl in London, that we consented and went thither accordingly. We found that he had relinquished his situation of Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, and had been created a baronet; and that having lost his beloved companion, whose turn of mind was perfectly domestic, he had entered much more into the vortex of fashionable life than formerly, and had continual engagements at the crowded assemblies of the gay and the dissipated; appearing to enjoy, at the same time that he probably despised, their folly and frivolity. We repeated our visit the following summer holidays, but, notwithstanding these excursions gave me the privilege of seeing my friends in Essex-street, of attending the chapel there, and of witnessing its increasing success; yet were they attended by so many inconvenient and painful circumstances, both to my mother and myself, and seemed to answer so very little purpose to any other person, that we determined not to repeat them any more. I promised Sir George Winn however, if he would bring his little girl to his seat in Yorkshire, I

would meet her there, or that if she were ill, and he desired it, that I would go to her immediately, either in London, or in any other part of the world.

The remainder of the year 1776, and the beginning of 1777, with the exception of a few short excursions, were principally spent at Bedale; not very pleasantly indeed, for most of the events connected with our situation there, during that period, such as the sickness and death of a female relation of my mother's under our own roof, &c. were of a melancholy cast, but these I do not enumerate, as they did not involve in them any consequences particularly connected with my immediate design, in committing to paper this narrative.

My brother was now become desirous that we should join him at Stank-house, to which we at length consented; but my mother determined to continue her house at Bedale, and that we should merely go to him on the footing of a visit. A lonely farm-house appeared at first to be a situation sufficiently desolate; it did not however turn out so; there were some tolerable rooms in it; we were near a large colliery, and could have excellent fires in every room in winter; my brother had a London newspaper, which we received, together with our letters, three times in the week;—he took in the Monthly Review, and Gentleman's Magazine;—and we had some very worthy, intelligent neighbours, within the compass of a moderate walk. But what was of more consequence to me than all the rest, we were only seven miles distant from Leeds, and as my brother's horses were at liberty on the Sunday, I usually attended dissenting worship there, at Mill-hill chapel; rising very early in the morning, for that purpose; in winter, long before it was light, not regarding the weather, and the nearly impassable

roads, as we had a wet moor to cross, on which were the remains of many former coal-pits: and I frequently got there before the family, at whose house I was always very kindly welcomed, had come down to breakfast. These were days to me of pure enjoyment. The worship was conducted by my late very worthy friend Mr. Wood, in a rational and highly impressive manner. He was a person of extensive learning, superior talents, and of a very amiable disposition.* His sermons were highly interesting, his ideas often new, and irradiated by the light of genius. With Mrs. Dawson, the lady at whose house I was so kindly received at Leeds, I had the happiness of forming a very sincere friendship. She had great goodness of heart, a highly cultivated understanding;—in her manners, she was quite the gentlewoman, and of an integrity so inflexible, and of a benevolence so unbounded, that she was the first favourite of Dr. Priestley, the predecessor of Mr. Wood at Mill-hill, and always particularly distinguished by him. During the latter years of her life, a series of slight paralytic attacks, threw a shade over these fine qualities; but it was remarkable, that at times, especially when she saw an old friend, the power of forming strong associations, for a few moments restored those intellectual powers, which the loss of memory appeared to have wholly obliterated. In one of my last visits, she said to me, adverting to her own situation, "Ah, you see that every thing in this world is liable to change, but I am certain that all is for the best, and I know you think so too.—I have still many blessings, and particularly in two exemplary daughters,

* See Memoirs of the late Rev. William Wood, by the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved.

who attend upon me with unexampled patience and unwearied affection." She died a few years ago, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Author assists her friend Mrs. Eamonson, in establishing a female benefit club....In abridging a work of Mr. Hanway's....Singular trait of character in a new acquaintance....Her extraordinary piety and benevolence....Pecuniary anxiety respecting the result of farming plans and experiments.

AMONG the most valuable of our near neighbours at Stank-house, was the late worthy Mrs. Eamonson, who lived at Lazencroft, at the distance of about a mile and a half; she possessed an excellent understanding, which was continually exercised in forming plans of usefulness and benevolence. Soon after we went into the neighbourhood, she communicated to me a project she had much at heart, of establishing a female benefit club, for the assistance principally, of the wives and daughters of the numerous colliers, scattered over a neighbouring common, or resident in the adjoining villages. The idea was quite new to me, but I thought the plan likely to be so useful, that I gave her all the assistance in my power, and at length we completely succeeded.* We had many difficulties to contend with, and much opposition to encounter, especially from one lady, the particular friend of Mrs. E., a woman of good understanding, and

* See a particular account of this Institution, in my "Observations on Charity Schools," &c.

from whom it might have been least expected. We could not discover her motive, unless it were that the plan did not originate with herself; a narrowness of mind, of which I have since seen many instances. I shall have occasion again, to mention this Institution, which has lately been in great danger of being entirely ruined.

Whilst we were busy in this undertaking, we were likewise engaged in another. The late philanthropic Mr. Hanway had published a work, entitled, "A Farmer's Advice to his Daughter," in two small volumes, price six shillings. It was very pious, and contained much good counsel, but was written, as his manner was, in a desultory way, and contained much extraneous matter; which made the price too high for the purpose of giving away. It struck me that an abridgment of this work, would be very useful among our young women. Mrs. E. approved the idea, and I wrote to the worthy author, to obtain his consent. His answer, in the true spirit of philanthropy, was warm from the heart. He not only gave permission, but ardently wished us success; both in respect of our proposed abridgment, and also in the establishment of that Institution, for the use of the members of which it was principally intended; adding with much gallantry, that if he had been a younger man, he would have come into Yorkshire, on purpose to have assisted as a waiter at our first meeting.

We completed our abridgment, and had it printed at Wakefield, in one small volume, price one shilling and two-pence. This was my first literary attempt, if so an effort may be called, which manifested rather the good meaning, than the powers of the unlettered editors.

Mrs. E. assisted to the utmost of her ability, but so totally unaccustomed was she to any thing like an attempt at composition, that it was the labour of hours to write even a short letter; yet was her mind uncommonly vigorous, and her judgment and powers of discrimination, rarely surpassed. We were together some part of almost every day during some months, whilst these matters were in agitation; and I once spent several days with her at Lazencroft, in order to meet a benevolent widow lady from Leeds, a friend of Mrs. E.'s, with whom I must bring my readers acquainted.

The understanding of this lady, was by no means equal to that of Mrs. Eamonson, neither was it more cultivated. She could compose however, in her own way, and write with much greater felicity; but one misfortune constantly attended her labours; that so far from being legible to others, they could not be read even by herself. She once sent me several sheets closely written, to decypher, which she meant as an address to the soldiers quartered in Leeds, to dissuade them from their too common practice of profane swearing; and which she designed to print as a small pamphlet, and disperse among them; but unfortunately, I could not decipher a single page. Her whole income consisted of a jointure of £100 per annum, of which she contrived to give away above one half; it being her daily practice, after attending morning prayer at the Old Church, to go about doing good; visiting the sick and wretched, relieving their distresses to the utmost of her power, and when she had nothing left to give, representing their necessities to her more opulent acquaintance and friends, and endeavouring by this means, to obtain assistance for them. Her piety was so wholly free from any mix-

ture of moroseness or gloom, that she was uniformly cheerful, approaching sometimes even towards liveliness of temper; and as an extraordinary proof of the contentedness of her spirit, I shall recite the following anecdote of the way in which she was affected by a heavy loss which befel her, a few years after the time of which I am now speaking.

The person failed in whose hands the money was deposited, from the interest of which she derived her little stipend, and she was reduced from £100 to about £30 per annum. When her friends condoled with her on her misfortune, she thanked them and said, that it was indeed a trial to her, but not precisely on the ground on which they probably imagined.—That as all events were in the hands of God, this could not have happened to her but by his appointment, who had doubtless seen, that affliction was good for her; but, that as she could be contented with very little, she had not felt it as a great affliction; and therefore, was troubled lest by this easiness of temper, she should counteract the designs of Providence, and become guilty of "despising the chastening of the Lord." Being comforted however on this head, she soon recovered her usual tranquillity, took a smaller lodging, parted with her servant, and still continued her advice and personal services, whenever they could be useful, notwithstanding she had no longer any money to bestow.

I do not recollect that I ever spent any portion of time more pleasantly, than these few days with this good woman and Mrs. E. at Lazencroft; where the express object of our meeting was to do all the good we could possibly devise; a plan in which we were joined by another lady, who was a strict Methodist. Mrs. E

and her Leeds friend, were strongly attached to the Church, and Miss ——— regarded Mr. Wesley as little less than inspired; yet this did not interrupt our harmony, for the genuine, benevolent spirit of real Christianity, was powerfully effectual to destroy all rancour of party distinctions, and made them willing to co-operate even with an heretical Unitarian, in every work and labour of love.

Unpromising as had been our prospect of much comfort, when my mother and myself consented to take up our abode at Stank-house, I now considered the situation there as being upon the whole, greatly preferable to that of Bedale; and we should have found ourselves very happy and contented, had it not been for the apprehension that my brother's farming prospects were going on from bad to worse, and that they would probably soon terminate in his utter ruin. He had been entirely deceived in the nature of the farm he had undertaken, and for which, as I have already intimated, he had agreed to give a much higher rent than it was actually worth; and finding it not likely to answer, he determined to keep the estate in Craven, on which was my mother's jointure, in his own hands also, and to send cattle from one farm to the other. This he did, with the intention of improving both; but in the actual result, he lost continually by his farm at Stank-house, and received little or nothing from the estate in Craven; so that my mother had hardly sufficient to pay her house-rent at Bedale, and to supply herself with necessary apparel.—It cannot be imagined that this was a situation free from anxiety. My dear mother however, hoped the best;—in fact, she did not know at that time, some of the most threatening circumstances; and in the mean-

while, although I could not do any good in our own affairs, I was truly thankful that it was permitted me to be of some use in respect to those of others.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Author visits an acquaintance in London....Project of a School.... Difficulties respecting its execution....The negative of her aunts....Character of these old ladies....Illustration of Dr. Hartley.

In the spring of 1778, I made a visit of two months, to an acquaintance in London, for the purpose, principally, of spending some time near Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey. Whilst there, revolving frequently in my mind, what would be the termination of my brother's agricultural speculations, I consulted with them and with some other friends, on the subject; and at length, after much deliberation, formed a plan respecting my own conduct, when the apprehended catastrophe should arrive. I did not think myself obliged out of my small property, to assist my brother, which indeed I could not have done effectually; but it was my duty, if possible, to support my mother, to which however my little income would still be inadequate, and I saw no method of doing it, except by endeavouring to open a school. I was not without feelings, that revolted against this project, viewing the subject too much through the false medium of prejudice, if not of pride, but I endeavoured to take my station on higher ground. I had no doubt, as the motives were just and right, of their being approved when they were known by the wise and good; and if others,

who could not precisely be so estimated, withdrew from my acquaintance, the loss in reality would not be great.

But I had another difficulty. If my leading object was to improve my income, I must fix upon such terms, as those only of very considerable fortune, could afford to comply with; and these would of course except that their daughters should be so educated, as to figure in fashionable life with some eclat; and the inevitable consequence would be, that an attention must be paid to mere accomplishments, and a stress laid upon them, which would hardly be compatible with what I conceived to be the leading objects of an education, founded on strict Christian principles. If for instance, I endeavoured to impress upon the minds of my pupils, that dancing, music, and drawing, however desirable as ornamental acquirements, and as supplying the means of innocent amusement, ought not to encroach too much upon the real business of life,—they would hardly make very great proficiency in them. How I might have succeeded, I cannot say, for the experiment was never made; although I did actually take some preliminary steps whilst in London; but I did not proceed farther, until I had previously consulted my two aunts in York, already so often mentioned.

This I did immediately on my return, explaining to them at large, the various circumstances which had excited my apprehensions, asking their opinion how I should proceed, stating also that I could not devise any other expedient, than that which I now proposed. They foresaw, as clearly as I did, the coming storm; but kindly assured me, that my mother should not be shipwrecked in it, and they very earnestly desired me to desist

from my project. In fact, they could not endure the thought, that a niece of theirs, who was well known to have been in the habit of associating with some of the first families, in the city where they lived, should engage in an undertaking, which in their estimation, would remove her from the rank of a gentlewoman. The sum of money too, that would be required for taking and furnishing a large house, near the metropolis, seemed an almost insurmountable difficulty; and added to this, my having seceded from the Established Church, would certainly operate against my future success. These considerations, together with a tincture of early inbibed family prejudices, still remaining, as already hinted, in my own mind, induced me to relinquish my plan, at least for the present; and to wait in patience, the gradual development of the apprehended calamity.

It may be worth while to dwell a little upon the character of these good ladies, or rather upon the character of the elder, (for her sister, who was her inferior in understanding, having been accustomed to look up to her from infancy, as a perfect model, had completely imbibed all her feelings, prejudices, and opinions,) as a striking instance, of the irresistible power of vivid, early impressions, and strong subsequent associations, to retain their influence, long after the circumstances which gave rise to them, have ceased to exist.

My aunt Catharine was at this time, about seventy years of age. She was the eldest child of a numerous family; had certainly a very good natural understanding, an equal flow of cheerful spirits, and a remarkably amiable temper. My grandfather, being a baronet's younger son, and happening to live within three miles of his affluent elder brother, it became a point of honour

with my grandmother, in whom the pride of ancestry was the ruling passion, to appear on some sort of equality with the elder branch of the family; an ambition which she could not relinquish, even after she was left a widow, with a small jointure. My aunt, from her earliest infancy, was taught this lesson, and so completely did she imbibe its spirit, that as the object to be accomplished was not easy, and would be wholly unattainable without the strictest economy, she devoted to it the whole powers of her mind, and her success was proportioned to her extraordinary exertion. Their whole appearance and establishment was required to be not only decent, but respectable; they were to be hospitable at all times, and on some occasions, were to give a splendid entertainment. To accomplish the first, a considerable quantity of land was retained in their own hands, in order to supply the family with the various articles of housekeeping, the best of their kind, at the smallest expense. My aunt would rise with the lark, to see that her servants and labourers were each at their post; and she seldom would take the men and horses from their labour, to make a visit, unless when the weather had rendered it impossible to work out of doors.—To achieve the latter, the science of cookery was studied with the most unwearied assiduity; neither was the art neglected, of producing the best possible effect, by the skilful arrangement of the various dishes. Possessing all these excellencies, how was it possible but that my aunt should become the supreme favourite of my grandmother? who sounded forth her praise from morning until evening; continually repeating, that she it was who had borne, "the burthen and heat of the day," and who was entitled "to eat gold," if it could be obtained for her.

My mother, on the contrary, who was seven years younger, was very little regarded; not being the deputed mistress of the family, she had not its honours to support; and whilst my aunt was "rising early and eating the bread of carefulness," devising every possible expedient to attain the very summit of economical excellence;—her sister, rising equally early, would employ herself in making clothes for the poor people of the village; and in every little act of benevolence and charity, that lay within her power.—My aunt however, did not abuse the absolute authority with which she was invested, by any unnecessary exercise of arbitrary sway; but she was led unavoidably, by the exaggerated praises bestowed upon her, to appreciate very highly, the qualifications which gave rise to them; and hence it was, that to make a genteel appearance, upon a very small fortune, became in her estimation, the very summit of human excellence. In consequence of this persuasion, a very curious process at length took place in her mind, which may serve to illustrate the theory of Dr. Hartley; namely, that "there is a perpetual tendency in the human frame, to transfer the regard due to any thing, first desired as the means of happiness, to the thing itself, as the end; and hence the love of riches, of power, and personal beauty or accomplishments, desirable all of them within proper limits, and as means of usefulness, come in time, without continual attention and watchfulness, to be ardently desired and eagerly coveted for their own sakes alone." The miser, when he counts his guineas, never once adverts to any use he means to make of them, the delight with which they are regarded by him, wholly proceeding from what may be denominated, the disinterested love of money; and thus it happened to my

aunt, in respect to her passion for a good dinner, on an economical plan. She was no epicure, yet would she listen with as much pleasure to the particular recital of an entertainment so conducted, long after the time when it was incumbent upon her to give one, as if her own credit had still depended upon it: hence also it was, that she constantly contrived to inform her visitors, what she and her sister had had for dinner, and how it was cooked; in order to give them a high idea of the comfort in which they lived, and of her own excellent management. I have often admired her address, in contriving to introduce this delightful subject, incidentally as it appeared, but which completely proved how deeply her mind was interested by it. My younger aunt did not feel the same self-complacency, in these recitals, yet she always repeated them after her sister, both that she might take her share in the conversation, and also bear her testimony to the truth of the statement.

CHAPTER XXV.

Completion of the female benefit club....The unspeakable advantage of useful occupation....Accident of the Author's brother....Further development of his multiplied embarrassments....Expedients adopted....Readmitted to the house of her uncle....His death....Visits the little daughter of the late Mrs. W. in Yorkshire....Her delicate health....Her extraordinary attainments.

THE year 1779 was spent chiefly at Stank-house; and so completely was I occupied in further regulating and establishing our new female benefit club, and in various other little plans, which seemed likely to be useful,

that it was far from being passed uncomfortably, notwithstanding the prospect of my brother's affairs became, in every respect, more and more gloomy; so graciously is it ordained by a kind Providence, that in proportion as we occupy ourselves in behalf of others, our own burthens become lighter!

In the February of the year 1780, my brother accidentally injured his leg, and having previously become extremely corpulent, there was the greatest danger of a mortification. He would not consent to send for a surgeon; and the reason, as I afterwards discovered, was that he had not money to pay the fee; and indeed, so very low at that time was the state of our finances, that neither my mother nor myself had it in our power to advance it for him. The case however, was so urgent, that unknown to him, I sent to Leeds, for the very eminent Mr. Hey, who arrived just in time to save his life.

He was at this time confined to his bed many weeks, during which several letters fell into my hands, demanding sums of money, from different creditors, in the most peremptory manner, and evincing that our apprehensions were but too well founded. Of these I took no notice at the time; but after his recovery, they supplied an occasion for a thorough discussion of the painful subject, and I proposed that he should immediately let the estate in Craven, and borrow a sum of money sufficient to satisfy these pressing demands. I would have added, that he should also take measures, without loss of time, to relinquish his farm, but to this proposal, I knew he would not listen; and my mother, ever unwilling to distress him, wished that this might not be urged upon him at present. He consented however, to let part of the estate in Craven, and to endeavour to borrow money to pay a

year's rent of his farm, which was now due, together with all his other smaller debts. My friend Mrs. Logan, advanced £700 for these purposes, on his sole bond, without my being asked to join, yet as the loss of that sum would have been ruin to her, she could not have done it without the fullest confidence, that I would not suffer her to be a loser; and I therefore considered myself, as being virtually, if not legally, bound for the repayment.

In the early part of this summer, after an interdict of seven years, I was re-admitted to the house of my uncle, owing to the following circumstance. My eldest cousin, an amiable young woman, was in a very declining state of health, and extremely anxious to see me, but her earnest request was constantly refused, until my mother, who had gone to the family in their distress, was also taken very dangerously ill there, of an erysipelatous fever. I was now sent for of course; my mother happily recovered, but it was too late for me to see or to comfort my poor cousin, who was dying when I entered the house, and ceased to breathe in about an hour after. The health of my uncle was also declining, and he did not survive many weeks.

During the course of this summer, Sir George Allanson Winn brought his amiable little daughter, to his seat in Yorkshire, which was only six miles distant from Stank-house. I spent nearly three months with her. She was now eleven years old, and the mental progress she had made, was far beyond what is usual at that age, but her health was delicate, and her father brought her into the country for relaxation, and change of air. She now spoke the French language with great fluency; had made some progress in Italian; and could write an En-

glish letter with considerable ease: she had great vivacity, a discriminating judgment, and a very affectionate heart. She was already considered as a rich heiress: her father, enraptured by her talents, acquirements, and shewy accomplishments, had set his heart upon her forming a splendid alliance; and that she might early acquire some knowledge of the fashionable world, and of the characters that move in it, together with that fascinating ease, and elegance of manner, by which persons in the higher circles are wont to be distinguished, he had removed her from the small school at Chelsea, where she was first placed, and where she had been happy and contented, to a much larger one, on a very different plan, where splendid acquirements were the only things regarded. At this school, she was very miserable; and I had not been with her many days, before she detailed to me so many proofs of the depravity that prevailed there, as clearly to evince that she had sufficient reason for being so. "They pay no attention whatever," she would say, "to our temper, disposition, or behaviour; if our general appearance is fashionable and elegant, that is all they require:" and she then gave me some very affecting instances of the vicious conduct of two or three young ladies, who were high in the school, and favourites with the governess. Speaking of one in particular, the daughter of a baronet, she exclaimed, 'Poor Sir W. P., he is wrapt up in his daughter, just as my papa is in me, but I am certain she will cause him many an heart-ache;" and the subsequent history of that young lady, as I have been informed, has fully verified my young friend's prediction.

But although the acquirements of this charming girl

were so uncommon, and her judgment so matured; in her plays and amusements, she was quite the child. She had a very large family of dolls, and one in particular, which was her grand favourite; and with whom she would hold very long and entertaining conversations, asking the question, and regularly giving the answer. The subject was frequently about being sent to school. "Do not be uneasy, my dear, I will never send you to a large public school, I have too much regard for you—I wish you to be good and virtuous, and will never subject you to the great injustice and bad examples you will see there." The conversations were generally repeated in her father's presence, as she sat upon a little stool, playing with her dolls in a corner of the room, intending no doubt, that he should hear them. He took no apparent notice; but after she had left the room, I never failed to give him my opinion on the subject; repeating from time to time, the several particulars which she had told me, and urging by every argument in my power, the absolute necessity of removing her immediately from the school. He always gave me a patient hearing, but I know not that I should have succeeded, had it not been for the following circumstance.

My mother having determined to give up her house at Bedale, I was obliged to leave my little friend for about a fortnight, to dispose of some part of our furniture there, and to deposit the remainder in a place of safety, until we should be able to decide where to take up our abode. During my absence, whilst she was left in some measure to herself, and in proportion as the time grew nearer, that they were to leave Yorkshire, she became more and more unhappy. I found her at my return, looking very ill; and she was soon after attacked by a violent periodical

headach, the paroxysms of which were extremely alarming. "What will become of me," she was wont to say, "when I lose you, and must go back to that detested school?"—"I will speak to your papa, my dear, on the subject, who loves you so much, that when he knows how unhappy you are there, he will not, I think, send you again." The late Dr. Hird of Leeds, was consulted, and he gave it as his decided opinion, that the case was nervous. I then told him the agitated state of her mind in her father's presence, and he joined me so effectually in my remonstrances, on the subject of the school, that at length we obtained a complete victory; and Sir George promised, that she should not return thither any more. The next morning at breakfast, when he told her these glad tidings, she sprung from her seat, and throwing her arms about him—"You are indeed, my own dear, good papa, I will love you as long as I live, and I will always do every thing you desire." From this time she recovered gradually, and in the following November they left Yorkshire, and she was replaced in her former school at Chelsea.

During my absence at Bedale, on the business already mentioned, she wrote to me many letters, the greater part of which I found upon my dressing-table, when I returned. I have some of them yet in my possession, and preserve them as fair specimens of those opening, intellectual powers, and dawning virtues, which were destined so early, to wither in the tomb.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Great pecuniary distress at Stank-house—Great perplexities and difficulties —Friendly assistance of Mr. L.—A season of great calamity—Sudden sickness and death of a kind neighbour—Fortitude of his widow—That of the Author put to some trial—Stank-house given up.

Affairs at Stank-house were now quickly tending towards a close. I found on my return thither, that it was become a matter of absolute necessity, that the farm should be relinquished; but how this was to be accomplished, how my brother would dispose of himself, what he was to do afterwards, and how and where my mother and myself were to fix our abode, were mysteries wholly unrevealed. Not a ray of light on any of these perplexing subjects, even glimmered through the gloom. I had many friends it was true, and my mother was universally beloved, yet there was not one that was fully competent, and at the same time, thoroughly disposed, to assist us in this distressing emergency. At length, a train of unexpected occurrences, sufficiently painful to the parties immediately concerned, but in the unravelling of which, I had some agency, brought Mr. L., a beloved nephew of my mother's, and who has now for some years been one of the directors of the Bank of England, on a visit to Stank-house. To him I communicated the whole of our distressed situation. He assisted me in the painful duty of urging my brother to relinquish his present ruinous undertaking, and prevailed upon him at last, to give immediate notice of his design to quit his farm the following May; helping him also to take an account of stock on the one hand, and of debts on the other. This

was a most painful business, and especially as my poor brother was still so completely deluded by the visionary plans which he had so long unfortunately cherished, as to think himself ill-used by the interruption of them, although there remained no other possible means of preserving him from complete ruin.

But the question still occurred—What must he do after leaving Stank-house? my mother had already given him the whole of the ready money she possessed; I was in honour engaged for a debt of £700, and nothing remained but a small estate in Craven, which was her jointure, and was not more than sufficient for her own comfortable support. One thing seemed absolutely necessary;—that we should agree to separate from my brother, and in order to make it less painful to all parties, I proposed that she should secure to herself an annuity of £60 per annum, out of the Craven estate, and give up the remainder to him entirely. This arrangement would enable him to pay the interest of the money he had borrowed, and leave something for his present subsistence. To this arrangement my mother consented, but still the difficult question occurred, where was he to live, and how maintain and occupy himself? My cousin L. very earnestly exhorted him to return again to the Church, where at least he might be certain of obtaining a curacy; and to this as a last resort, he at length very reluctantly consented, determining for the present to retire into Craven.

My dear mother bore this severe trial with a resigned composure, and even cheerfulness, which was truly admirable. When I look back upon it, I must now, as I did then, attribute our deliverance to a kind and gracious Providence, for we could not have requested Mr. L. to

have come at that time to Stank-house, had not a severe disappointment of his own, as painful as it was singular, compelled the visit; a circumstance so very striking, that I cannot help adverting to it, for the purpose of shewing from fact, how wonderfully the great chain of causes and effects is linked together; so that the very same events which in respect to some, may constitute their severest trial, may, in respect of others, be the very means of their deliverance! May we not hence assuredly conclude, that when "patience has had its perfect work," when the sorrows by which we are encompassed, have answered all the purposes of salutary discipline, they will be alleviated, if not wholly removed? This at least, I can truly say, has been my own uniform experience, through a long period of nearly threescore years and ten. So true it is, that God never afflicts his creatures, but for their benefit, and that in judgment, he remembers mercy!

But leaving this digression. The kindness of Mr. L. did not terminate here; he promised to repeat his visit at May-day, when the stock and furniture were to be sold, and when my mother and myself were to take our flight, we knew not whither. The above transactions happened in December; and it is remarkable, that every thing around us, in perfect unison with the season, and with our own forlorn situation, wore the face of general desolation. My own health had been considerably injured by a long series of anxieties, and the countenance of my unhappy brother, was the very picture of wretchedness. Even the very animals of his household seemed to participate in their master's misfortunes; sickening and dying, without any apparent cause.

This was also a season of great calamity to our kind

neighbours at Lazencroft. Mr. Eamonson, a very stout, healthy man, retaining all the activity and vigour of youth, although sixty years of age, was taken very ill on the 6th of March. I went there on the following day; and found him suffering in a violent pleuritic fever. The progress of the disease was exceedingly rapid; his respiration became hourly more difficult; in the evening, the fever assumed the appearance of typhus, and he died on the fourth day. The next morning, one of his attendants was taken ill; and also their youngest son, a boy about eleven years of age. As the fever was become contagious, Mrs. E. was apprehensive that she might likewise be suddenly attacked; and as she was left sole executrix, with the discretionary power of dividing the whole property betwixt their two sons, in such proportion as she should judge best, she was very anxious to make her will immediately, lest in the event of her death, every thing should be left in confusion. She sent therefore, to desire I would go to assist her in this painful duty. I felt that it required an effort to comply with her request, and I am not certain that I should have possessed sufficient fortitude, had I not remembered the conduct of my father and mother, already mentioned, at Catterick, in the year 1754, and been ashamed of my own pusillanimity.

The fortitude and composure of Mrs. E., in these trying circumstances, could not be surpassed:—calm, collected, and perfectly resigned to the will of God, whether to live or die, her only solicitude, was to do her duty. "I may have no time to lose," she said to me, on my arrival; "if I should be attacked in the same manner, as my late dear husband, I should be quite incapable of giving any directions: if you please there-

fore, we will set about our work immediately." We did so, and the will was written, signed, and executed the very day which followed that of his death. The little boy was then confined to his bed, and delirious; but by degrees, the symptoms grew less alarming, and in a few weeks, he was perfectly restored. The servant likewise recovered, and all the rest of the family entirely escaped the contagion.

At the time appointed, Mr. L., our kind relation and friend, revisited Stank-house. On the 1st of May, 1780, I took my leave of my humble friends, the Colliers' wives and daughters, at the quarterly meeting of our Female Benefit Club at Barwick; and on the 7th, my mother and myself bid a final adieu to our homely dwelling; not without many a feeling of tender regret, mixed with thankfulness for the accomplishment of our deliverance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Author and her mother visit Thorp-Arch....Company there....How received by them....A revolution in their favour....The Author's brother retires into Craven....Summer spent among friends....Decided to fix in York....Reasons of that decision.

We had been invited to spend the remainder of the year with my two aunts, and with some other friends, to which we had consented, as a matter of necessity indeed, rather than of choice; not having any means wherewith to begin housekeeping. My cousin L. proposed that we should commence our pilgrimage, by spending a short time at Thorp-Arch, a very pleasant

watering-place, a few miles distant, and there remain until the sale was over: and he kindly enabled us to assent to his proposal, by a small pecuniary aid, to defray our immediate expences. We were the more particularly induced to adopt this plan, by the earnest desire of hearing, from time to time, how the sale went on, and of seeing my poor brother once more, previous to his final retreat among the mountains of Craven.

We were accompanied in our flight, by my former pupil, Maria Logan, who, when last mentioned, was sailing with her mother across the Atlantic. They had both of them since that time, endured many sorrows, and encountered many difficulties, which it was little in our power to relieve. They had however followed our fortunes to the neighbourhood of Leeds, having taken a small lodging there, in order to be near us. Maria had been with us at Stank-house; and was so inconsolable on our leaving it, that we agreed she should accompany us, and remain with us, during the first stage of our removal.

We did not expect to find any company at that early season; and were accordingly much surprised and mortified, to find the house at Thorp-Arch, already occupied by three parties, two of which had met there by appointment, for the express purpose of passing a little time agreeably, and of exploring the neighbouring country. They had each their own carriage, and it can hardly be imagined how strangely it sounded to my ear, when I heard them planning in the evening, what should be their excursion on the following day; so completely did I seem to have lost the remembrance, in my late school of discipline, that there were persons in the world, who could be at liberty to seek their own amusement! I am far

from meaning to insinuate, however, that there was any thing wrong in the thing itself, but merely to remark how sensibly our tone of feeling is liable to be affected by our present circumstances, and how little any thing that could assume the name of pleasure, was in unison with our forlorn situation.

If we were disconcerted, and felt somewhat uncomfortable, at finding our expected retirement assume the appearance of a public place, the company, on their part, were not less chagrined, by the arrival of three fugitives in a hired chaise, without any attendant, who were to occupy the same sitting-room, and dine at the same table with themselves, and whose whole appearance probably, bore some vestiges of the "pelting storm," they had left behind.

At first, the whole party eyed us askance, with the exception however, of one gentleman, a dignitary of the church, remarkable always for his urbanity and politeness, and who behaved to us, and particularly to my mother, with the greatest civility and attention. For my own part, knowing that at a public ordinary, all are on the same footing; conscious that there had been nothing in our conduct, whatever there might be in our appearance, which should degrade us from the station which education and habit entitled us to occupy, I felt perfectly at ease, and took my own place as a thing of course; and it was diverting to observe from their manner, that this was considered by some of the party as a species of impertinence; and that far from entering into conversation on any general subject, they would hardly deign to return an answer to any trifling question that might happen to occur. This humiliation however, did not last long; in a very few days, we were joined by

two amiable and accomplished young ladies, the eldest daughters of Sir George and lady Strickland, who came thither on purpose to meet us; also by Mr L., who was already well known, as a highly respectable London merchant. The arrival of these friends, as if by magic, so altered the predicament in which we stood, that we were henceforth considered as agreeable people and suitable companions; and one lady in particular, who had been very obdurate, even condescended to change her place to the bottom of the table, where, as the latest arrival, we were of course seated, to be nearer to us.

I mention these trivial circumstances, as supplying a proof how liable those are, who mix much in the world, notwithstanding they may possess many amiable qualities, and may upon the whole, be very worthy characters, to view persons and things, through the false and delusive medium of fashion and prejudice, with which that world encircles them; and insensibly to adopt a mode of conduct, not always consistent with their superior mental, and moral endowments.

With one of the ladies who composed this party, and who is eminently distinguished for her varied talents and accomplishments, and especially for her colloquial powers, I have ever since that time, enjoyed a particular intimacy; and with another of them, now lately deceased, I have acted for many years in our schools, and other charitable undertakings in this city, with great harmony and satisfaction.

One circumstance of frequent occurrence, I particularly recollect, as somewhat embarrassing. We were repeatedly asked by these strangers respecting our place of abode, a question to which it was not easy to return a very satisfactory answer; for it was at that time lite-

rally true, that although we were not, like our first parents, turned out of Paradise, yet with us, as with them, "the world was all before us," and "where to choose," we knew not.

The remainder of the summer was spent by my mother, with my aunts in York, and by myself in the country, with different friends, as had been proposed, and particularly at Boynton, where it so happened, that various occurrences took place, of considerable importance to the parties concerned; in which I had the satisfaction to be of material use. And thus again it was, and I can never reflect upon it without sentiments of the warmest gratitude to the disposer of all the circumstances, and dispenser of all the powers of every individual of his mighty family, that under all our pecuniary and other difficulties and trials, my mind was constantly relieved from dwelling too much upon them, by the allotted privilege of being serviceable to others.

It now became necessary that we should decide on the difficult question, so long depending, where we should fix our abode? Leeds or its neighbourhood, would have been our choice, but in the way of this, there were many insurmountable obstacles. My aunts were very desirous we should determine upon York; and particularly that we should engage a small house, the next door to their own, which happened to be at liberty; dilating much upon the happiness of our being near neighbours, so that we could join them in their parties; accompany them in their visits, and enjoy a great deal of genteel company, at a very little expense. But it happened unfortunately, that the prospect of all these advantages, operated upon the mind of my mother and myself, in a manner exactly contrary to what was intended; for we knew that it

would require a great deal of resolution, and a considerable portion of self-government, to live at the next door, to meet every day, and to be expected to appear at the same parties, without sometimes betraying a little impatience, which might eventually interrupt the harmony of the two families. At length, however, the determination was made, owing principally to the following circumstance.

Happening one day, to hear a very distressing account of the mismanagement of the Grey-Coat School in York, and of the ruinous effects produced by it upon the children, from a very worthy man, who was at that time, the attending apothecary,—it struck me, that if I could be instrumental to its better regulation, I might perhaps, be more usefully employed in this, than in any other place; and upon mentioning the subject to my mother, she entirely concurred in the opinion, and we determined to agree for the house in question, and to enter it in the ensuing spring.

It may perhaps be thought, that this was not my only inducement, and that I was still more powerfully influenced by the wish of becoming a regular member of Mr. Cappe's congregation, whose chapel I had constantly attended, whenever I was in York, since the time of Mr. Lindsey's resignation of Catterick; and whose ministry I certainly preferred to that of every other person. But if on the one hand, this would have been a strong inducement, there were difficulties on the other, respecting our future intercourse, which inclined the balance to the opposite scale; and I determined, therefore, not to be swayed myself, or to endeavour to influence my mother, by any consideration, in which a regard to him could possibly have any share.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Author visits her young friend Miss Winn, in London....Her declining health....Her uncommon mental and moral progress....Her very striking and lamented death.

Soon after we had finally determined to fix in York, I received a letter from my young friend, the daughter of Sir George Allanson Winn, to say, that for some time, she had been ill, and to solicit earnestly in her own name, and in that of her father, whose attention to her had always been most affectionate and unremitting, that I would go to them immediately. I did not hesitate to comply with the request, according to the promise formerly made, and joined them in Brook-street, the beginning of December. She was in transports of joy on my arrival. "Will you promise me," she said, as she flew into my arms, "that you will not go away again, until I am quite grown up?"—"I will promise you, my love, that I will not leave you, until you are perfectly recovered." Alas! of her recovery, there was little probability; she was dreadfully emaciated, and seemed declining very rapidly in a sort of atrophy; and although she had still considerable remains of muscular strength, and her physicians gave some hope, yet her altered voice, and pale, ghastly countenance, were but too certain indications of the termination to be expected.

Her medical attendants decided that she should be sent as soon as possible, to the South of France, whither I promised to accompany her; but as in consequence of the war, it was necessary to wait for passports, disease had made such progress before they arrived, that it was

become quite impossible to make the attempt. She had expected these passports with great anxiety; and after they came, when Sir George Baker, and Sir Richard Jebb, by whom she was attended, told her, that they had changed their mind as to her going abroad, and devised the most plausible reasons they could invent, to account for it; she said to me, when they had left the room, "I see through all this subterfuge; they told me that going to a warmer climate, was the most likely means for my recovery; we waited for passports, I am grown worse, the passports are come, and now they say they have changed their minds; I believe they have no hope of my recovery."—"I assure you, my love, they have never told me so." "Perhaps they may not, but I am persuaded it is so, notwithstanding."

Young as she was, she had accustomed herself to habits of reflection on every subject which occurred. I shall give the following specimen.—"What is become, my dear, of your dolls? you never play with them now, as you did last year, in Yorkshire." "I will tell you the reason. You remember that very pretty wax doll, which was my favourite; I knew to be sure, that it had neither life nor sense, and yet I had a real love for it. One day as I held it in my arms, and was running across the staircase, my frock caught upon something that threw me down; my doll was broken, and the accident caused me so much real grief, (which you know was very foolish) that I determined never to have another."

After the physicians had decided against any attempt to send her abroad, and she discovered the reason, she was extremely desirous of knowing all that could be known of a future state; particularly, if we should meet again and recognise each other; and was very desirous

of having such parts of the New Testament read to her, as might throw any light upon this subject. "Select for me," she would say, "what is most suitable to my case." The evening of her death in particular, she would not part with me for an instant. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "of what importance to me now, is every remaining moment?"—Then pausing, as if wholly absorbed in thought—"Can you tell me?—shall I see the light of to-morrow's sun?"—"I cannot tell you that, my love; but do not alarm or distress yourself; the same great and good Being who first gave you life, and who has surrounded you by so many blessings, will still preserve and take care of you. We have the certainty, you know, that as our Lord, Jesus Christ, was raised from the tomb, so shall his faithful followers be raised also; —that, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "Ah! but when, or how, or where? perhaps not of ages of ages! O! I should have been much happier, if I had never been sent to that school; you do not know what sad things I saw there."—"My love, you did not approve or imitate them, God will not punish you for the faults of others."—"No, he will not, I know he is very good, yet I wish I had never been there. And now, what must I do? I do so love my papa, how shall I resolve to part with him?"—"God will support you, my dear, and you will meet your papa again."—"But I had hoped to have been happy with him in this world."

As she said this, I thought I perceived a great alteration in her languid countenance; and said to her, "Shall I call your papa, my dear, (who had but just before left the room,) would you like to see him now?"—"To be sure I should," she eagerly replied; do send for him."

On his approaching the bed-side, she raised herself from the pillow with great animation, and throwing her feeble arms around him—"Do you love me, my papa?"—"Yes, my dear, I do love you, beyond every thing in this world." Then disengaging herself from his embrace, she turned to me and said, her fine countenance faintly illumined by a placid smile; "Now I feel I can resign myself," and then laying her head again upon the pillow, she instantly expired, in the 13th year of her age.

What would be our feelings on the loss of so charming a young creature, whose fine intellectual powers were just beginning to unfold themselves, and seemed capable of indefinite expansion and enlargement, were it not for the ardent hope, and firm belief of a glorious hereafter.—In cases like this, even Reason has something to depose that is extremely consolatory; for if it be true that not one single particle of matter, although continually changing its station, is ever annihilated, can it be believed that the spiritual part of our nature, that by which we are capable of endless improvement, and eventually of assimilating to angels and archangels, though it may and does change its mode of existence, and vanish from our sight, should therefore be totally and for ever extinguished?

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Author and her mother fix at York....Their plan of life....The Author engages with Mrs. Gray, in establishing a Spinning School....In regulating the Grey-Coat School....Attends the ministry of Mr. Cappe....His very dangerous illness....The Author goes into Craven....Forlorn situation of her brother there....Visits a sick friend in Oxfordshire....Flourishing state of the Schools....An unfounded report....A letter written....Motives misinterpreted.

On the 19th of June, in the year 1782, my mother and myself took possession of our new habitation in York. It was on a small scale indeed, but well suited to our slender finances; and so comfortable did it seem to have once more a dwelling of our own, free from the apprehension of perpetual pecuniary demands, which we had not the power to satisfy, that we both of us experienced a return of tranquillity, to which for some years we had been strangers. In respect to our kind neighbours, my two aunts, we thought it best to begin as we meant to continue. One day in the week we determined to give up to them; and I made it also a rule to spend an hour or two with them every day, which I did generally in an evening after supper, detailing to them such little occurrences as might contribute to their amusement; but we avoided as much as possible, being regularly of their afternoon parties.

As I had often been in York, and had occasionally gone into public there, I was well acquainted with many of the principal families, and was on terms of intimacy with several of them. It was true that I had suffered considerably in the esteem of some, by having avowedly left the Church, but they gave me credit in general, for

meaning well; and I should without difficulty, have been admitted to their parties, had it been convenient; but to have accepted continually of invitations, without the power of making a suitable return, although it might do well enough for a mere bird of passage, would have been neither respectable nor comfortable for a stationary inhabitant. These invitations, therefore, were refused by degrees, and at length, were declined entirely. I will acknowledge that the necessity to do this, appeared to me at the time, in the light of a privation, for I should have chosen to mix in more general society; but I have long since seen that it was one of those providential allotments, for which I never can be too thankful. Had it not been for this, the whole tissue of succeeding events, as far as I have had any agency, must have been totally changed; and I am persuaded, that no other train of circumstances than those which actually did take place, would have been equally favourable to my own moral and religious improvement; to the happiness of those with whom I have been connected; or could eventually have yielded a degree of tranquillity and comfort, at all comparable to that which I now enjoy.

Next to my aunts, our nearest neighbours were fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Gray, whose hands and hearts are always ready to every good work; and in the October of this year, Mrs. G. and myself, began our plan of operations, respecting the children employed in a hemp manufactory, in our neighbourhood; which issued, the following year, in the establishment of a Spinning-school; but as I have already given some account of the rise and progress of this Institution, also of the new regulations afterwards introduced into the Grey-Coat School, to

which I previously adverted, I shall not repeat the several particulars here.

These various occupations supplied me with constant, and as I hoped, with useful employment for some years. I made no excursions from home, but such as were of absolute necessity, and scarcely a day passed without my visiting one or both of these schools, and employing some part of my time when at home, in devising various schemes for their better regulation; or in drawing up papers, to recommend to the Governors of the Grey-Coat School, which was an old establishment, the adoption of those improvements that had been previously planned.

But my greatest enjoyment was on the Sunday, in attending Mr. Cappe's Chapel, in St. Saviourgate. In that summer, were preached by him, the series of Sermons on the Providence and Government of God, which I afterwards prevailed upon him to publish, and which I have no difficulty in saying, exhibit a more just and comprehensive view of this great and momentous subject, than is any where else to be met with. It was my constant practice after I left chapel, to analyze the discourse, and to put down, as accurately as I was able, the general impression it produced. This was not only useful, to excite in my own mind at the time, a greater degree of attention, but also to imprint the subject afterwards more effectually on my memory, and it has eventually been productive of a far more important, because more extensive advantage; an advantage then indeed, perfectly unforeseen, but to which I shall advert in its proper place.

The above is a mere outline of what were my general pursuits, during the six years which intervened between our fixing at York, in 1782, and my marriage in Feb. 1788. I shall now enumerate some of the anxieties and

difficulties which occurred in succession during that period.

I have already mentioned, that my acquaintance with Mr. Cappe began with his very able and successful defence of Mr. Lindsey, in the spring of 1774, about a year after his becoming a widower. The acquintance had been sedulously cultivated, during my frequent visits to York, and had eventually been productive of a mutual attachment, implied however rather than avowed; for the circumstances in which we were respectively placed, seemed wholly to preclude all thoughts of a closer connexion. He was far from affluent, and had six children; I had not sufficient wherewith to enter his family, without incurring the risk of taking something from them; neither could I have left my mother, who would have found it utterly impossible, little as I possessed, to have kept house separately. But, although considerations of this kind, tacitly acknowledged on both sides, had entirely regulated our intercourse, it had not lessened the interest we took in each other's society: and it may therefore easily be imagined, how great was my anxiety, when I found in the autumn of 1782, that his life was in the utmost danger, from a nervous fever, which had succeeded the influenza, by which he had been repeatedly attacked, in the course of the preceding summer. He had been bled at the commencement, by the mistake of his physicians, and was so much enfeebled by it, that for many weeks, his recovery was extremely doubtful. The sermons preached by him, on his happy return to his ministerial duties, after an absence of eleven weeks, were afterwards transcribed by me, from his short-hand papers, and form part of a volume of Discourses, published since his death. They develope a mind of such high at-

tainments, mental, moral, and religious, as it is soothing to my heart to contemplate; and give a faithful earnest of that future glory for which he was fitted, and with which he will doubtless be invested, when we meet again.

In the summer of 1783, which succeeded this trying event, I found it necessary to take a journey into Craven. My tenants there, had so continually entrenched upon my small income, by demands for repairs, and various other contingencies, that I was frequently involved in considerable pecuniary difficulties; and at length, I determined to go there in person, and endeavour to judge for myself how far these demands were just and equitable.

I did not expect that this visit would be pleasant, but it proved much more distressing than I had foreseen. My brother had got apartments for himself and a man-servant in the vicarage-house, at Long Preston, formerly built, and made quite neat and comfortable, by my father, but now wretchedly out of repair, having long remained uninhabited. Two rooms, very scantily furnished together with the kitchen, were all that my brother occupied. A woman in the village dressed his victuals, and made his bed; but the garden was overrun with weeds; the palisades that divided it from the adjoining meadow, which sloped down to the rivulet below, were decayed and broken; and every thing, both within and without, bore the appearance of complete desolation. My brother appeared evidently pained at my finding him in this forlorn situation, which however, was not adverted to by either party. The transformation was indeed afflicting; in his early years, treated with the utmost tenderness by his parents, caressed and admired by others,

and elate with youthful expectation, he would have been indignant at the bare idea of residing at Long Preston, even had the living itself been offered to him, on that condition;—now, he was compelled to take up with a small curacy, ten miles distant, and to inhabit the same vicarage-house, in the very uncomfortable state above described. His situation however, notwithstanding past losses, might have yet been rendered more tolerable, had his plans been laid judiciously, but he still kept part of the land in his own hands, which my mother had given up to him, and it was easily to be foreseen, that the time was not distant, when he would again be involved in still greater difficulties. I wished to have talked with him on the subject; and to have made some effort to assist him in arranging a different plan, but his mind was so irritated and enfeebled by a series of misfortunes, brought on principally, it must indeed be confessed, by imprudent conduct and visionary pursuits, that my advice would have appeared to him in the light of an insult, and far from producing the desired effect, would certainly have been highly resented.

I succeeded however, with my own tenants, in putting affairs upon a better footing, and after a fortnight's stay, returned to York, truly thankful that my dear mother had not witnessed this scene of desolation, and that it was not necessary for me to relate the particulars of it to her; and as my brother sometimes made her a visit, and said nothing of his own situation, and appeared in tolerable spirits, she was not positively unhappy on his account, although never wholly free from anxiety.

In the following October, I was sent for by express, to a friend in Oxfordshire, Mrs. Freeman of Fawley-

court, who was dangerously ill of a typhus fever. She had lain twelve hours in strong convulsions, and every moment was expected to be her last; happily however, she recovered, but so very slowly, that I could not leave her with comfort, in less than three months. Understanding afterwards, the state to which she had been reduced, she said to me, "Let none hereafter distress themselves by the circumstance of seeing a friend expire in convulsions. I suffered nothing, when every one around me was in such dismay, nor should I have suffered any thing more, had the spark of life been actually extinguished." I mention this fact for the consolation of those, who may have experienced the loss of a friend, in such apparent agony.

I returned to York, before the close of this year, in time to make up and print the annual accounts of our schools, a practice which, we have ever since continued.

Mrs. G. and myself, were now joined by the late lady Anderson, Mrs. Salmond, Miss Hasell, the Mrs. Witherses, and many other ladies of great respectability: our subscriptions increased, and our schools flourished. I generally consulted Mr. Cappe, before I brought forward to our committee, any proposed alteration; and this, together with other circumstances, occasioned our meeting very frequently. This intercourse, in itself so useful and so pleasant, was however, in great danger of being interrupted by a report which became prevalent, that it was likely to terminate in a matrimonial connexion; and I hardly ever went into any company, that I was not either congratulated or condoled with, upon the occasion. The talents of Mr. Cappe, it was said, were undoubtedly great, and his character unexceptionable; but

then his situation in life—a dissenting minister, and with so large a family! In vain did I affirm, what was at that time the simple truth, that no other connexion than what then subsisted, had been thought of, or was intended; not much credit was given to my assertions: and although I should have little regarded the report, as far as myself only was concerned, yet it assumed a more unpleasant aspect, when I found that it was often obtruded upon him also.

How was I now to act? To continue the same frequent intercourse, without some explanation, was rendered next to impossible, and to decline it, was to give up for a punctilio, the most improving society, and the sincerest friendship. Should I continue passive, and let every thing take its course, I might subject my friend to the pain of a refusal; for I had now reason to believe, and I was afterwards confirmed in the belief, that the consequence on his part, should no explanation take place on mine, would have been a proposal, which I could not have accepted, without probable injury to his family, and increased embarrassment to my own. Mr. Cappe, indeed knew that my property was small, but he did not know the impending ruin with which my poor brother was still threatened, nor did he know that I considered myself bound in honour, in the way already mentioned, in a debt of £700 on my brother's account; and therefore, he could not see the full extent of those obstacles, which to my mind, appeared insuperable. At length therefore, after much anxious deliberation, I determined to write a letter to him, lamenting the current report, on the ground of the utter impossibility that either of us, being so peculiarly circumstanced, could entertain a thought of any other connexion, than that which at pre-

sent subsisted; and therefore requesting, being both conscious of this, that we might not relinquish our present friendly intercourse, on account of the mistakes or misapprehensions of others. It was evident from his reply, that the subject did not appear to him in exactly the same light in which I had put it, and that he wished earnestly for a further explanation. With this implied request, which with peculiar delicacy, he had not made in direct terms, I should have unquestionably have complied, if I had not felt it as a duty to save him the painful dilemma, on the one hand, of relinquishing his intention, on the discovery of the impending storm, by which we were threatened, and which he might deem dishonourable and ungenerous,—or, on the other, of desiring to encounter it with me, to the certain prejudice of his own young people, whose future prospects were already sufficiently circumscribed. I determined therefore, to reply in general terms only, but in a manner so decisive on the subject in contemplation, as to put an end for ever, to the possibility of its being again brought forward. I was well aware, that the real motives of my conduct, not being explained to Mr. Cappe, were liable to be mistaken by him; and I was afterwards convinced from his altered manner, that they had been misconstrued. Little did he know or suspect how much the effort had cost me; it was attributed by him, I believe, either to a romantic, visionary turn of mind, which could not accommodate itself to real life, or to the pride of family, and the desire of more splendid connexions; or, to both these causes united; and I seemed for a time to have lost some portion of his esteem and good opinion. This deprivation was the severest part of the trial, but conscious how different would have been his sentiments,

could he have known the whole truth, it soon lost much of its poignancy, and we met again as frequently as usual, without embarrassment on either side.

CHAPTER XXX.

Attacks of severe illness....Lesser perplexities....History of an interesting West-Indian friend....Her extraordinary talents....Great eccentricities.... Subsequent derangement....A legacy left to the Author's mother....Her very severe illness....The Author's brother obtains a curacy near Ferry-bridge....His illness and death....The Author again visits Craven.

DURING the following two years, either my mother or myself, had frequent attacks of severe illness, in which more than once the lives of both were greatly endangered: we had also much perplexity about a maid-servant. Our finances did not admit of our keeping more than one, and the young woman, who served us in that capacity, was threatened by a pulmonary consumption. She was often unable to do her work for several days together, yet whenever her leaving us was mentioned, she pleaded that she had no friends, and entreated with many tears, that she might live and die with us. Had she lost her health in our service, there might have been some reason alleged for this request; but the fact was, that the consciousness of her own bad state of health, which she had very carefully concealed, had been the real motive of the very earnest desire she had expressed, of coming to live with us, two years before. Still however, we should have continued to keep her from mere compassion, could we have afforded to hire an additional servant, but this was not in our power; and after being

subjected to the greatest inconveniences, and much harras of mind for many months, we were at last obliged to part with her. To some readers, perhaps, this may seem a very trifling discomfort, yet in few instances, did we feel more sensibly the pressure of narrow circumstances. She married soon after, and died of a consumption the following year.

During this period also, another very painful duty occurred. Many years before, when we lived at Bedale, I had happened to meet by accident, with a young person whose father was a planter at Jamaica, where he had married a mulatto, who had a considerable fortune. He was then a widower, had sent his daughter to England to be educated, and when she left school, had employed an agent of his to board her in some respectable family, alleging that she would not be received in Jamaica, her mother having been a person of colour, and she herself also betraying her descent, by the black curling hair of the African negro, and the complexion of the third degree.

On her first coming to England, at four years of age, she was consigned to a gentleman at Ripon, who treated her with the utmost tenderness; but dying a few years afterwards, Miss B. was sent to a common school in York, where her treatment from time to time, was in exact proportion to the regularity with which remittances were received from Jamaica. After she had left school, she was boarded by her father's agent, in the house of a farmer and his wife, in the west-riding of Yorkshire, who were near relations of his own;—well-meaning people, but extremely illiterate and vulgar. This history was given to us by a young lady, her former school-fellow, at whose father's house, in the neigh-

bourhood, she was then making a visit. She was at this time, about nineteen years of age, destitute and forlorn, without any relation, protector, or friend in England. My mother and myself were extremely interested by her story, but still more by her talents and conversation, which were exceedingly superior to her present associates. We felt so much sympathy for her, and shewed her so much kindness, that she engaged a lodging one summer at Bedale, in order to be near us; and after we removed to Stank-house, and whilst we remained there, her company was always acceptable, and she was frequently our visitor for many weeks together. How often have my spirits been cheered, by seeing her approach on horseback across the common, on which the windows looked; her loose muslin dress floating in the air, and her fine black eyes, sparkling as she came nearer, with intelligence and pleasure!

She was indeed an extraordinary creature; possessed of all the genius, generosity and fire, united with all the eccentricity of a native West-Indian; her sentiments were always noble, but she too frequently wanted steadiness; to enable her to act upon them. When she was in spirits, she had a flow of lively wit, which I have never seen equalled; and she had the unrivalled power of obtaining complete influence over others, as well by the varied charms of her animated conversation, as by the acuteness with which she discovered their peculiar tastes, and the singular address with which she could adapt herself to them. Yet this influence, so certain of being obtained by her many brilliant qualities, was as certain of being eventually lost, by the extreme thoughtlessness and indiscretion of her conduct. She did nothing like other people. We introduced her to many of our friends

and acquaintances, all of whom for a time, were charmed with her: but at length, she did so many strange things, and made such an improper use of the friendship shown her by persons, to whom we had introduced her —sowing dissentions in families; espousing one part, and ridiculing another, that I was obliged, about this time, to relinquish her acquaintance. This was a most painful, although necessary effort. For many years I wrote all her letters to her father and others, for she would not take the trouble of doing it herself, although her maintenance depended upon her remittances from Jamaica; and I would have continued to write them, and to transact her other business, if she would have allowed me, and if it had been practicable to have done it, without being considered by her, and spoken of to others, as her particular and confidential friend; by which means, I should have become in some measure, responsible for all her wild, inconsistent conduct. Alas! the calamity which subsequently befel her, has but too well accounted for all these extravagancies. About three years afterwards, she became entirely deranged, and continued so to the time of her death, a few years ago.*

* On the decease of her father in Jamaica, it appeared that Miss P. was entitled to a fortune of about 2000*l*; but soon after she became deranged, whether owing to the neglect of some necessary form, or to the dishonesty of the Jamaica agents, the annual remittances were wholly discontinued, and her situation would have been unspeakably deplorable, had it not been for the extraordinary humanity and kindness of a gentleman, who knew and respected her in her better days—Mr. Bowns of Bank-top, near Barnsley, in whose neighbourhood she had formerly boarded. This gentleman was eventually at the sole expense of paying for her board, and defraying all other claims in a private house in this city, where she was confined several years, and where myself, and my daughters visited her many times. I feel it a duty to mention this, as a small tribute of respect to so singular an in-

Towards the close of the year 1786, my mother had a legacy of a thousand pounds, in the three per cents, left to her very unexpectedly, by a distant relation; the first gleam of what is commonly called prosperity, that had shone upon our dwelling for many years. I was out on a visit, when the post brought the letter; and when on my return, my mother communicated the intelligence, it seemed so much out of the course of the ordinary current of events, to which we had been long accustomed, that I thought it almost incredible. Nothing however, could be more opportune; for in the beginning of the following year, my dear mother was brought to the very brink of the grave by an inflammation upon her lungs, which confined her to her room many weeks; and which so greatly added to our accustomed expenditure, that had it not been for this addition, we should have experienced very great pecuniary difficulties. At length, it pleased a kind Providence, to restore her to tolerable health; but her constitution was so much enfeebled, that she was unable ever afterwards, either to visit her friends, so frequently as before, or to explore the various abodes of poverty and wretchedness, which it had hitherto been her delight to relieve and exhilarate.

About this time also, my brother finding the absolute necessity of doing it, had let the whole of his land in Craven; and having obtained a small curacy at Brotherton, near Ferrybridge, had removed thither, together with the faithful servant who had constantly attended him through all his changes and misfortunes. I determined therefore, in the course of that summer, again to

stance of pure benevolence, which, with the exception of a very few obscure individuals, could be known only to God, and his own conscience, and of which the unhappy object herself was wholly unconscious.

revisit Long Preston, where I spent a few weeks, and was successful in establishing a Sunday school, which flourished for some years, but afterwards went to decay. However, I had the satisfaction, two years ago, of finding it again revived, and very well conducted.

My brother was always very fond of music, and played tolerably well upon the violin. In the August of that year, he went to an Oratorio at Halifax; and on his return, the horse fell with him, he was thrown, and received a contusion upon his breast. He was again become very corpulent; and neglecting for some days to send for any advice, a fever ensued, which terminated his life on the second of September, 1787. He had written to my mother that he was confined by a cold; but we knew nothing farther of his illness, until an express was received with an account of his death. She happened to be out when it arrived, and I dreaded on her return, to acquaint her with the afflicting intelligence; but she heard the recital with the utmost composure. "God," she said, "is all-sufficient, his will be done. Your brother has been unfortunate rather than sinful; perhaps prosperity would not have been good for him. I trust we shall meet again: let him be brought here to be buried, and when I die, let me be laid by him." She then proposed that I should go immediately to Brotherton, and should request Mr. Cappe to accompany me, which I accordingly did. The whole scene was very affecting, yet I will not say, that the event itself was considered by me in the light of an affliction. From my earliest years, my brother had ever been a subject of anxiety rather than of comfort; and I found that if he had lived much longer, he would have been again involved in the greatest pecuniary distress.—He had died

without a will, and of course his remaining property devolved to me. I enquired of the apothecary who had attended him, if he had expressed any wish, during his short illness, respecting the disposal of any part of it; and he told me that he desired his faithful servant might have £100; and that a young lady, to whom he was attached, might have a legacy of £200. I considered the obligation as sacred on my part, and paid these legacies according to his desire.

After my return to York, debts came in to the amount of about £1000, and as I wished to pay them all as soon as possible, I thought it would be the best method to dispose of land to that amount. My aunt was on this occasion an excellent counsellor; and she advised me to go into Craven, and decide for myself what portions should be sold. I went accordingly, and was accompanied by Mr. Cappe and his eldest daughter.

When I saw more of the temper and disposition of the inhabitants of my native village, I was both grieved and disappointed. Far from finding these Statesmen adorned with the simplicity, and possessed of the integrity, which one might have expected in their retired situation, they appeared fraught with cunning and intrigue; and seemed to make it a common cause, to keep me in profound ignorance. Had I gone alone, they would infallibly have imposed upon me exceedingly, for added to all the rest, they have a supreme contempt for women; but the appearance and manner of Mr. Cappe, the knowledge on agricultural subjects, which I did not previously imagine he had possessed,—the questions he put to them, and the further improvements he suggested, inspired them with so much respect, that seeing

me thus assisted, they gave up their designs, and it became practicable for me to treat with them on equitable terms.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Investigation of pecuniary resources....Doubts respecting a projected union....Objections whence arising....In what way overcome....The Author's marriage....Illness and death of Dr. Joseph Cappe....His sufferings from an unfortunate attachment....His uncommon talents....His father's fortitude and resignation.

My first business, after returning to York, was to investigate thoroughly the state of our affairs; and I found at length, that after paying the whole of the debts and legacies, amounting to about £2000, sufficient would still remain, to make my mother tolerably comfortable, and to leave me at liberty, to enter with prudence and with honour into any new engagement which I might wish or desire. It was not difficult to foresee what this engagement would be. But attached as I had long been to Mr. Cappe, and preferring his society to that of any other person, this was not the sole cause of my becoming his wife. I had long deeply regretted, in common with many others, that his invaluable Scripture researches, and other fine compositions, should for ever lie buried in a short-hand, which had been composed by himself, and which was unintelligible to every other person. I knew but too well, that his health was not such, had he been disposed to it, as should enable him to transcribe them himself, consistently with the other duties which necessarily arose out of his situation: and I hoped that

if I became a member of his family, I might in this respect, be of use to him, and at the same time, eventually confer an important benefit on the rising generation. There are those perhaps, who will find it difficult to believe that this motive had any weight in the scale, and others, who will deem it altogether romantic and visionary—it is however the simple truth; and I have long esteemed it a kind and merciful arrangement of that wise and good Providence, which alone foresees the coming event, that my mind should have been thus influenced.

But there still remained some formidable objections to our union. I was by no means certain how far I could be comfortable with six young people, most of them grown up, and whose previous ideas and habits were in many respects, very different from my own. I knew they had been educated in good principles, and that their conduct had always been virtuous, yet having lost their mother in the year 1773, when they were all very young, there might be defects both of habit and temper, having been necessarily left a great deal to themselves, which might lead to much unhappiness, and which, at their age, it would not be practicable to rectify. On this subject, I had some confidence in my own temper, which had never been reckoned capricious or fretful, and in the long accustomed habit of making allowance for, and exercising forbearance, in respect to the defects in temper, or the caprice of others. I had always been accustomed to conform cheerfully to the will of those with whom I associated, in those trifling, every day occurrences, which have in themselves no moral character, but which notwithstanding, are frequently the most prolific source of domestic altercation;

habits, which were partly the effect of a naturally happy temperament, and partly perhaps, the result of having spent much time in visiting different families, where conformity of this kind is essentially necessary to comfort. It is true, that in matters of importance, I had always held it a sacred duty, to act steadily according to the dictates of my own conscience, regardless of erroneous opinion, ill-founded censure, or malignant sarcasm; but in matters of importance, I could have no opposition to fear from these young people; and knowing that much of the unhappiness of second marriages is usually incurred by the real or apprehended diminution of fortune to the children of the first, and by the consequent existence of separate interests, I was determined to take effectual means of preventing every jealousy of this sort, and to make it apparent that their pecuniary, as well as their other interest, would in every respect, be promoted, rather than injured, by my coming into the family.

When the subject of our intended marriage was mentioned to my mother, so high was her esteem and respect for Mr. Cappe, that she did not make the slightest objection; although she must have thought the entering into so large a family, notwithstanding her good opinion of all the members that composed it, a dangerous experiment. On the part of my aunts, whose views and prejudices on other accounts, as well as on this, must have led them to disapprove it extremely, some remonstrance might have been expected; but they had the kindness, and possessed withal the self-command, to observe the most perfect silence. For Mr. C. himself, they had the highest respect, having lived in the same street, and known his worth of character, upwards of twenty years;

and even his being a dissenting minister could hardly be an objection in respect of one who had long before left the Church, and whose apostacy, so unfashionable and out of the common road, they had ever secretly lamented; yet I must say that on these subjects I was never upbraided by them; and on every other I was their favourite.

We were married on the 19th of February, in the year 1788, at Berwick-in-Elmet, by the late Rev. Mr. Deane, at that time the rector. I was received by Mr. Cappe's young people, on our return to York, and by his worthy sister, who had lived with them some years, but was then going into lodgings, with the greatest respect and affection; and was very soon admitted into their entire confidence. Mr. Cappe's eldest son was at that time, studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh; whence he came to York for a few days, to pay us a congratulatory visit, and from that time became my regular and constant correspondent. The climate of Edinburgh being too cold for him, he left it that spring; and after spending the two following years in London, graduated at Leyden, in the beginning of the year 1790. Whilst in London, he unfortunately formed an attachment to a young lady, a relation of the family, who was highly accomplished, and appeared very amiable. He thought from her whole manner, that his attentions were acceptable; but afterwards, when an explanation took place, the discovery was made that she had been engaged some years to another person. I will not affirm that she meant to deceive; yet certainly she suffered him to cherish expectations and hopes, which she was conscious she could not fulfil, and which exceedingly enhanced the poignancy of disappointment. His conduct having al-

ways been strictly virtuous, his affections were wholly centred on this one admired and beloved object, and his heart being warm, and his temper ardent, the termination was fatal to his health as well as to his peace. He exerted all his fortitude to parry the stroke; and would doubtless in time, have recovered his former tranquillity, but his bodily strength bore little proportion to the vigour of his mind: and a pulmonary consumption put a period to his valuable life on the 19th of February, 1791, soon after he had come to this city, to practise as a physician.

I mention not this unfortunate attachment, with the design of criminating any one; but merely as a striking instance of what may be the fatal termination, and consequently, of the extreme reprehensibility in either sex, of every species of coquetry. Implied deviations from rectitude of this sort, not being amenable to any earthly tribunal, are not in general censured as they deserve: but surely, what the poet says of reputation, is strictly applicable to peace of mind—that in comparative value,

"Who steals my gold, steals trash."

Dr. Joseph Cappe possessed strong original genius, and first rate talents; he had made great progress not only in professional knowledge, and in the different sciences connected with it, but in general literature; and was especially remarkable for great acuteness of discernment, strength of memory, and energy of mind. Being considerably older than any of the rest, he was the particular friend, and confidant of his father; his solace and consolation under every affliction and trial. The death of so excellent a son, at the very moment when the high expectations entertained by his honoured father, of his future eminence, were about to be realized, was a most

severe stroke and heavy affliction. With what piety and fortitude it was sustained, I have mentioned elsewhere.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

Occupations of the Author....Anxieties respecting her husband's health....His first severe paralytic attack....His life in extreme danger....Pecuniary and other difficulties....Distress about the Chapel....Happy arrival of Mr. Wellbeloved....Mr. Cappe's great attachment to him.

THE death of Dr. Joseph Cappe has led me to anticipate the order of events. I should have mentioned in its place, that not long after our marriage, Mr. C. yielded to my entreaties, respecting his short-hand papers, by allowing me to transcribe from his dictating, as he walked about the room, and had leisure from more laborious occupations. This employment I considered as of so much importance, that I determined from the very moment of my engaging in it, that no other occupations, much less any amusement, should ever interfere with it; and I kept my resolution.

I have often thought with what goodness and wisdom, the providence of God in this instance, as doubtless in every other, although we cannot always equally perceive it, adapts the means to the end, so as to accomplish its own gracious purposes. Had I possessed greater talents, or had those which were bestowed upon me, been more highly cultivated, I might not have engaged, with my

* See Memoir of Mr. Cappe, prefixed to the Critical Dissertations, and to a volume of his Sermons.

whole heart, in the subordinate office of a mere transcriber; and on the contrary had my mind been less cultivated, I should not have appreciated the value and importance of the employment, or perhaps have been capable of executing it.

I was not however, so wholly engrossed by this occupation, or by the many other duties which now devolved upon me, as not to have some leisure to attend our school meetings, and to assist in establishing the previously projected Female Benefit Club, which we instituted in August, 1788; and I should now have been as happy, and possessed of as much real comfort, as usually falls to the lot of humanity, had not the threatening state of health of the beloved object, whose valued society formed the charm of all, been a continued source of the most painful anxiety. Even before our marriage, and from time to time ever since, Mr. C. had frequent indications of a paralytic attack. I was fully aware of this, from the very first, but I hoped he might be spared the stroke, or even should it be otherwise, that I might be able to minister to his comfort by those thousand nameless, unwearied attentions, which I fancied no other person could equally bestow. It was under the influence of this apprehension, that I had doubly felt the loss of Dr. Joseph Cappe, as the greatest calamity. I knew that in him we should have possessed the judicious and able physician, as well as the attentive, steady friend; who would have watched every threatening indication, and have warded off, as far as human wisdom could have done it, the impending blow. His death, I have no doubt, hastened it: for although Mr. Cappe committed his remains to the tomb himself, and went through the whole

scene with a degree of fortitude unequalled, and with the most pious resignation to the will of God; and although he apparently gained his usual tone of spirits, in the interval of eleven weeks, which intervened between this affliction and his first seizure; yet many a painful symptom of increasing alarm did I silently observe, which if they exceedingly embittered the present hour, perhaps enabled me to sustain better, the dreadful shock, when it did actually arrive, on the 2nd of May, in that same calamitous year, 1791.

Mr. Cappe had been exceedingly ill at dinner the preceding day, which happened to be Sunday; yet he preached a second time in the afternoon, and went through the whole duty, apparently much as usual. On that fatal morning, he appeared in perfect health, and mounting his horse at ten o'clock, with unusual alacrity, went to baptize a child at a village, two miles distant; and, as he afterwards told me, he never went through the service, which was always extemporary, more entirely to his own satisfaction. The weather being very fine, he continued his ride.—But as I have already enumerated these most afflicting circumstances in the sketch of his life, before adverted to, I shall not repeat them here. To my reader it might seem an unnecessary repetition; and by myself, the circumstances can never be recollected or repeated, without the most painful emotions.—I had passed the morning of that wretched day, at one of the quarterly meetings of our Friendly Society, where I was detained till three o'clock, and was thus mercifully spared the hours of miserable anxiety, which I must otherwise have endured, from the time of his expected return, until the arrival of a messenger, to inform us that a neighbouring gentleman had found him fallen from his

horse, and was bringing him home in a chaise. How very terrible was that moment! That which I dreaded had fallen upon me, and how should I support the trial? —But thanks be to God, my earnest supplication, at the throne of grace, for resignation and fortitude to bear whatever his providence should inflict, were not wholly ineffectual.

Did ever his attentive ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
And look to him in vain?

The chaise arrived—my dear husband was taken out, having completely lost the use of one side, and become unable to articulate, so as to be understood. For some weeks his life was apprehended by his medical attendants, to be in the greatest danger—they feared a second seizure; but this threatened storm in mercy went by; and he gradually so far recovered, as to be able to walk with some assistance, and to articulate, just well enough, to enable me at times to resume my former occupation of transcribing from his dictating. For more than three months however, did his stomach continue in such a state of distressing irritability, that the mere mention of food brought on the most violent spasmodic affections, and through the whole day, it was incapable of retaining even liquids. He must have sunk through extreme debility, and for want of sustenance, had it not been that going to bed at night, he was able to take and to retain the yolks of three eggs, beat up with sugar and warm water, to which was added, a little brandy and nutmeg, and this was his sole support.

I had another most distressing difficulty;—how to provide an assistant, that should be acceptable to the congregation, out of a stipend of £180 per annum, which was the utmost Mr. Cappe had ever received from the chapel, and at the same time, leave a residue at all commensurate to our now increased expenses. Mr. Cappe had indeed a small estate in Lincolnshire, but his two remaining sons were yet unestablished; in fact, the education of the youngest, who was intended, like his deceased brother, for a physician, was only commencing; and he had three daughters. But this was not all. My dear husband himself, was far from being conscious of the extent of the calamity that had befallen him; delighting in his ministerial labours, he hoped it would ere long, be in his power to resume them; "Do not engage a permanent assistant," he would say, "I trust I shall soon be able to preach again." Alas, how was it possible for me to tell him that this hope was altogether delusive!

The chapel was shut up the first four Sundays; for a few succeeding weeks, occasional assistance was obtained; and afterwards, when a gentleman was engaged for some months, our perplexities were not lessened, although they had assumed a different aspect. He was a man of talents and of good character, but so unacceptable to part of the congregation, on account of some peculiarities of manner, that I heard nothing but complaints, and some of the members went so far as to declare, that if he were continued, they would secede. I was extremely solicitous that none of these murmurs should reach the ear of my beloved invalid, to whose further recovery, it was especially important that he should be kept free from anxiety: yet how was this to

be effected in the present instance? This person must be exchanged for some other, that might be more generally approved; and this could not be done without Mr. Cappe's knowledge, and without assigning the reasons to him. My daughters did every thing they were able, to relieve my anxiety: As assistants in nursing their father, they were invaluable; but beyond this, they had no power. Often during this whole period, did the clouds set in so thick on every side, unattenuated by a single ray of light, that I could not perceive how it was possible for us to proceed. Such a variety of embarrassments to encounter, of engagements to fulfil, of interests to reconcile, and of discordant inclinations to satisfy! Two things however, were remarkable.—I never regretted that I had formed a connexion, which involved me in so much perplexity: on the contrary, the calamity having actually arrived, I was truly thankful that it was permitted to me, to be an agent in its alleviation; the other, that I never lost sight of the cheering hope, I might even say, of the entire conviction, that by some means or other, although I knew not when or how, we should be once more restored to a moderate share of ease and comfort; and I was not deceived in this confidence.

How inestimable did I again esteem the privilege of having been taught in the Christian school of Catterick, disciplined in the warfare of Stank-house, and instructed by the admirable discourses, and patient example of my beloved, suffering husband. I had not however been led by these excellent masters, to expect deliverance by the agency of a miracle, or without the concurrence of my own most strenuous efforts. I made enquiry therefore, by every means in my power, without Mr.

Cappe's knowledge, yet in his name, for an assistant in the ministry, whose talents, education, character, and manners, might fit him for the situation; and was actually in treaty with one, who, from what I afterwards heard of him, it would have been ruin to us to have engaged; when I heard by mere accident, of the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, who was meditating at the time, to take up his abode at Bath. It might be fatiguing to the reader, although not without its use to the reflecting mind, were I able at this distance of time, to retrace and enumerate the long train of circumstances, some of them apparently the most trivial, but mutually acting and re-acting upon each other, which took place during this negociation; and which were every one of them even the smallest, essential to its success. At length, every thing was prepared for the intended change; and the high character we had heard of this gentleman, was so fully attested, that Mr. Cappe acceded to his being engaged, without its being necessary to recite to himself in detail, all those very distressing circumstances, which had rendered the change absolutely necessary. Mr. Wellbeloved came to us on the 3rd of February, 1792, and we soon discovered what a treasure we had obtained. He was regarded by my husband with an affection truly parental; and became every thing to him by his humility, his disinterestedness, his varied talents, his desire of knowledge, especially of religious knowledge, his freedom from prejudice, and his unaffected piety. "This, my dear," would he often say to me, "is the very young man I wanted, he will be eminent in his day—how am I now surrounded with blessings!"

In the course of the following summer, Mr. Cappe so far recovered his strength, as to walk without assistance,

and to articulate with sufficient ease to have again some enjoyment in conversation. We made several visits in the country, and in particular, one to his most intimate friend, the late Mr. Lee of Staindrop, formerly attorney-general; who was still in full possession of his extraordinary colloquial powers, although then in a very declining state of health. These visits did not greatly interfere with our accustomed occupation of transcribing, which seldom suffered a day's interruption; and after our return home, it was persevered in with unremitting assiduity. Mr. C. was now again able to occupy himself in reading, and sometimes in original composition, but I was extremely anxious whenever it could be done, to prevent his making this exertion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Alarming state of health of Mr. Cappe's youngest son....Of his youngest daughter....Their father's second seizure....Distressing symptoms....Their gradual abatement....Former occupations in part renewed....Sermons on Providence published....A medal adjudged to Mr. Cappe's youngest son ....Consolation from Mrs. Lindsey's correspondence....Account of Dr. Priestley's situation in America....Death of Maria Logan...Dr. Robert Cappe graduates at Edinburgh....Comes to fix in York.

THE year 1793 opened under circumstances of extreme anxiety from other sources. Our youngest son, destined for the study of medicine, was in London, attending the hospitals. His health had always been delicate, and the accounts of him were now so alarming, as to excite the greatest apprehensions. I wrote to Dr. Aiken, earnestly requesting not only his advice, but that he would take whatever other steps respecting him

might be thought necessary; and it pleased a kind Providence, that by being removed into country lodgings, taking proper medicines, and abstaining some weeks from his studies, he was at that time happily restored. Nor had we less cause of alarm on account of our youngest daughter, whose health seemed rapidly declining, and who was taken so ill on the 2nd of April, as to appear without hope of recovery. As medical assistance was immediately necessary, it was impos ble that her danger could be concealed from her father, on whose account, any misfortune that threatened any of the young people, was felt by me with redoubled keenness. This was the crisis of her disease, she recovered gradually, although she continued through the summer, in a state of great feebleness and debility.

But these were merely the preludes to a still deeper sorrow. For on the fifth of that afflicting month, my dear Mr. Cappe had a second paralytic seizure, which in some respects, was even more distressing than the former. The extreme irritability of his stomach was indeed removed, but his head was much more affected. "How confused," he said to me, "are now my ideas which were wont to be clear as rock-water." With what poignancy did I feel this farther deprivation. Surely, I thought, if there be in the quiver of adversity, an arrow more keen than its fellows, it is that which is commissioned to lay low, intellectual powers like his! But perhaps, this was estimating the calamity beyond the truth. I ought to have been more thankful, and eventually I had the comfort of becoming so, that he was mercifully permitted to continue placid and resigned, that he had still the ability to be consoled and delighted by rehearsing many fine devotional compositions, prose

and poetical, tending to increase and invigorate an humble trust and confidence in the Author and Dispenser of these powers. By means such as these, the tedious hours of confinement to his bed were rendered less oppressive. After he began to recover however, and had left his room, we suffered a new and more afflictive distress: for some weeks he was wholly unconscious where he was—whether in his own house, or in a lodging. Often did he conjure me to tell him the whole truth, and not to deceive him in my replies. Alas! no one who has not trod the same desolate path, with a highly honoured and beloved friend, can form an adequate idea of the anguish occasioned by these heart-rending interrogatories.

Often did I ask myself how I should sustain the sorrow, if this same perplexity and confusion of ideas were to become permanent, but it pleased the good providence of God, that I should not be so tried; for in proportion as Mr. C. gained strength, and especially after we removed into country lodgings, and he could have the benefit of fresh air, by being drawn about in a garden-chair, these perplexities gradually subsided, and they were never afterwards adverted to, by either of us, except once, about three months afterwards. "Tell me, my dear," he said, "when I had my last seizure, was I really in my own house, or in lodgings?"—"You were indeed in your own house the whole time."—"That is enough," he replied; "I am sure you would not deceive me, and now I am perfectly satisfied."

About the month of June, Mr. Cappe was so far recovered, that we were enabled to resume our former occupation of transcribing; but his articulation was so imperfect, that I was frequently obliged to guess some of

the words, by the relation in which they stood with the context. The Dissertations however being regularly paged, we got through them with little comparative difficulty; but when we began with the Sermons, which were not paged, and were often interlined, the arrangement of a whole paragraph, as well as the supply of a particular word, would sometimes devolve upon the transcriber. We had also another difficulty. From among many hundred Sermons, it was my earnest wish to select those which were the most striking; but it was quite impracticable to request the author himself to arrange and look them over for that purpose. I was obliged therefore, to confine my choice to such as I had heard him preach, and to depend upon their character for comparative excellence, upon the judgment I had then formed of them, in the analysis I had endeavoured to make. How little did I at that time imagine that this effort would be the sole means of preserving a few, alas, but a very few, and those perhaps not the most excellent, of those admirable Discourses, to which I had so often listened with improvement and delight! The transcribing of his Notes on the Scriptures, written in short-hand, on the margin of different bibles, and frequently on little scraps of paper, attached to them, was attended with still greater difficulty.

The Sermons on Providence published in 1796, were among the first fruits of our labour; but even these had not the advantage of being corrected by the author himself, although published in his life-time. They were ushered into the world, as all his works have necessarily been, wholly unpatronized. The edition however, sold by its own merit; and I had repeatedly the satisfaction of knowing, that many a son and daughter of

affliction have been supported and cheered by the demonstrations they so clearly supply, that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and that every event which takes place throughout his boundless universe, has been, and is, and ever will be, under his sole direction and controul!

A constant succession of varied anxieties, which there would be no use in enumerating, but which were at the time sufficiently afflictive and depressing, continued to mark the remainder of the year 1793, and the whole of 1794. Among these, were the state of my daughter Anne's health, and a great pecuniary loss suffered by our second son, who had just entered for himself, into a branch of the Birmingham trade. This last however, I was so happy as to have the power of concealing from his father, by advancing money on my own account, to enable him to pay the debt, and to withdraw from a ruinous partnership; but still he was again afloat upon the world, and our own income was further lessened, at the very time when our expenses were necessarily increased.

The only event which occurred during these two years, from which we could derive any pleasure, was the adjudication of a gold medal, value five guineas, to our youngest son, (then in his second year in London) for the best dissertation on a given medical subject: an award the more flattering, as an earnest of future success, being never given, except when it happens that a paper is sent in, which is positively, and not merely comparatively, excellent. And as a proof of this, our son's medal, now in my possession, was only the third or fourth that had ever been given, although the Institution had then existed many years. The account of this

success was a cordial to his father's spirits. "I am now persuaded," he said, "that Robert will make a good physician; I was always," he added, "certain that he would be conscientious and humane: but I now believe that he will also be industrious and discriminating.

We could not have supported the expense of educating as a physician, this very promising young man, had it not been for the following singular circumstance, which I shall mention in illustration of this important truth; that events of continually increasing magnitude, like an overflowing river, from an almost imperceptible streamlet, often take their rise from the most trivial of what are commonly called accidents.

Robert was nursed in the country; and soon after he was brought home, being about four years old, he was playing in the yard, when an old lady belonging to the congregation, happened to come in, and asked if he knew her? "Yes," replied the child, "you are my grandmamma;" an answer which so struck her fancy, that she said to him, "Well, my dear, continue to call me so, and I will indeed be your grandmamma:" and from that time, she insisted upon buying all his clothes; she made him a present of £1000 in the three per cents, when he was about twelve years of age, and left him at her death, the reversion of her own very excellent house in this city.

One great relief to my mind, during these afflictive years of anxiety and apprehension, was the regular correspondence of my friend Mrs. Lindsey, from one of whose letters, which I have preserved, dated Oct. 13, 1794, I shall give the following quotation, both as a specimen of a manner so peculiarly her own, and to re-

lieve the reader for a few moments, from the dull monotony of domestic anxiety.

"The rage for going to America is like another rage which would continue the war. The first go for a freedom which exists no where, to live well without trouble, care, or disappointment; the latter would beat the French, because we have always done it, though they beggar both themselves and posterity, and forge iron fetters, worse than poverty for the country, and only to be broken again, by the tremendous method of overturning the whole system. Both delusions will answer great ends of divine Providence, and the instruments get discipline and moral improvement, by the disappointment of their wishes."

"Dr. Priestley has suffered no more from the climate than most people do, nor so much as might have been expected, from the uncommon season, added to the change of country. If they both had not possessed unusual strength both of body and mind, the events, both private and public, which have taken place at and since the riot at Birmingham, would have overset them. Whether they will sit down in quiet at Northumberland, where they now are, which is a pretty small town, upon a small branch of the Susquehanna, and near the new settlements,—or return to Philadelphia, is not absolutely determined. By a long letter received this week from Mrs. Priestley, she expresses a strong desire, aided by many good reasons, for their fixing near their family; but this makes him a useless man for life, with abilities for ten years of eminent usefulness to that Continent. I wish you could have seen the letter, as it is full of information of various kinds, though connected with their own particular case and circumstances. She desired I

would send it to Mrs. Finch, her daughter, as she had not time to write any more by the messenger, who took it to Philadelphia, 160 miles distant, and through an almost impassable road."

"The situation of the towns of Northumberland and Sunbury, is opposite to each other, and the river as broad as the Thames at London. They stand upon the fort, as they call it, containing about 500 houses together; the people are orderly, plain, quakerly, stiff in their manners to strangers, but will meet half-way, and become friendly. Perhaps so many English passing to and from the settlements, and residing during the rains, may excite jealousy, and this reluctance to assist with that readiness, which mere travellers meet with every where. Mrs. P. likes them much, and they her; and a year's residence, she says would get them comfortably accommodated. The country and views are enchanting; and the woods on the sides of the river, resemble Matlock, but more magnificent. She says that in nature there cannot be a more beautiful situation. They can have as good a house for £20 per ann. there, as for £100 sterling at Philadelphia; as much fire-wood for five or six shillings, as for fifty-eight shillings, or three guineas. Provisions in the like proportion; goods at the shops dearer, because fetched from Philadelphia. Any body but Dr. P. with his pittance, ought to live here. But he would be buried; nobody to teach; no means of continuing his philosophical pursuits; no means of repairing the breaches in his apparatus, to set his furnaces, &c. He could only sleep, and sail about; he might indeed think and write, but could not print. A few years will doubtless bring artificers, but every year after three-score, takes away vigour, and the power of exertion. If Mrs.

Priestley and his son are determined to stay, he yields certainly to what appears best for them; and he is so humble-minded, that he will think the work he loves best, making converts to the Divine Unity, will be done by other instruments."

In the year 1795, Maria Logan, the grand-daughter of my honoured preceptress, and of whose talents and early history, I have already so often spoken, terminated her short, but eventful life. After my mother and I came to fix at York, Mrs. L. and her daughter once more removed to live near us, and took a small house without one of the gates of this city. Maria had long been in a very bad state of health, and was at length so enfeebled, that for the last seven years she was wholly confined to her bed. Her mental faculties, however, were not at all impaired; and till within the last fortnight of her life, she continued, as she had ever been, a very agreeable and interesting companion. My daughters contributed much to sooth the couch of languor and suffering, by visiting her, one at a time, almost every day; and by supplying her with books from their father's library, as well as by administering every other alleviation in their power. She had a turn for poetry, which often beguiled the tedious hours, when even opium could not procure repose. We prevailed upon her, a year or two before her death, to select a few of these pieces, and print them by subscription, to disperse among her own and our particular friends.

In June 1797, our youngest son graduated at Edinburgh, after having studied there three years, with the greatest credit. He was elected one of the Presidents of the Medical Society, in his second year, a very unusual compliment; and which was rendered still more striking,

by his being re-chosen to fill that station a second time, in his last year, without any solicitation on his part; a distinction which I believe, has very rarely occurred. He passed the following autumn and winter in London, where he practised physic on an extensive scale, as an assistant to Dr. Willan, in a very large dispensary; and in the February of 1798, came to fix at York. We had long looked forward to this event with great anxiety; for if our hopes were enlivened by what we heard of his fame in Edinburgh and London, added to what we knew ourselves of his talents and disposition, our fears were not less excited by the repeated accounts which we also received, of his very delicate and alarming state of health; and how exceedingly did these apprehensions preponderate, when we saw his altered countenance, on his first entering the room, after an absence of half a year! He was himself conscious of the change, and avoided standing in a full light, lest his father also should perceive it. "I shall be better," he said to me, in a low voice, "in a little time;" and his prediction was eventually verified: for the disease under which his constitution then laboured, proved the measles, which made their appearance soon after, and from which he happily recovered in the course of a few weeks.

In the April of that year, a singular incident happened; and as it clearly demonstrates the extreme injustice and cruelty of those attempts to ensnare unwary innocence to its ruin, which are ranked in the fashionable world under the head of mere feats of gallantry, and are daily practised by young men, who we are told, in the same phraseology, have the best hearts in the world! I shall here detail the particulars of it, at some length,

giving the real names of the persons concerned; for wherefore should conduct so atrocious be concealed?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Author patronizes a deserted young Irishwoman....Outline of her history.

I WAS told one evening, that a person desired to speak to me; and on entering the room into which she had been shewn, I found a genteel looking young woman, on whose countenance was depicted the deepest melancholy. She rose as I entered. "It was Mr. Cappe, madam, I wished to speak to."—"I am very sorry you cannot see him, but his state of health does not admit of his receiving strangers.—Do you want any thing that I can tell him?"—"I do not know—I had hoped for his counsel and advice. I am the wife of Captain Sorrell of the 31st regiment, now quartered in this city, and came hither last night." Here she paused—she did not weep, but her sorrow seemed too big for utterance. "And he does not acknowledge you," I rejoined.—"O you have guessed the truth, he does not acknowledge me.—I am come from Ireland to meet him, and he will not receive me"—and she then appeared ready to faint.—I endeavoured to sooth and console her, promising all the assistance in my power, if the account she had stated, should prove to be the fact. She then took from her pocket-book, the certificate of their marriage—also a paper written by a lady, in the place where she had lived, testifying the respectability of her character. I promised to communicate these circumstances to my husband; enquired if she were in pecu-

niary distress, to which she returned a negative; and she then went away, saying that she would call again the following morning.

The whole of her address and manner was so simple, and her grief so evidently heartfelt, that I had little doubt of the truth of her story; yet, when the following day passed without my hearing any thing of her, I began to suspect that I had been deceived. The next morning, however, another young person made her appearance, who although apparently of very different character, seemed hardly less interesting than the former. She had a fine, animated countenance, bespeaking at once great sensibility, extreme indignation, and much warmth of affection. On entering the room, she burst into tears. —"Ah, madam! my sister is ill, very ill indeed; I do not think she is quite sensible, and I am afraid she will die; the cold behaviour, and the unfeeling cruelty of this man, will kill her—indeed I believe she will die."—"Who is your sister?"—"I thought you had known Mrs. Sorrell; was not she here? Did not she tell you about him?"—"A young person of that name, was here the day before yesterday, and promised to come again, but I did not know she had a sister with her."—"To be sure she has. O, I could not let her come alone, and so we are both here; poor Jane is in a high fever, and we have not a friend at all, at all; who could have thought it would have come to this? she has been delirious all night—and so she is in bed, and could not come. Will you go and see her, madam?"—"Undoubtedly I will;" and I accompanied her accordingly, to a small lodging near the inn, where I found the dejected mourner supported by pillows, with a countenance pale and languid, and at the same time, expressive of unutterable anguish.

On one side of the bed were scattered a number of her husband's letters, which she had been reading. "Here they are," she said; "he used to love me, but was it kind to bid me return directly to Liverpool? He might have seen I could not go now;—and then was it kind, not even to shake hands with me, after such a long, long separation? He would send me a hundred pounds, he said, to Liverpool, if I would go back—but what is his money to me, if I have lost his heart? I did not speak—but when he looked at me, and stood with the door in his hand, and saw me very faint—he did weep—but he would not come into the room—and when he saw me a little better, he bid me return to Liverpool; and then I besought him not to leave me again, and he grew angry and swore at me, and shut the door, protesting that he never would see me any more."

I endeavoured to put a stop to these hurried effusions of despair, by enquiring if they had sent for any medical advice? "Oh no," she said, "medicines will do me no good; can you tell me how I can call him back again? but do not expose him; do not tell any body but Mr. Cappe, how cruelly he has deserted me." I promised secrecy, and that if she would compose herself, I would do every thing in my power to assist her; but that in the mean time, I should immediately send an elderly medical friend, of whom I had the highest opinion; and that she must promise to take the medicines he should order, and implicitly follow his advice.

After I had left the room, her sister, Miss M'Clanaghan, gave me the following history, which was afterwards confirmed by Mr. Barber, a most respectable dissenting minister at Rathfryland; also by some others,

with whom I likewise corresponded on the subject; and by various authentic documents yet in my possession.

These two young women were natives of Rathfryland, a small market-town in the neighbourhood of Newry, in the County of Down, in Ireland. They had lost their mother, whilst very young; and their father paid little attention to their education, or even to their maintenance, although they lived in his house; but being industrious, ingenious girls, and both of them very quick at needle-work, they supported themselves by making up dresses for any ladies who would employ them. In the year 1792, the 31st regiment was quartered at Newry, seven miles distant, and ensign Sorrell was sent to Rathfryland, on a recruiting party. He was himself very young, and Jane M'Clanaghan just seventeen, and being unfortunately very beautiful, soon attracted his attention. For some time, he could not obtain a personal interview; and his letters which were usually brought by the wife of a soldier, were returned unopened. At length, it was determined that she should remove to the house of a married sister, who lived in the country, some miles distant, to avoid his importunities. Sorrell however, hearing of the intention, overtook her upon the road, and so powerfully pleaded his cause, that she consented to see him at the house of her brother-in-law, provided he gave his consent. Sorrell professed the most honourable intentions, was importunate to marry her immediately, lamenting indeed that he could not publicly acknowledge the marriage until he was of age, which would not be for a year to come; but that the ceremony should be performed in the presence of proper witnesses, and every security given of its legality, which she or her friends could desire. Young and inexperienced, and believing every

one as artless as herself, in an evil hour she imprudently consented to these terms.

Marriages in Ireland, like those in North Britain, are celebrated at any hour, in any place, and, I had almost said, by any person. There was at that time at Newry, a Mr. Reynolds, a seceding clergyman, who carried on a great traffic in this way, marrying many hundred couples in a year, the legality of which has never been called in question.*

By this man, ensign Sorrell and Jane M'Clanaghan, were married on the 12th of May, 1793, at four o'clock on a Sunday morning; at his own house, at Newry, her sister, Isabella M'Clanaghan, and her brother-in-law, Robert M'Conchy, being witnesses. They returned to the house of M'Conchy, where they remained about three weeks; when Sorrell being sent on a recruiting party to Dungannon, took a lodging there for his wife, in which they lived some months; but the marriage not being openly avowed, even these days of promised happiness were not unmixed with anxiety and sorrow; a

* Of this person, I received the following information from Mr. Barber, of Rathfryland, already mentioned. "Reynolds was minister to a small congregation of seceders in Newry. Many years ago, he was cast off on account of irregularities, and I believe, deposed. He then commenced *the trade* of marrying every couple who offered; and such are the habits of this country, that he did more business in that way, than all the Protestant clergy of the two counties of Down and Armagh. Indeed so profitable is this employment, that in every corner of the nation there is a Reynolds." Again;

"As to Jane's believing her marriage legal, I am sure she never entertained a doubt. She saw persons much above herself in station, going to Reynolds every day: three Miss Davisons, sisters, with large fortunes; squires, all ranks, half at least of the Protestants of this neighbourhood, and many Catholics. In short, no lady hesitates to receive his benediction. She takes her place in society on the same terms, as if married by his grace of Armagh."

beautiful young woman in circumstances of such suspicion, could not appear abroad without being liable to insult; and she therefore shut herself up, and saw no other persons but her husband, and the woman with whom they lodged.

In the August following, Sorrell had orders to march with his regiment to the south of Ireland, and as his wife could not accompany him, it was determined that she should remain with her sister in the house of their father, till his return. I have letters from him now in my possession, written to her from Dublin, August 26th; from Duncannon-Fort, Sept. 17th; from Waterford, Sept. 29th, and Oct. 13th; in the last of which, he tells her that he is appointed a lieutenant. In every one of these letters, he expresses the hope of a speedy return; they are not written with the levity which might be expected to characterize a casual, licentious connexion, but are expressive of that affectionate solicitude for her welfare and happiness, which results from a union formed on better principles. They are all directed to her sister; evidently because he could not give her the name to which their marriage had entitled her, without acknowledging her publicly as his wife. At length, a letter from Kinsale, Oct. 24th, announces the fatal intelligence that the regiment is under sailing orders. He tells her, how deeply he is distressed that he cannot have the happiness of seeing her before his departure;—conjures her to support her spirits;—that his absence will, he trusts, be short;—that he expects to have a company very soon, and shall then be independent and will return to her again;—assures her of his unalterable affection and love, which can end only with his life;—believes they are only going to England, and that he will

immediately write to her from thence;—sends her his picture, &c. &c.

Two months had elapsed since their separation;—every former letter had encouraged the hope of his speedy return. But now, what had formerly been anxious suspense, was instantly transformed into the deepest sorrow, bordering on despair: the shock was too severe, she was taken extremely ill, a miscarriage ensued, and for many months, her recovery was not expected. He promised to send remittances, but none ever arrived; and her faithful affectionate sister worked day and night, for their joint support.

In another letter, from the Cove of Cork, dated the 19th of Nov. just when they were about to sail, he says, "You will be ever present to my thoughts, and my mind will always be filled with the most fervent wishes for your welfare, and for my own speedy return. If any accident should happen to me, I shall take care to leave a will, which will ensure to you, the little I can dispose of, and which will be paid immediately." He adds, "I have written to Dublin, to settle a correspondence, for sending you any money, or whatever else you may want. We sail so suddenly, that I have not time to receive an answer, which must now come to me at Portsmouth; from whence I will write to you, and let you know where to receive the money, and how it must be sent. In the mean time, my dear girl, keep up as well as you can, you shall always hear from me, by every opportunity."

Unhappy youth! it might not at this time, perhaps, be thy intention to betray and abandon—the strain of these letters does not indicate such baseness.—But instead of sailing to Portsmouth, it was found, by sealed

orders, opened at sea, that the transports were to join Admiral Christian's fleet, destined to the West-Indies; and there alas! ere long, thy name became added to that of an innumerable multitude, who will for ever have cause to lament the shipwreck of their integrity, humanity, and truth, on those inhospitable shores, where African slavery, and European cruelty, detested progeny of insatiable avarice, are fruitful in producing a dreadful harvest of all that can corrupt, deform, and disgrace humanity!

Believing, as Mrs. Sorrell did, that the fleet was to sail no farther than England, what was the anguish of her mind, during a silence of four months, from the constant apprehension that the transport had foundered at sea! At length, she received a letter from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, dated Jan. 24th, 1794, in which Sorrell fully accounts for his long silence, and is profuse in his professions of everlasting attachment. "I shall fly," he says, "the moment we land either in England or Ireland, to Rathfryland, after which, we part no more:—I have taken care to dispose of a few hundred pounds for your use."

Some months after this, she had a second letter, dated Martinico, March 7th, in which he tells her, that he hopes to see her at home in three or four months, and repeats his protestations and assurances of "everlasting affection." After this time, several months elapsed, and she heard nothing; at length she saw his name among the wounded, in an engagement at St. Lucie, and still hearing nothing—"O, he is dead," she from time to time exclaimed; "ah, wherefore was I not permitted to watch by his sick couch, to assist in dressing his wounds, and to sooth his dying agonies?"—Alas! to her, to

truth, to honour, and to virtue, Sorrell was indeed dead; he had probably at that time, formed a new connexion, and had sunk to rise no more, in profligacy and vice!—"We had a window," said her sister, "which looked upon the road, on which the post came from Dublin: at this window, day after day, did poor Jane place herself, listening to the trampling of every horse's foot, hoping at length she might receive a letter."

After some months of unutterable anxiety, the wife of a serjeant in the 31st regiment, who lived at Rathfryland, received a letter from a friend, purporting that her husband had been killed in the West-Indies;—that the regiment was come to England, and was then in London; and desiring her to go thither to receive some arrears of pay that were due to him, adding, that Captain Sorrell was alive and well.

What were the emotions which this letter excited! "In London, Sorrell in London! Alive and well, and yet he has not written to me!"—She determined to set out immediately. In vain did her friends endeavour to dissuade her from doing it, till she should hear from himself.—"Sorrell in London," she replied, "and I not go to him!"—She set out immediately with the serjeant's widow, who was a decent, elderly woman; and after their arrival in London, as they were returning from Craig's court, where they had been to make the necessary enquiries of the army agent,—they accidentally met in the street, the lost, abandoned Sorrell. He started, and turned pale; alas, it was the vision he saw of his departed honour. Recollecting himself however, he said coldly, that he was surprised to meet her there—how exceedingly imprudent—what could have brought her to London?—"What could have brought me, do I

live to hear that question ?"—"Yes, to be sure you do, what can have brought you ? I have no place where I can receive you ; I am residing with my mother, and you must not come near the place."—" O ! Sorrell, after such an absence, do we meet thus?"—"To be sure we do, how should we meet, if you would be so absurd ? I insist upon it that you return immediately to Ireland." —At length, however, after many cruel reproaches he appointed an hour the next day, when he would see her again, in St. James's park. With trembling steps and a broken heart, she repaired thither. He renewed his reproaches ; but at length, softening a little, gave her £20 for travelling expenses ; and charged her to return to Ireland. She would not promise to do this, but said she would return to the house of a friend at Liverpool, and wait to hear from him there ; and he then told her, that when the regiment should go into quarters, he would send for her.—They then parted ; she returned to Liverpool, whither her sister, hearing of her cruel reception, had followed to comfort her, and to share her fate.

They waited some months without hearing from him ; when at length, being informed that the regiment was stationed in York, they determined to make one more effort, and to come hither.

On their arrival, they enquired for the lodgings of Capt. Sorrell ; (for he had then obtained a company) and it was determined that Isabella M'Clanaghan should go, and inform him that Mrs. Sorrell was here. I shall relate the adventure in her own words. " Is Capt. Sorrell at home ?" she interrogated the servant who opened the door.—' I am not certain, but I know his lady is.' 'His lady ! Be so good as to conduct me up-stairs.' On my entering the room, a pretty young woman, with

a sweet countenance, set me a chair. 'Do you want Capt. Sorrell?' On replying that I did, 'I will call him,' she said; my heart ached for her. Poor deceived young creature, thought I, thy time of sorrow too will come! In a few moments, Sorrell opened the door of an inner chamber. 'Ah, is it you?' I replied that I wished to speak to him alone; and he desired me to follow him, and shut the door. 'Capt. Sorrell, my sister is here.' —'Your sister.' 'Where are you?' "At the tavern." How excessively imprudent! Well, do not stay here; when it is dark, I will call upon you.' On my return to the inn, and relating these circumstances, poor Jane fell senseless on the carpet. In my fright, I rang the bell; the waiter came, followed by the master of the tavern, and two or three other persons. It was some time before any signs of life returned. When she came to herself, seeing so many strangers, she requested they would leave her. 'I am,' she said, 'in great trouble of mind, and wish to have no one about me, but my sister.' When they were gone, we consulted together, and determined to get the mistress of the hotel to engage for us a small private lodging, which she did immediately, and we decided to go thither when we should have seen Sorrell."

"He came at the time appointed. As he entered the room, 'Did I not desire you,' he said, 'if you would not return to Ireland, that at least you would stay at Liverpool? I insist upon it, that you return thither in the coach to-night;' and then, taking bills out of his pocket, to the amount of £25, he threw them upon the table. 'There, take these to defray your expenses.' My sister was unable to speak; attempting to rise however, she would have taken his hand, but he turned hastily

away.—'Go to Liverpool to-night,' I replied; 'cannot you see the situation my poor sister is in?'—'Well, then to-morrow you must go, but I desire you will not stay in this house, living at such an expense, and attracting every eye.'—'I suppose, Capt. Sorrell,' I said to him, 'that to attract every eye, in our present forlorn situation, is at least as distressing to us, as it can be to you—but make yourself easy, we have got a lodging.' —'Where pray?—I will call again to-morrow evening, at the same hour;' and so saying, he hurried out of the room."

The two sisters enquired the following morning if there were an elderly dissenting minister in York. Mr. Cappe was mentioned; and this produced the visit, an account of which has been already given. Sorrell came again that evening, according to appointment—opened the door of their small room, but would not come in. The object of his visit was again to enforce their immediate return to Liverpool; but seeing her upon the bed, with a death-like countenance—he seemed for a moment to suffer some degree of sorrow and remorse; he burst into tears—but recovering in an instant, resumed his former strain: swore they should return to Liverpool, and threatening revenge, if they told their story to any living creature; adding, however, that if they did, it would not signify, for who would credit such friendless fugitives! and then furiously shutting the door, flew hastily down stairs.—Yet "these are honourable men! all honourable men!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

History continued....A curious dialogue....Various attempts to do her justice....Their return to Ireland....Subsequent exemplary conduct....Causes of failure in a merited prosecution.

Isabella M'Clanaghan having put into my hands the certificate of Sorrell's marriage, together with his letters, all of which are now in my possession, and from which I have made the above extracts—I enquired if there were any officers in the regiment, who they thought would be likely to befriend them? They mentioned the Lieut.-Col., and I promised to speak to him; but on going to his lodgings, and finding him engaged with company, I left a message, requesting he would call that evening at my own house. He came accordingly, but very contrary to my wishes, was accompanied by the hero of this narrative. As the interview was curious, and I made minutes at the time, I shall give it verbatim.

Capt. Sorrell. "I understand you wanted me, ma'am."

"No, sir, it was Col. H. I wished to speak to—it was to be sure about your business."

"My business, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, in relation to the young woman you married five years ago, in Ireland."

"It is a falsehood,—I am not married."

The young woman, sir, has the certificate of your marriage, by Mr. Reynolds of Newry; the attestation of the Rev. Mr. Barber of Rathfryland, to the genuineness of the hand-writing of Mr. Reynolds, and the solemn deposition of one of the witnesses, made in the presence of the whole congregation.—My design in requesting

this interview with Col. H."—Here I was interrupted by that personage, who vociferated—

Col. H. "If I were you, captain, I would prosecute her for forgery; forgery is a hanging matter, is it not? Yes, I would prosecute her for forgery, and then she would be hanged as she deserves—I would, and then she would be hanged,—I would."

I cannot do justice to the eloquence and energetic language of this gentleman, every sentence being interlarded with a great and awful name, which I dare not allow myself to prophane, by repeating on such an occasion, in such a connexion. The reasoning and manner of the Col. brought to my mind the eloquence of sir Plume, in the Rape of the Lock.

> "It grieves me much," (replied the Peer again)
> "Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain."

Mrs. C. "If there has been any forgery committed by this poor unfortunate young woman, sir, I apprehend, it should be Mr. Reynolds, and the witnesses, who should bring their prosecution, and not Capt. Sorrell. It is not his name that has been forged."

Capt. S. "I am not married—it is a falsehood—adding the usual vehement asseverations.

Col. H. "I would prosecute her for forgery—I would make her an example."

"I wish, gentlemen, you would for once restrain yourselves a little, in your mode of conversation, I have not been quite accustomed to such sort of language."

Both. "Very likely not—very likely not,"—vociferating in the same manner, with augmented fury, and going towards the door,—Capt. S. adding, "I am not married."

"You admit, however, that you seduced this unfortunate young woman under false pretences, and then deserted her." No answer.

Col. H. "As you have thought fit to bring one message, you may carry another—tell her she shall be prosecuted for forgery.—Yes, for forgery—a hanging matter, is it not? Yes, a hanging matter."

"I was not conscious, sir, that I had brought any message; neither shall I carry one. This is not precisely the behaviour which I expected from gentlemen. I shall not, however, be intimidated.—I will give all the assistance and protection in my power, to these unfortunate young women, and will endeavour to influence my friends to do the same." Upon which, the captain and his friend the colonel, abruptly departed, ringing changes on the words, death, damnation, forgery, &c.

After this interview, it was in vain to indulge any hope of justice, unless it were by compulsion; and I was determined therefore, to try if something could not be effected in that way. One of two things only could be attempted; either actually to prosecute Sorrell in the Spiritual Court, or, by convincing him that we had the power, to compel him to allow his wife a separate maintenance. I was most disposed to the first, but the proceeding would be tedious and expensive; and the poor young woman herself, was extremely unwilling to resort to it, for she had so much tenderness remaining for him, that she could not support the idea of exposing his character. I consented therefore to try the latter; and accordingly wrote the following note to Col. H.

"From a principle of justice to a much injured young woman, as well as for his own information, Mrs. Cappe informs Col. H., that this morning's post has brought her

from Ireland, the most unequivocal proof of the marriage of Capt. Sorrell with Jane M'Clanaghan. Believing from what she had before seen of Mrs. S. and her sister, as well as from the testimonies they brought along with them, that such convincing proofs of the marriage might hereafter be obtained, as have now been received, Mrs. C. meant to have suggested to Col. H., when she desired an interview with him, that the best mark of friendship he could shew Capt. S.. would be to advise him to make a small settlement upon his wife, rather than to incur the disgrace of having the transaction made public, and to run the risk of a legal prosecution. Col. H. well knows by what means this eclaircissement was prevented, and perhaps he will now regret that mistaken zeal for his friend, caused him so entirely to lose sight of the behaviour of a gentleman on that occasion, as to preclude the possibility of his being made acquainted with some particulars, relating to the marriage of Capt. S., of which he was probably ignorant, and which might have put it in his power to have served Capt. Sorrell essentially."

"In further justice to Mrs. S. and her sister, Mrs. C. cannot but add, that the artless simplicity, the modest, unassuming propriety of their behaviour, and the years of painful anxiety, and suspense which they have endured, terminated at last by injustice the most flagrant, have gained them many friends in this city and neighbourhood, among persons of the first respectability, and who will assuredly do their utmost, in assisting Mrs. S. to obtain all the redress of which circumstances so afflicting, can admit."

May 12, 1798.

Col. H. did not think fit to return any answer; but Capt. S. wrote as follows.

"Capt Sorrell has been obliged by Lieut. Col. H. with a perusal of Mrs. C.'s letter of this day."—

"Capt. S. feels it necessary to notice it in order to prevent any further trouble to Col. H., and he is surprised that any one should have thought fit to occasion that trouble, after the reply given on the same subject, on the first application."

"Capt. S. thinks this a sufficient answer to the principal part of Mrs. Cappe's letter, and has merely to add, that notwithstanding the many friends, which the artless simplicity, and unassuming propriety of those ladies may have gained, he will be happy in an appeal to the laws: assured that the disgrace resulting from such an event, can fall only on them and their abettors."

"Capt. S. hopes this letter will effect the object of his writing; the preventing any further trouble to Col. H. on a subject with which he is so totally unconnected, and on which any application is of course, equally useless and disagreeable; and that by the same means, any further correspondence, on a matter which will no more be noticed by Capt. S., will be entirely obviated."

Previous to these transactions, we had engaged a more decent lodging for these two young women, and introduced them to many friends, who had been exceedingly interested for them. With some of these friends therefore, we now consulted on the best means to be pursued. Mrs. S. herself, would have dropped the matter here; so indifferent did it seem to her, what the outward circumstances of a life might be, the happiness of which was already so completely destroyed. We stated to her, however, that she owed it to her friends, and in particu-

lar, to her sister, who had done so much for her, to endeavour to obtain a decent independence; and at length she consented, that the case should be stated to the colonel of the regiment, Lord Mulgrave, who was at that time in the neighbourhood of Beverley, and who was likewise commander-in-chief of all the troops then encamped in the east-riding of this county.

We were well aware that the powers of lord M. did not extend beyond the line of his military duty; yet we hoped (vainly indeed, as it proved,) that the just indignation he would feel against such conduct, especially if no contrition were shown, might have some influence on the mind of Sorrell, to make all the reparation in his power. None of Mrs. Sorrell's friends here, had the honour of being known to Lord Mulgrave, but a lady in his own neighbourhood, who was interested in her story, had the kindness to introduce her and her sister to him. They carried with them the certificate of her marriage with Sorrell, the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Barber, together with the letters, and various affidavits in her favour, which I have already mentioned as being in my possession. They were received by lord Mulgrave with great politeness—he heard their story—looked over the papers—said he was extremely sorry to hear such a charge brought against captain Sorrell, as there was not an officer in the regiment, whom he more highly esteemed: That he would talk with him however on the subject, and let them know the result; accordingly the next day, Mrs. S. received the following note from his lordship.

"Madam,

"I have seen Capt. S. who denies in the most

pointed and positive terms, that any marriage ever did, or was intended to take place between you; under these circumstances, you will perceive how impossible it is for me to have any concern or interference in the business.

I am.

Madam, &c.

MULGRAVE."

The astonishment of the two sisters, at this repeated denial of the marriage, is not to be expressed; they had always believed, and even yet, after such repeated proofs of his perfidy, were still persuaded, that had they been present to have cross-examined him on the subject, in the presence of lord Mulgrave, he durst not have denied it; but to this trial, they well knew he would not consent, and were therefore compelled to return without hope of redress from this quarter.

During the absence of the two sisters, we had made a little subscription here, for their present support, and also to enable us to enter a prosecution against Sorrell, in the Spiritual Court, if the application to lord Mulgrave should prove ineffectual. The sum amounted to more than one hundred pounds; and we were assured by some of our law friends, whom we had consulted, that there was sufficient evidence of the marriage, to ensure success. What we wished, was to obtain a divorce, and to oblige Sorrell to allow something annually, or to advance a certain sum for Mrs. Sorrell's maintenance. He was served with a citation accordingly, in the month of July, and upon the return of the citation, an appearance on his part, was entered. These steps were taken immediately, that no time might be lost; but it was judged expedient, to take the opinion of the validity of the mar-

riage, on the principles of Irish law, previously to any further proceedings; and accordingly the case was clearly stated by a respectable proctor of this city, without fee or reward, first to Dr. Hodgkinson, and afterwards to Dr. Browne of Dublin.

About the middle of August, 1798, before an answer could be received to these enquiries, our two young friends were plunged into a new and deep affliction, by a letter from Ireland, informing them, that the husband of another sister, a serjeant in the Downshire Militia, had fallen in an engagement with a party of French, who had landed in the west of Ireland—that their sister, and her three children, had accompanied him thither; that she was brought to bed of a fourth child, in the midst of strangers, two days before he was killed; and that she was left without any means of support. I was present when this letter was received. Mrs. S. turned pale, but did not speak. This brave young man had been her particular friend, and so anxious that she should obtain justice, that on hearing of Sorrell's perfidy, he would instantly have come to England to have espoused her cause, had it not been for the distracted state of the country, and the French invasion. Isabella burst into a flood of tears. "Poor Mary!" she exclaimed—"Jane, we must return immediately to try to console her, and work for her, and assist in bringing up her family."

The resolution was no sooner made, than acted upon; they determined to return by Liverpool, and on the 19th of that month, took their sorrowful departure. This was a scene not easily to be forgotten. Isabella wept bitterly—"But I know," she said, "we shall meet in heaven." Mrs. Sorrell dropped upon her knees, and clasped her hands, as if her gratitude could no otherwise be express-

ed, than by praying for her benefactors. One of my daughters accompanied them as far as Leeds. In the chaise, Mrs. Sorrell was seized with convulsions, from extreme distress of mind, and it appeared for some time, as if these sufferings would have been her last.

They were in this city five months, and although Mrs. Sorrell generally appeared tranquil, yet the affecting melancholy of her countenance never varied. Remarking this one day to her sister, she replied, "Yes, but you would wonder if you had known Jane before she knew Sorrell.—She was the most lively girl in the whole town; and then she was so admired! there was a very good young man would gladly have had her—but she was so taken with Sorrell! She never would see him once after she married; and then he did not know how it was. poor young man! and so he fretted till he grew sick and left the country."

These young women were both perfectly uneducated, yet was there always a propriety in their behaviour, and a delicacy in their sentiments, which would have done honour to the most cultivated minds.

We heard afterwards, that they were received by their relations with great kindness and affection, but that they had both suffered greatly from grief, anxiety, and fatigue. They found their poor widowed sister with her four infants, just returned to Rathfryland, of whom M'Clanaghan thus writes to my daughter. "If my dear Miss Sarah had seen Mary and her four poor children on a car, travelling 200 miles, and every minute expecting to be murdered by the rebels, and the horse and car pressed three times by the army, and herself and her children left on the road, without a friend to speak to, and broken-hearted for the loss of her husband, it would

have made her drop many a tear; for although the people in the west are all rebels, yet they respected sorrow and distress such as hers."

The answers from the two Irish civilians did not arrive till the following November. They did not object to the minister, the place or the hour; such irregularities as we should call them, occurring every day in Ireland, in respect of marriages, which are never disputed. But they both demurred a little, in the true lawyer style, (filling their letters with quotations from different Acts of Parliament) whether the privilege was granted to dissenting ministers, by this statute and the other clauses of marrying persons who are not both of them dissenters.—They admit indeed, that the right of doing it is never called in question; and that such marriages do actually take place every day, but they are not quite certain whether a marriage so circumstanced, would stand a formal trial.

This doubt of theirs whether well or ill-founded, was exceedingly discouraging, and determined us not to proceed with the prosecution. It was obvious however, that if there were just cause for it, this case of Sorrell's would involve in it a great national question; it being one instance only, among a thousand others, of persons who stand in exactly the same predicament, and to whom and to their children, it is a matter of the first importance, that the legality of their marriage should be completely decided.

Had I been otherwise circumstanced, either in respect to leisure, composure of mind, or pecuniary resources, the risk should have been run; but upon mature consideration, it was thought to be more decidedly for the advantage of Mrs. Sorrell, to remit her the money we had

collected for them, to establish herself and her sister in business; than to expend it in a contest, the issue of which, as it turned upon an ambiguous expression in an obscure Act of Parliament, might admit of some doubt.

The reader will be gratified by hearing that so great has been their industry, so exemplary their conduct, and so universal the sympathy excited by the wrongs of Mrs. Sorrell, and the generous attachment of her incomparable sister, who for her sake refused an advantageous marriage, that she might remain with her, and assist in her support, that they are respected and patronized by the ladies of the whole district. I continue to correspond occasionally with Mr. Barber, and am told by him in a letter received September, 1806, that they now entirely maintain their aged father, and that they are likewise supporting and educating three of the children of "poor widowed Mary."

In the following year, Sir Lawrence Parsons being in York, I stated to him the particulars above related, respecting Sorrell's marriage, and the doubts of the civilians; remarking, that it behoved all those who were in similar circumstances, to inquire into their legitimacy, and to adopt some method of finally settling the question. He saw the subject in the same light, and had the goodness to state the case to his brother, who is eminent in the law, and who told him in reply, that the statute which created the doubt in the mind of the two civilians, relates principally to the case of minors and papists, and is therefore irrelevant, in his opinion, to the present case.—He adds, "I am confident there is no law here prohibiting such marriages, and the case may be con-

sidered as if the marriage had been in England, before statute 26, George II."

Unfortunately I did not receive this opinion from Sir L. Parsons, till near the close of the year 1800. The money had long been transmitted to Ireland; Sorrell had quitted the 31st regiment, as I was informed, had been sent abroad, and I was farther incapacitated from resuming the prosecution, by the very declining state of my dear husband's health. Thus did Sorrell, for this time escape with impunity, from the threatened earthly tribunal;* but, if I mistake not, there is a warning voice in his own bosom, which as health fails, and youth glides away, will assume a louder and still louder tone, and which eventually in this world or in another, will insist upon being heard.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sale of property....First introduction to the daughters of the late eminent Dr. Cullen....Anecdotes of a distressed Flemish family....Unseasonable weather....Various perplexities....Death of Mrs. Lindsey's mother....Mr. Cappe's third afflicting seizure....His imperfect recovery....Last visit of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey....Their sudden departure....Mr. Cappe's picture taken....His rapidly declining health....Dr. Cappe appointed a Physician to the Dispensary....The account of Charity Schools published....Last sickness and death of Mrs. Rayner....Her extraordinary character.

WHILST I was engaged in the fruitless endeavour to obtain some imperfect redress for this cruelly injured

* Some years after the writing of this Memoir, Col. Sorrell was cast in an action for Crim. Con. brought against him by Lieut. Kent, to whom 3000*l.* damages were awarded. The case was justly described by Mr. Brougham, as one of the most aggravated that had ever come before a court of justice See the Observer of July 7, 1817.—Ed.

young woman, and indeed throughout the whole of that year, my time was much occupied also, by pecuniary arrangements of our own. Having obtained the consent of my mother and of Mr. Cappe, I had determined to sell our estate in Craven, in order to improve our income, by placing out on mortgage, what should remain, after paying some debts which its deficiency had obliged us to contract, notwithstanding the strictest economy, and likewise to assist our young people.

Ever after his second seizure, Mr. Cappe had left the management of pecuniary, and indeed of all our other concerns, entirely to me; and as my estate had sold well, I was encouraged by it, to prevail upon him to sell his own also in Lincolnshire, and to dispose of the produce by will, in equitable proportions, at his death, among his children. The making of this will he committed to me; saying, he was certain it would be just and equitable, and that he would sign it when finished. Our young people were also of the same opinion, but they of course, were made acquainted with the several particulars: however, on this occasion, as on all others, I have the happiness of saying, that the harmony of the family was never interrupted for a single moment, by the slightest jealousy or distrust of any kind whatever.

It was during the summer of 1798, that I had the privilege of being first introduced to the two youngest daughters of the late very eminent Dr. Cullen,—Miss Margaret Cullen, and Mrs. Craig Millar, widow of the eldest son of the late eminent Professor Millar, who at that time, took lodgings for some months in this city—both of them distinguished for many virtues and for very superior conversational powers, and from whose acquaintance and friendship, I have since derived both pleasure and improvement.

This year closed, and that of 1799 opened, with many anxieties, especially on the subject of Dr. Cappe's health. During part of the spring, I was occupied, among other things, in endeavouring to assist a fugitive Flemish family, a widow and three sons, who had fled their country when the French invaded it; going first to Holland, and afterwards, when the French armies went thither also, again emigrating, and making their escape in winter, in an open boat, although previously very ill in the ague. After suffering incredible hardships, and being brought to the very brink of the grave, they were landed at Bridlington-Quay, where they must have perished, but for the kindness of late Lady Strickland, who paid for their lodgings and medicines, and supplied them with victuals, till they were able to be removed hither in a chaise, and were placed in the County Hospital. Having given Mrs. Lindsey some account of these poor people, she thus replies:—

"Your Flemish family are in a very pitiable case, although more has been done than could have been, had they not been cast where they were: It would have been happy to have died, but more trial and purification is appointed for them. Nothing excites my wonder more, than that persons unconnected with the country, ignorant of its language and manners, should fly from their own to it. They could but be poor, miserable, sick, and die; that is the worst that can happen; and to come, certainly to two out of the four, amongst strangers, would be to me worse than the amount. I should struggle in my native land somehow, and know how to do it; but so many unknown and insurmountable difficulties amongst foreigners, to whom I could not speak, nor understand their pity if I met with it, would infallibly keep me from

running from even death itself, to their protection. But they must have a love of life which I never had, and enjoy it under circumstances to which I am a total stranger. The French here laugh and sing, as if nothing had befallen them; some seem more serious, walk and sit in the public gardens, reading their mass-book, and counting their beads, many hours in a day. The women of any fashion are quite retired, and seek subsistence from work of various kinds, but do not seem capable of any attachment or gratitude to those who procure it for them."

The spring of 1799 was very tempestuous, and the whole of the following summer so cold and rainy, that neither did the corn ripen, nor was it possible to reap it in autumn, without the greatest damage and loss. Every one complained of the weather, except my beloved invalid, of whom it was literally true, so composed, contented, and resigned was his spirit, that

"All seasons and their change, all pleased alike."

We were much harassed by removing into a new house, and after being just relieved from some of our pecuniary embarrassments, had an uncommon share of those lesser perplexities, which arise from the ignorance, folly, and perverseness of servants; to which those are peculiarly liable whose circumstances will not allow of their selecting and adequately rewarding those, who are most competent, faithful, and orderly.

Part of the summer was spent by my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, at Richmond, in Yorkshire, in attendance upon the dying bed of Mrs. Blackburne, Mrs. Lindsey's mother. August 24th, I received an account of her death in a letter, from which the following is an ex-

tract.—"My mother died yesterday at six o'clock, without a wish unaccomplished, and without a struggle; far beyond my expectation, for she had passed a very suffering day. She was perfectly sensible, and quite herself. We had all prayed by her in the afternoon, a prayer Mr. Lindsey had composed and used, suited to her case, and her attention suspended all complaint at the time, as also during family prayer at night, which was always in her room. She took leave of us, knowing us distinctly, so that nothing could be more satisfactory."..."Now that my exertions are over, my poor system is much shattered, and although I did all I could to relieve and comfort such an excellent parent, and she felt it, yet such is my diseased state, that I cannot rejoice and be thankful for this additional favour, added to innumerable others, which the Giver of nothing but good, has bestowed upon me. I shall however, seek to turn to other duties, and trust the same support will be afforded, whilst any work remains to be done."

Of Mr. Lindsey she thus speaks:—"He is not stout, but calm, and contented with all things, and fit either to live or die. He would be glad to be more useful in the world if he could, but his day is over as to any thing material, yet he can rejoice in the labours of others, and his judgment and right feelings are unimpaired. We hope in our return, to pass a little time with you, to take a personal leave of our dearest friends in the north, whither we shall never return again." The warning was prophetic, for they never afterwards did visit Yorkshire.

The whole of this year is registered in my memory, as one continued series of anxiety, and fear: yet still the threatened calamities of various descriptions suc-

cessively passed away, until the 6th of September, on the night of which, an affliction befel us which did not pass away.

My dear husband had been liable to slight paralytic attacks ever after his second violent seizure in April, 1793. He had repeatedly fainted away, and lost his recollection after his recovery, for some time, so that I never left him, even for a few moments, without the most painful apprehensions as to the state in which I might find him on my return, nor was he ever left quite alone. But in this afflictive night, he entirely lost the use of one side, and the power of speech for some days, which he never afterwards sufficiently recovered, to admit of our resuming the interesting occupation of daily transcribing from his short-hand papers; an employment which had been to us both for the space of nearly eight years, a source of pure and unvaried satisfaction. "I have not quite lost a day," he was accustomed to remark, when the book was closed; and I can have no question but that the consolation which resulted from this reflection, contributed essentially to his peace and comfort. If therefore, no other end had been answered by these labours, still should I have had cause for great thankfulness, that my mind had been so strongly impelled to engage in them.

When Mr. Cappe was sufficiently recovered to admit of it, we had the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey's promised visit. We had seen them twice before, for a few days, since Mr. Cappe's first illness; and I now flattered myself that they would spend a longer time with us, which would have been an unspeakable comfort to me, in our present afflictive circumstances; but they were summoned away on the sixth day of their visit by

the apoplectic attack of a very old friend, near London. How acutely did I feel this disappointment! The prop on which I had so vainly rested, was in a moment withdrawn. Had I known from the first, that their stay would have been so short, my mind, I thought, might have been reconciled to it, but this was the unexpected deprivation of one of the greatest comforts which I was at that time capable of enjoying. A thousand things rushed upon my mind which I had neglected to do or say. I anticipated that Mrs. Lindsey's foreboding would be verified, that they would visit us again no more, and my heart sunk within me. So true it is, that much of the poignancy of our griefs depends upon the occurrence of various minute circumstances, of which the mere outward observer can take no cognizance, and that when the cup of sorrow is already filled, the smallest addition is of magnitude sufficient to make it overflow!

My invaluable, ancient friend, although at that time in his 76th year, was still in full possession of all his mental powers, and had so much bodily vigour and activity, that he could walk many miles, without the slightest fatigue, could ascend the highest flight of stairs with the greatest rapidity, and in his walks, leap over any gate upon which he could lay his hand. I mention these circumstances, as being very extraordinary in a studious man, who had never been accustomed to violent exercise, and whose general habits were necessarily sedentary.

Whilst my friends remained with us, we prevailed upon my dear husband to sit for his picture; sickness, however cruel its ravages, had not deprived him of the fine expression of his countenance—so placid, so serene,

so heavenly, and although the artist may not have caught the whole likeness, yet it is sufficiently striking, if the portrait were placed in circumstances to favour the deception, to cause it to be almost mistaken for the original.

Towards the latter end of this summer, Dr. Robert Cappe was chosen one of the Physicians to the Dispensary in this city. His uncommon medical talents were now beginning to be known, and to be duly appreciated; and there was little doubt, if his health, which was still very threatening, could sustain the fatigue of extensive practice, of his soon becoming very eminent.

Although my dear invalid recovered considerably after his third seizure, during the first three weeks, yet from that time, he became gradually more and more feeble. He was never able afterwards to turn himself in bed, or to walk across the room, without the assistance of two persons; and it was with extreme difficulty, during the whole summer of 1800, that we could accomplish his daily rides in the garden-chair, in which for many years, I had generally had the pleasure of assisting to draw him. He had frequent colds; and having quite lost the power of assisting himself by expectoration, suffered greatly at times, from a difficulty of breathing. He had repeated, alarming threatenings of a fourth paralytic attack, but from this additional sorrow we were in mercy, spared. One pleasure yet remained, the visiting now and then my aged mother, who had attained her eighty-fifth year, and lived within a few doors of us. These visits were not achieved without great fatigue on his part, and extreme anxiety and apprehension on mine, but whenever they could be accomplished, it was a gala day to them both.

A new duty which now devolved upon me, was some relief to my mind, by forcibly withdrawing it sometimes from one overpowering apprehension: it arose out of the following peculiar circumstances.

An interval of thirteen years had elapsed since the introduction of the new regulations into the Grey-Coat School, in which I had been a principal agent; and although it was generally admitted that the girls were better instructed whilst they remained there, and were more complete servants after they had left it, than they had ever been, previous to those regulations, yet the leading principles on which they were founded, were very little known. Even the governors themselves, although they had consented to abolish the former practice of apprenticing the girls for their labour, and to change the mode of boarding with the master and mistress, into that of keeping house from the funds of the Institution, and of paying wages to the matron and assistant mistresses, were so far from having made themselves acquainted with the ground on which these changes rested, that they had lately proposed an important deviation from a general rule, to accomplish a particular purpose, which, had it been complied with, might in future, have been totally subversive of the whole. I was applied to on this occasion, and as there appeared no method so likely to prevent such innovations, as to give the history of those regulations, which had been found so salutary, I undertook immediately to write a full account of the whole transaction. This account was published in the course of the summer; and at the same time, I was occasionally occupied with Mrs. Salmond and some other ladies of this city, in preparing a plan for the institution of a new Female Benefit Club,

on an enlarged scale; which we hoped to establish on the commencement of the ensuing year.

On the 23rd of August, I received a particular account from Mrs. Lindsey, of the last sickness and death of their excellent friend, Mrs. Rayner, who then resided at Clapham, and of whose first acquaintance with Mr. Lindsey, I have already given some account.* The following is an extract. "We rejoice, and so will you, that we went not into the north this summer, as we should only have had the trouble and expense of the journey, and must have left you soon and suddenly as last year, in consequence of the death of our very excellent old friend, Mrs. Rayner, about ten days ago. On the 7th, she brought us from Clapham to Morden, in her usual health, and apparently without fatigue, but she said if the heat still continued, in which at noon, she must ride seven miles back to dinner, she should attempt it no more, as the fatigue of the whole was inexpressible. On Wednesday at dinner, she was taken extremely ill, and early on Thursday morning after a bad night, and rapidly increasing dangerous symptoms, I was sent for by Dr. Blackburne, who attended her. She was too much oppressed to express much pleasure, and could hardly speak to be heard, but was perfectly sensible, and asked who told me? and whence I came? I sent directly to her relations. The messenger met the duchess of Hamilton on the road, who came immediately, and desired to see her good aunt, and wished to have sat up with her the following night. Before five in the morning, all was over, and her own wishes accomplish-

* See page 154.

ed by a short illness, and going to sleep without sigh or struggle."

"Thus terminated a most useful, active, and benevolent life, at eighty-six complete, with hardly any interruption of exertion; her memory and senses quite perfect. She told me she should never recover, and added more, but her voice was so low, that I could not hear: but as all her work was done, and her mind, as I could see, by her uplifted eyes and hands, resting wholly on her Maker, all she could have said was immaterial."

"I shall always praise and respect her great relations, for their affectionate and respectful behaviour on this occasion. Her nephew, lord Gwdyr, described her worth with great justness; and said she was the most perfect Christian he had ever known, and in the next world would have a distinguished station."

Mrs. Rayner was indeed in all respects, a great and extraordinary character, and was especially distinguished for uncommon energy of mind, and for the union of great self-denial and strict economy, with charities the most extensive, and generosity the most unbounded. As her plan of life was, in general, retired, and her mode of dress very plain, it did not admit of her visiting her splendid connexions, or even of receiving their visits very frequently. She therefore set apart one day in every week for that purpose; dressing herself suitably, and putting her house in great order, that she might not disgrace them, as she was wont to say, in the eyes of their servants.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Cappe's last illness, and tranquil death....The Author's state of mind ....The gospel an inestimable privilege....The institutions of Brahma contrasted with an apostolic command....Extracts from a letter of Mrs. Lindsey's....The funeral....Reflections....Female Benefit Club....Disconsolate state of mind.

I HAVE already mentioned that ever after his imperfect recovery, in Sept. 1799, from his third paralytic seizure, my beloved husband was gradually becoming more and more feeble; yet as the change from day to day was not very striking to those who were constantly with him, I continued to flatter myself that he might yet so far recover, as that his life might be spared for some time to come, in tolerable ease and comfort. So prone are we to hope and believe, what we anxiously wish and desire!

About the middle of December, however, he was more than usually oppressed, by what appeared like a severe cold, but still he was composed, resigned, and thankful; and for some days, our hopes continued to outweigh our fears. Of his last moments, on the morning of the 24th, so calm and tranquil, and I might add, so full of hope and joy, I shall not here give the particulars; having done it already, in a Memoir prefixed to his Critical Dissertations in 1802, and afterwards still more at large, in an edition of the Memoir published separately.

No one I believe, who has not had the experience, can fully understand what it is to kneel by the bed of a dying friend, dearer, perhaps, than all the world; to perceive every fluttering pulse beat fainter, and still fainter,

till the awful moment shall arrive, when it shall beat no longer! Yet, even in these most trying moments, what cause had I not for thankfulness? The dread event was indeed inevitable, but my beloved husband had no painful recollections, no fearful apprehensions no dying agonies; his mind was clear, collected, and calm; he was fully aware of the coming awful change, but it appeared to him as being nothing more than an unexperienced mode of removal to a more glorious and abiding apartment, in his heavenly Father's house.

How ardent were now my prayers, that the conflict might speedily and easily terminate! Yet, after they were granted, when the solemn event had actually taken place, when that well known voice was for ever silent, to which I had so often listened with improvement and delight, those eyes for ever closed, which were wont to beam with complacency, intelligence, and affection, what language can express the feelings induced by that change!

How often did the question occur to me—whither art thou gone, blest spirit?—That spark of etherial fire, which so lately gave life and animation to this house of clay, which thought, and reasoned, and conversed; whose laborious researches were not confined to the things of time and sense, but devoutly essayed to inquire after, to know, and to adore its great Creator, say, whither is it fled? Ah, if within the confines of this lower world, it could again take up its abode, through what dangers, difficulties, and sorrows, would I not undauntedly pursue its path? Should I be intimidated with fear, or overawed by any human power?—Vain inquiry, and useless as vain! Return then again to thy rest, O my soul, and be fully assured, that our gracious Creator, benevolent and

merciful, as he is powerful and wise, would not have formed us capable of these strong attachments, if by death they were to be destroyed for ever! No, they will be refined, purified, and ennobled; but far from being totally extinguished, they will revive, expand, and live for ever, in the glorious presence of the ever blessed God, and in the society of Him, who hath graciously promised that, where he is, there also shall his servants be.

Here for a moment I would pause. How merciful is that arrangement of a gracious Providence, which increases our tenderness in proportion to the feebleness of its object! I loved and venerated my husband before he was paralytic; he was my guide, my counsellor, and friend; but after the second dreadful stroke, when he could no longer, or but very imperfectly, and at distant intervals, sustain these honoured characters; when only the venerable ruin of his fine talents, great learning, and extensive knowledge remained, no language can adequately express how dear he was to my heart. How invaluable is the gospel of Christ; how unspeakable are our obligations to it, for its consolations, its assurances, and its hopes!—for its accuracy in discriminating, and its kindness and fidelity, in plainly delineating, the straight right-onward line of human duty.—"Throw thyself upon the funeral pile of thy deceased husband," says the stern, fanatic Brahmin—"and thou shalt live with him for ever, amidst the joys of paradise." To her who has really loved, how imposing the command! —"Sorrow not," says the venerable apostle, "as those who have no hope;" patiently fulfil your remaining duties, "continue stedfast in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality, and in due time, ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

On the 29th, I received a letter of condolence from my friend, and never-failing correspondent, Mrs. Lindsey, written so much in her own manner, that I shall give the following extracts.

"You are now under the severest trial of your fortitude and resignation, that you ever experienced, in the loss of the object of your tenderest and best affections, and who was so truly worthy of them. That he suffered no more, nor longer, is some consolation; that his mind was more sensible than his body, and alive to the feelings of friendship to the last; and possessed of the divine composure of a true Christian, about to 'enter into the joy of his Lord;' for the interval will not be perceived."

"Indeed, you have every thing that can comfort you, having for so many years ministered in every possible way, to his relief under great infirmities; and trying, by engaging his attention to the decyphering his previous valuable labours, to afford him all the pleasure disease left him, of being useful to others, which was always his delight. That he knew your value, and was full of affection and gratitude, I have no doubt: That your love of his talents and virtues, flowed over to those who were very dear to him, and whose esteem and affection will now contribute to your ease and comfort, (for they are all good) and thereby will shew the stability of their tender, dutiful attachment, to so excellent a father. But whatever sources of human consolation may belong to you, there is one omnipotent Protector, whose favour and support no time or circumstance can withdraw from those who sincerely desire, and endeavour to serve and obey him: and there our chief confidence lies."

"All things have for a long time, had a tendency to

moderate your hopes of any great comfort in his living, or any great length of life; yet, even the absence of that tender, anxious attention and soothing, night and day, to so amiable an object, will leave a painful chasm, which only time and a sense of dutiful submission to the appointment of God will fill up; with the occupations and demands of general benevolence, such as you have been in the habit of exercising."

"I write more to relieve my own mind than to impress yours; we have all a manner of feeling peculiar to ourselves, and have points of consolation and regret, to which others must be strangers: but the voice of friendship cannot be silent or uninterested under the events, which break the affections and habits of those one loves."

"We are much obliged to Mr. Wellbeloved for his letter, and tolerably good account of you; and rejoice that you have so many to share your sorrow, and give the best assistance the melancholy event requires."

It was soothing to my mind, that every possible mark of respect, in the manner of his funeral, should be paid to the memory of my dear friend. To him it was doubtless of no moment; but to take away a highly respected character to interment in the dead of night, or before the morning dawn, according to the usually prescribed forms of modern practice, seems at once an outrage to our own feelings, and calculated to deprive the survivors of all those salutary and instructive impressions, which such striking scenes might have the power to engrave. Mr. Wellbeloved was himself too sorrowful a mourner, to perform the last offices; and I therefore requested my late worthy friend, Mr. Wood of Leeds, to supply his place. Dr. Robert Cappe although himself at that time extremely ill, determined to accompany his brother,

three sisters, and myself, along with Mr. and Mrs. Well-beloved, and many other friends, to pay our last sorrowful tribute of duty and affection. The service was highly appropriate; and after the interment, when that fine piece was performed, by my particular desire, from Handel's Messiah,—"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised," our grief for a moment gave way to something like triumphant exultation.

This mournful event took place on the morning of the last day, of the last year of the 18th century. Long ere a succeeding century shall have run its course, another and another race, contemplating our tombs, will wonder why we should have sorrowed so deeply for the loss of those, whom, in their apprehensions, we shall seem so very soon to have followed!

The first meeting of the Female Benefit Club, which I had for some months been occupied in planning, had been advertised, for several preceding weeks, to take place on the first day of the new year. I was utterly unable to attend; but I wrote an Address to be read there, and consented to be appointed one of a committee, for drawing up the Rules, and for taking the necessary preliminary measures, to be ready against an adjourned meeting, at the expiration of six weeks from that time. I felt this indispensable engagement a most oppressive and heavy burden, still farther augmented by a load of other business, which necessarily devolved upon me, but I believe I was benefited upon the whole, by the extraordinary exertion it required.

How heavily did the first months of the new century pass away! What a dark cloud appeared to hang over them! Did the primrose and violet once more announce the return of spring, and again delight by their fresh-

ness and beauty, what was it now to me?—The beloved object was gone, for whose gratification, as he took his daily rides in the garden, it had heretofore been my happiness to gather them! So associated indeed was his beloved image, enfeebled as it was by long disease, and threatening dissolution, with every idea of future enjoyment;—so subservient for the last nine years, had been my every pursuit, to the desire of alleviating the distressing languor of sickness, and of giving him pleasure, that even those occupations in which I had hitherto been most interested, appeared to me now quite dull and spiritless—their very nature seemed altered. How often did my saddened heart repeat the sorrowful enquiry of the shepherd king, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" and how often did it receive consolation from the pious advice, administered instead of a reply—"Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Cappe's Critical Dissertations prepared for the press....Mr. Lindsey's first debilitating attack....Baptizes a child for the last time, in Spital-square....Dr. Cappe appointed Physician to the Quaker's Retreat.... Mr. Lindsey's second attack....Dissertations published....Their reception.

THE first occupation from which I could derive pleasure, was in preparing some of Mr. Cappe's Critical Dissertations, which I had formerly transcribed from his dictating to me, from his short-hand papers, for the

press, and in writing the Memoir already mentioned. This employment seemed to renew something like a kind of intercourse; and I pleased myself with thinking, that if his conscious existence were already renewed, and he knew any thing of what was passing in this lower world, in this infant state of human being, it would be acceptable to him that his writings and his example might still continue to comfort the afflicted, to enlighten the ignorant, and to reform the dissolute.

In the June of this year, 1801, Mr. Lindsey had his first very debilitating attack, of which I will transcribe the following particulars, received in a letter from Mrs. L. dated the 14th. "You bid me tell you how Mr. Lindsey bore his excursion into Surry: I wish I could give you a better account; though but twenty-two miles, and all things easy and delightful to him, as I thought, he sunk so much and rapidly, that on the fourth day he begged to return home. Mr. Frend who was with us at Baron Maseres, returned with us: and Dr. Blackburne thought that the sudden excessive heat of the weather, with over exertion and company, had overcome him, and debilitated his whole frame. He told my brother, what he would not tell me, that he gave himself quite up; body and mind was all gone. The quiet of home, and a little strengthening medicine has brought him, by the blessing of God, to his old point again; but he says that the idea of going any where again, except to his second home, (Morden) would at any time overcome him; and I have promised never to ask him, or even to stay in town all summer, if he likes it better; but this he thinks would not be good for either of us. His patience, fortitude, and exertion, till he could do no more, were just like himself. He certainly feels weak-

er than he appears to others, but when duty urges him, he can do more than he thinks he can. We came back on Saturday se'nnight; and on the Tuesday following, he went to Spital-square, to baptize a child from Portsmouth, as he did one nine years ago. It is a singular thing, that this call was to the same spot, where Mr. Lindsey, fifty-five years ago, began his ministry at Sir George Wheeler's chapel, in the same square,* and where his first and last service of baptizing was performed. He looked at his old chapel going now to ruin, all the old inhabitants dead or beggared, the silk trade being ruined."

As a specimen of the humble opinion which Mrs. Lindsey always entertained of her own extraordinary exertions, I shall add the following.

".....As to myself, notwithstanding your magnificent account of my doings, I do not feel to have accomplished any thing, that many others might not have done better: I thank my beneficent Maker for the work he gave me to do, and the power to do it, and desire to serve him, better and better, to all eternity: Amen. If Mr. Lindsey had been well, our Surry expedition had been perfect; an excellent house with a charming home-view, and sweet scenery all around—the guests, four clever men, differently gifted. The good baron, all kindness, cheerfulness, and good-humour, with a fine memory and understanding, at seventy. This society suited me, I was quite at ease among them, and Mr. Frend as kind and attentive to us both, as if he had been a son; but it was not good to have every thing, this is not the state for it."

* See Mr. Belsham's Memoir of Mr. Lindsey, p. 7

In July, Dr. Cappe was chosen Physician to an Institution, in the neighbourhood of this city, called the Retreat; conducted by the Society of Friends, for the reception of insane persons, belonging to their community, throughout the three kingdoms; an extraordinary instance of the high opinion already formed of his character and attainments.

Conversing on the subject of this Institution, at its first establishment, with one of its principal promoters, and expressing some surprise that it should be an object with them to incur so much expense, merely that persons of their own peculiar principles should not mix with others, at a time and under circumstances, in which all matters of opinion are alike obliterated,—it was admitted that there appeared some foundation for the remark; but that it might be a sufficient answer, to observe that their difference of opinion involved in it also a great dissimilarity of habits and of manners; and that this dissimilarity would often be perceived by persons, who perhaps could discriminate nothing else; that at least there were generally lucid intervals, in which insane persons would be greatly shocked to find themselves among those whose whole appearance and turn of mind, so essentially differed from those among whom they had previously lived; and that it was a known fact, that the recovery of an unhappy patient had often been retarded, if not wholly prevented, by the mere custom of profane swearing, so common among keepers, where the strictest attention is not paid by the managers, to their religious principles, and moral conduct.

In the following November, I had the distressing account, that my venerable friend in Essex-street, had suffered another of those debilitating attacks, which

were the destined precursors in the counsels of divine wisdom, of his gradual approach to the peaceful tomb. It is thus described by Mrs. Lindsey. "Although Mr. Lindsey has been in tolerable health, and recruited since his attack in June, yet he has been feeble at times, yet capable of employing himself; but he visibly grew thinner lately, persisting all along in a spare diet, never taking more than half a glass of wine. On Sunday s'ennight, after telling Dr. Blackburne that he was quite well, being cheerful as usual, conducting family prayer, and supping on milk, he felt unwell, but said nothing, till I found him, on coming into the room, with the candle, &c. among the cinders, and no power of picking them up. He had lost the use of both his hands equally, and was universally weak, but could walk to bed and speak, but bewildered, and mistook one thing for another. A blister on his head, and some strengthening medicines have restored him greatly, but he can read very little, nor write legibly; indeed, all application is prohibited, which is his greatest discomfort. This is his third distressing attack of nervous debility, all in different ways, but the machine is evidently giving way, though he recruits again beyond expectation, and is in good spirits. I am not very valiant, but occupied much out of myself, hoping only to be enabled to help and to comfort this dearest excellent creature, under whatever is the will of God. You performed your long and most difficult task admirably; I shall encourage myself by your example. The attention and affectionate concern of every body has been very great and gratifying, from the highest to the lowest."

In the following May, 1802, I had the satisfaction of publishing the Dissertations and Memoir, in two octavo

volumes, which had supplied me in the preceding year, with so much interesting occupation. Prefixed to them, is a portrait of the venerable author, which I caused to be engraved from the striking picture already mentioned; it is a likeness certainly, but by no means does equal justice to the fine expression of countenance preserved in the picture itself.

These Dissertations have excited considerable attention among a few enquiring persons, but the time is not yet come, when their value will be fully understood, and consequently, when they will obtain their merited celebrity. One singular thing has happened to them; they have upon the whole, been quite as well, if not better received by a few liberal and learned clergymen of the Establishment, than by professed Unitarian Dissenters. The subject of one of these Dissertations in particular, I consider as of so much importance, and as being so very satisfactorily and ably treated, that I cannot help particularly recommending it to the serious attention of such of my readers as may wish to understand the discourses of the divine Founder of our holy religion; I mean that on the terms, "kingdom of heaven, of God, and of Christ." It will be admitted, that to announce the speedy approach of that state of things, which in the figurative language of the sacred writers, is so denominated, was a leading object of the preaching of our Lord himself, as it had been previously of that of his exemplary precursor. It must therefore, be of great moment to aim at understanding the precise meaning of these terms, whether as used in their primary or secondary sense, together with the several periods of the commencement, the continuance, and the close of those extraordinary manifestations of divine power, which were to dis-

tinguish this eventful period. Mr. Cappe has employed much serious attention, and laborious investigation on this subject; and the result has been so successful, as to give great precision to many of the discourses of Christ, which on any other plan of interpretation, are not easy to be understood; to demonstrate their superior wisdom, and to shew, in the clearest light, the actual fulfilment, whether of his awful threatenings, or encouraging promises. Added to this, by accurately fixing the period, when the age of miracles should cease, these principles of interpretation would entirely destroy the delusive impositions of interested or enthusiastic pretenders in succeeding times; and would, if generally admitted, effectually repress the extensive evil, resulting from the insidious sarcasms of unbelievers, whether historians or others, so poisonous to the minds of the uninstructed, when speaking of the pretended prodigies of the dark ages of barbarous and monkish superstition. This mode of interpretation supplies also a very powerful additional evidence, both external and internal, of the genuineness of these writings, and of the truth of the wonderful events they record; in the precision given by it, to the language of our divine Master, and in the striking accomplishment of his many awful predictions; an evidence, such as I am persuaded, we shall look for in vain, on any other principles.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dr. Cappe's increasing celebrity....His declining health....Marriage of his second sister....His voyage to Italy, accompanied by his unmarried sisters....His death in the Mediterranean, on board the Astrea....Letter of his eldest sister....Hardships to which consumptive patients are subjected in long sea voyages.

Dr. Robert Cappe, was now coming into great practice, but his health rapidly declined. Without mentioning the subject to himself, I consulted with two of his medical friends, and it was their decided opinion, that his removal to a warmer climate was the only chance left for his recovery. This was a most distressing alternative, which however, it became my painful duty to state to him: and I determined to do it by letter, immediately after the marriage of his second sister, which took place on the 23rd of June, 1802.

Dr. Cappe was thoroughly aware of his own situation, and that it was not probable he should survive another winter in England; yet to leave a situation of great respectability and extensive usefulness, in which his fortune would soon become independent, to incur very great expense, and of course to encounter considerable pecuniary difficulties, for the mere possibility of protracting a feeble existence, seemed to him scarcely justifiable. It devolved therefore upon me to convince him that the trial ought to be made, and I promised that his two unmarried sisters should accompany him to whatever place he should decide to remove. At length, a voyage to Italy was determined upon; the remainder of the summer was occupied in anxious preparation, and

they took ship at Liverpool, on the 14th of October. Their other brother accompanied them twelve miles out to sea, returning in the pilot-boat, and would gladly have shared their difficulties and their dangers, through the whole voyage, had it been practicable for him to have left the business in which he was engaged.

As a proof of the high estimation in which Dr. Robert Cappe was held in this city and neighbourhood, and of the great interest, which his state of health, and the necessity of his going abroad, had excited; I shall subjoin an article relating to it, which appeared in one of our provincial newspapers, about the time of his leaving Liverpool. I do not know by whom it was inserted; not by any of his particular connexions certainly, the place of his immediate destination being Leghorn, not Naples, which they would have known; but by whomsoever it might be written, it did not go beyond what was at that time felt and expressed by all ranks of people in the city.*

* "That he whose science others' ills could cure,
Hard, that those ills he should himself endure."

"It is with deep regret we have to state, that the ingenious and truly worthy Dr. Cappe of this city, a gentleman, whose abilities in his profession, are held in the first estimation, is obliged to visit Naples, for the recovery of his health: we believe that he has sailed from Liverpool by this time.—Dr. Cappe, whose every wish and action was directed to the good of his fellow-mortals, much to his credit, and the benefit of mankind, was the first to recommend and enforce, by his practice, in this city and neighbourhood, the *Vaccine Inoculation*. Several very ingenious letters, on its safety and usefulness, appeared in this paper, and were held in much esteem by the public, and the gentlemen of the faculty. The loss the public will sustain by Dr. Cappe's absence, is unquestionably great; not only because his talents were so eminent, and his attention to patients of every rank, so kind and unremitted, but because his success in the treatment of some very dangerous cases, had excited that confidence in his skill, which it is well known, so essentially contributes to aid the effect of medicine.

How truly thankful was I now, when three of his children were compelled to embark on so hazardous an enterprize, that their dear father had been previously removed from this scene of discipline, and by that means, saved from an overwhelming anxiety, which it was not probable, that in his feeble state, he could have supported! But so I believe it ever is, such at least, has been my own uniform experience, through the course of a comparatively long life, that He who alone can proportion our trials to our strength, dispenses them in weight and measure, and never afflicts any of his creatures beyond the precise degree, in which it is good both for themselves and for others, that they should be tried and afflicted!

The first intelligence I received of the voyagers, was a letter written by my eldest daughter from Leghorn, dated Nov. 26th, and received on the 21st of December. I shall transcribe part of this letter. "At length, my dearest mother, our distressful voyage is at an end—but the dear object of our fond affection is no more; he expired on the 16th, six days before our arrival here—his grave is in the Mediterranean, between Minorca and Corsica. My beloved mother, be not distressed for us—the trial is now over, and we will be resigned—indeed we will. It is a heavy affliction, but I trust we are not unmindful of the blessings we have received."

"Our captain, and John, our faithful black servant,

We hope, however, and we believe that hope is accompanied by that of a large majority of the public, that his recovery will take place, and that he will return to his native soil, fully invigorated to resume that profession for which he is so eminently qualified."—*York Herald, Oct.* 12, 1807.

To this, it may be added, that prayers were publicly offered, for his recovery, in the Methodist Chapel.—Ed.

are two of the most benevolent and affectionate of human beings. God grant I may sometime have it in my power to testify to them my gratitude! Surely a kind Providence has watched over us, and raised us up a friend in every stranger. The two first days of our being on board, were the last our darling Robert was able to leave his bed. His complaints increased daily, almost hourly; notwithstanding which, to the time of his death, he had sanguine hopes of recovery—he retained his cheerfulness and composure to the last. The day before he died, I asked him, whether if he had foreseen what he must suffer, from the discomforts and harrass of a long voyage, he would have tried the experiment. He replied, he certainly would, and that the only circumstance he regretted, was the sufferings of Anne and myself. I told him he might be perfectly at ease upon that head, for that nothing upon earth could have deterred me from accompanying him. On this day, we had a great deal of conversation, which has ever since soothed and consoled my mind, more than I can express—I wish you could have seen and heard him. His last moments were as calm and serene as were my beloved father's."

"We landed on Monday evening, but there was no post for England, until to-day, as it only leaves this place twice a week. Before we landed, a boat brought us a very friendly letter from a Mr. and Mrs. Webb of this town, who had been most kindly desired by lady Mary Eyre, who resides at Pisa, to do every thing in their power for us. Indeed it is not possible to tell you all the kindness and friendship we have met with."

"How often have I thought of poor Mrs. Sorrell and her amiable sister! Whenever I feel impatient, and my feelings too acute to be controlled, I then compare our

situation with theirs. We, surrounded on our landing, by friends, who are striving which shall be the kindest, —they, pennyless, friendless, among strangers without introduction, and their hearts torn by the baseness of him, who ought to have been their stay and support— when I think of them, I feel humbled and ashamed of my own want of fortitude."

"But you want to know, my dearest mother, where we are, and what we mean to do; if I can collect my thoughts, I will tell you. There are no private lodgings in Leghorn, we are therefore obliged to be at the English Hotel, where we are well accommodated, but pay immensely high.—Our faithful John we have retained in our service, till we again reach home, indeed we found it absolutely impossible to be here, without a protector: and he is all eyes and ears, to our wants and our interest. He keeps watch, night and day, in the outward room of our three apartments, and if sent on a message, returns with the utmost expedition. We have just heard, that a vessel will sail from hence to England, in about three weeks, in which we may safely take our passage—rejoice with us, my dear mother, at this news. Do not be uneasy about a winter's passage, all here agree that we shall have a better chance of good weather now, than if we were to remain longer, unless we could stay till summer; and both Anne and myself would much rather run some little risk, than endure an absence so long.*"—Our hopes and fears respecting

* Of Mr. Wellbeloved's Funeral Sermon, preached after we received this melancholy account, Mrs. Lindsey thus speaks:—"Feb. 9th, 1803. Your half dozen lines were a great satisfaction to us, as they said that you were well, and combating with your painful state of suspense about the fate of good Mary and Anne, to whom Mr. Wellbeloved has so pro-

Dr. Cappe, had now for ever terminated; and we had nothing left but to wish and pray for the safe return of his two affectionate and afflicted sisters.

I was much disturbed by the thoughts of their intended winter voyage, and more especially afterwards, when the weather proved most uncommonly tempestuous. Often did I ask myself, as I sat alone, during the long dark winter evenings, and heard the winds roar, and the rains descend in torrents, how I should sustain the shock, if the Astrea, in which my daughters had embarked, should founder at sea? The enquiry was not irrelevant, or without its use, for some of the dangers they did actually meet with, greatly exceeded any of those, which even my fears and apprehensions had suggested.

But before I mention any particulars of their perilous and eventful voyage, I would state a few facts, for the serious consideration of those, who, in a far advanced state of pulmonary complaints, may meditate a flight to Italy.

First, the perpetual discomforts to be endured by the feeble sufferer, shut up in a small, close cabin, tossed about by the rolling of the ship, in every possible direction; without the power of balancing himself, or of making any exertions, that shall counteract the violence of the shocks.

perly and so affectionately dedicated his very excellent Sermon, both as a tribute of deserved praise to his beloved friend; and as instructive to Christians, where their chief hope and consolation is to be found, under all the calamitous events of human life. The subject has called forth all the faculties and affections of his mind.....The Memoir at the end, was well added, and exhibits some traits and circumstances, illustrative of Dr. Cappe's state of mind, and regard for you, which are worth preserving."

Secondly, the perpetual noises, both day and night, above, below, and on every side, so utterly destructive of sleep, and so likely to bring on delirium.

Thirdly, the variety of offensive smells, which cannot be prevented in a small vessel, notwithstanding the greatest attention and care; together with the constant risk of over-powering sea-sickness, and the total deprivation of fresh air in the cabin, whenever the weather is at all boisterous. These are hardships which are at all times inevitable, even under circumstances the most favourable.

But all these we will suppose are happily overcome, and the afflicted sufferer, arrives at length at the destined port. Here a new difficulty occurs. If his extreme feebleness announce his danger, so great is the dread of a consumption among the Italians, and so general is their belief, of its being infectious, that if they have the least suspicion of the nature of the disease, the greatest opposition may be expected to his landing. We will suppose, however, that this difficulty is at length surmounted: He has now to endure the harrass and fatigue of being removed from the ship, into an open boat, there to be laid at the bottom, to wind his way among crowds of vessels assembled from all nations, and subjected to the distracting, discordant voices of as many varying and different languages. I am speaking here particularly of what happens at Leghorn; but I understand that there are many points of resemblance, in the difficulties to be encountered in all the Italian ports. The invalid being landed, he must now be carried to an hotel, and mounted up a public staircase, probably to the very top of the house, there to remain, till private lodgings can be obtained at Pisa, twelve miles

distant. Here the same objections are again repeated to his being received as a lodger, that were with such difficulty, overcome at Leghorn. We will suppose however, that English gold is again triumphant—the feeble sufferer arrives; if in summer, overcome by excessive heat, and distressingly annoyed by mosquitoes, and other noxious insects: if in winter, he is chilled on entering his apartment, by the cold brick floors, and his spirits are still further overcome by their dark, gloomy appearance. If the object in leaving England, was to avoid the quick transitions from heat to cold, which we so often experience in our own climate, he will not find the frequent severe frosts at night, and the warm moist atmosphere, induced by the torrents of rain, which generally fall in Italy, during that season, by day, less trying. The catastrophe is not difficult to be foreseen—few, I believe, of these devoted pilgrims, ever return to relate their tale of sorrow.

My daughters were three weeks in lodgings at Pisa, where they heard the following most distressing account of what had happened to a gentleman of the west of England, just before their arrival. His lady, being consumptive, was ordered to Italy, whither she was accompanied by her husband, and her mother and sister. After incurring the greatest fatigue in the journey, and experiencing the full effect of the above mentioned dispiriting circumstances, her little remaining strength sunk rapidly, and in a few days after their arrival at Pisa, she expired. Whilst she was dying, the proprietors of the lodgings perpetually assailed and tormented the almost distracted husband, by their reproaches, for the imagined calamity which he had brought upon them; and when she was really dead, they

insisted not only that the present furniture should be destroyed, and replaced with new, entirely at his expense, but that the walls should be scraped, and the very floors taken up and new-laid. When my daughters became fully apprized of all these sorrows, much as they had deplored the death of their beloved brother at sea, and had been distressed by the painful idea of a watery grave, they were now truly thankful, as his recovery was hopeless, that he did not survive, merely to endure all these multiplied hardships.

Is it not a matter of surprise and of deep regret, that these difficulties and sorrows having been so repeatedly experienced, the practice should still continue, of sending persons far advanced in a consumption, to die in Italy?

CHAPTER XL.

A winter's voyage from Leghorn to Liverpool....Extraordinary talents and virtues of a black servant....His great activity and singular fidelity.... Sketch of his history....His sickness and death....Reflections.

My daughters sailed from Leghorn the 21st of Dec.; the wind fair, and the weather fine for the first four days, but afterwards, it became exceedingly tempestuous, and the wind generally contrary. On the 2nd of Jan. 1803, the ship was chased the greater part of the day, by an Algerine corsair, and in the repeated and continual efforts to outsail the enemy, her fore-topmast was carried away. At length having escaped, and the damage being repaired; on the 9th, a violent storm came on at midnight—the sea burst into the cabin, washed over the beds,

and completely drenched them in water. On the 12th, the main boom broke, without which it is impossible to guide the vessel, and nothing could now have saved them, had the weather continued tempestuous; but on the contrary, it became perfectly serene, and the sea so calm, that they were enabled to splice the boom, and to make it fit for service. On the 15th, they put into the bay of Almeria, to refit, but found the anchorage so very unsafe, that they were obliged on the 17th, to renew their voyage. On the 29th, they put into the bay of Gibraltar, and on the 31st, leaving it at eight in the evening, the ship's cable got entangled with that of a very large American vessel, from which they were in great danger many hours; their anxiety being increased by the darkness of the night, and by fear, lest the wind should change, for if it does not blow precisely from the right quarter, no ship can stem the current, which pours in through the Straits, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. On the 17th of Feb. at noon, they made the coast of Ireland; and on the 18th, at day-break, were within a ship's length of running upon a point of rock, well known to mariners, by the name of the Truncheon, and against which if they had struck, they must have sunk immediately. The captain had miscalculated, and thinking they had passed this rock, was asleep in the cabin; and the men on watch were so ignorant and stupid, that had it not been for a youth on board, who accidentally discovered an uncommon appearance in the water, from the bubbles, which near the rock, overspread its surface, and instantly sounded an alarm, their fate had been inevitable. The captain got upon deck, just in time to save the vessel, by seizing the helm, and giving her a different direction, by means of which, instead of striking upon the rock, she

merely grated against its side, as she went by in full sail!

Their faithful black servant was an excellent swimmer;—after their escape, he exclaimed, "Ah, if we had struck, what should I have done? I could not have saved both my ladies, and I should not have known which to have taken." One of my daughters replied, "You could not, John, have saved either of us, but it would have been your duty to have endeavoured to save yourself." "Myself!" his countenance beaming with animation, and his eyes filling with tears—"No mistress, if my ladies had gone down, I would have gone too, I would never have left them!" Yet these are the generous creatures whom European cruelty, rapacity, and avarice, have so long enslaved, insulted, and murdered!—Hail, noble Clarkson, and ye other worthies, Sharp, Wilberforce, Fox, and many more than I can name, whose patient perseverance and undaunted courage, like that of the Apostle of old, "through evil report and good report," have at length been effectual to wipe away this dreadful stain from the British character!

On the 21st of Feb. the ship anchored off the coast of Cheshire, where they might have landed in safety, if they had not been obliged to wait some days, until the quarantine master had written to the Admiralty for permission; and, owing to a *holiday* at the office, an answer did not arrive, until a violent storm had forced the ship from her anchor, upon a sand-bank, where she continued beating the whole day; forming at length a bed on which she rested, but sinking on one side deeper and still deeper,until the deck was in a direction nearly perpendicular to the water. The wind continued to blow a hurricane; but at nine at night, availing themselves of low

tide, my daughters were, with great difficulty and hazard, relieved from their perilous situation, and assisted into the boat of the quarantine master. Still however they had been lost, together with all in the boat, but for the extraordinary exertions and great presence of mind of their faithful black servant. The sailors had imprudently loosened the rope which connected the boat with the wreck, and the wind being very tempestuous, it was driving out to sea, when this excellent creature, whose acuteness to perceive, and presence of mind to execute, were only equalled by his strength, agility, and courage, leapt into the sea, seized the boat, and by his repeated efforts, brought it so near the shore, as to enable him to take out my daughters, and carry them safe to land. Thus, whilst the sailors were stupified and confounded, were the lives of all preserved by the sole exertions of this extraordinary young man, to whose various talents, disinterestedness, and generosity, it is difficult to do justice, without incurring the suspicion of exaggerated praise. The reader will probably like to hear some further particulars of his interesting history, I shall therefore subjoin the following.

He was born in Jamaica, of free parents. When engaged at Liverpool for the voyage, by Dr. Cappe, he was about twenty-three years of age. He had been obliged to contract a considerable debt for his maintenance, whilst out of place, and requested that part of his stipulated wages might be advanced, before he left England, for the purpose of paying it, which was done accordingly. During the whole of their sorrowful voyage, his unremitted, affectionate, and judicious attendance upon his dying master, could not be exceeded; and so powerfully was my son's mind impressed by it,

that it was his last request to his sisters, that the faithful and invaluable services of John, might be amply rewarded.

One of these sisters, who, during three weeks, had been torn to pieces by sea sickness, and was brought by it, to the very brink of the grave, owed him little less on her own account, than on her brother's. He anxiously and assiduously watched the intervals, when it was practicable for her to take nourishment; had it constantly ready prepared, (for he was an excellent cook, as well as a judicious nurse,) enforcing the necessity of her endeavouring to swallow it; and she is herself persuaded, that had it not been for these very minute attentions, she could not have survived the voyage, so exceedingly was her strength reduced. These, I am aware, may to some persons, seem uninteresting particulars; yet to those, and to my female readers especially, who have themselves experienced the numerous hardships of a long sea voyage, or, who may have sympathized in the distressing details of those who have experienced them, they will not appear so.

This ingenious young man, and faithful servant, so well understood the management of a ship, that in their road home, having few sailors, and these for the most part, profligate and ignorant, his assistance was always called for on every emergency; yet far from making these sailors his companions on other occasions, or joining in their profane, licentious conversation, he constantly occupied his leisure hours in reading the Bible, having enabled himself so to do, by his own extraordinary exertions. My daughters set him some copies whilst they were in Italy, that he might teach himself to write, and the quick progress he made, wa

proportionate to the uncommon talents he discovered in respect to every thing else to which he applied.

On their landing in England, he would gladly have attended them to York, there to have entered into the service of his old mistress, as he denominated the writer of these Memoirs; and who did not fail on her part, exceedingly to regret, that her income would not admit of her engaging him as a servant on the advantageous terms, which his exemplary conduct and inestimable services so well deserved. He was recommended through the kind agency of a very particular friend of Dr. Cappe's, to the family of a gentleman near Liverpool. In this gentleman's service, he died about two years afterwards, notwithstanding the greatest care, and the most judicious medical treatment.

Such was John Hacket, one of that cruelly treated, and unjustly despised race, of whom it has been disputed, whether they should be reckoned as beings of the same species. Lament not, reader, his death as untimely, for his virtues were matured and pre-eminent. Had he lived longer, possessing all the generous fire, and lively animation of his unfortunate countrymen, without perhaps, having gained the necessary prudence to steer him safely through the various moral trials, to which, as a servant in a large family, he would have been peculiarly subjected, these fine endowments might have proved his ruin. Now, we have good reason to hope that he is in safety—that he is landed on a shore, where his African descent, his sable colour, and his woolly hair, will not be considered as marks of specific degradation; where the faithful cultivation, as far as he had the power, of his fine natural endowments, will be duly appreciated; where he will assuredly take his place among the dis-

tinguished few, from every nation, tongue, and kindred; who have equalled him in piety and virtue; in disinterestedness of spirit; in fidelity, integrity, and generosity of mind; and where he will partake with them, in the glorious reward of advancing continually from one degree of excellence to another, through the countless ages of eternity!

CHAPTER XLI.

Return of the afflicted sisters....A visit to London....Return by Cambridge ....Reflections on visiting that ancient university....Sermons selected for publication....Thoughts on Charity Schools and Benefit Clubs published and dedicated to the Ladies' Committee....A volume of Sermons published.

On the 7th of March, 1803, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of receiving my two daughters safe, and in as tolerable health as could reasonably be expected, after the great affliction they had suffered, and the many hardships they had undergone. They both of them possess great courage and fortitude, never giving way to fear or despondency, where duty is concerned. Their surviving, affectionate brother, hastened to them at Hoylake, the moment they landed, and conducted them hither.

After they had been at home some time, I determined to gratify a wish, that I had long entertained, of visiting London in company with my daughters; in the hope, that a new train of ideas might be useful to them, and that I might have the pleasure once more of seeing my excellent old friends Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey. We en-

gaged lodgings accordingly, and staid there about six weeks. We returned by Cambridge, which was to me a quite new, and highly interesting scene. The ancient buildings—the magnificent libraries, those sacred depositories of departed genius—the fine statue of sir Isaac Newton, which seems to possess some portion of his living fire—the impressive silence of the college walks, shaded by the stately elms, and adorned by the peaceful river, on whose banks, successive generations have for a while disported, and then vanished away—produced altogether an effect upon my mind, which it were vain to analyze. I know not how others may be affected by such contemplations, but to my feelings, whatever may have been the events of human life, whether prosperous or adverse, whether we have attained to eminence and honour, or have passed unperceived through its sequestered vales, all would be darkness and gloom, were not the last closing scene illumined by that celestial light, which emanates from the empty tomb of the Son of God; —a light transcendantly glorious, and of power to dispel every doubt and every fear.

In July, 1804, I began to select for publication, a volume of my husband's Sermons, chiefly on Devotional Subjects. It was necessary not only to re-transcribe, but to condense many of them; as they had been composed and preached without the slightest view of publication; and it was his method, when delivering a series of discourses on the same subject, to recapitulate from time to time, the arguments which had preceded, and to place the subject in various points of light, in order to make the deeper impression. This method, however useful and important to a congregation, rendered a revision, and sometimes even a new arrangement, abso-

lutely necessary, before they met the public eye in a more closely connected form ; and it was not without extreme diffidence and fear, that I entered on the undertaking. But I was stimulated and encouraged, by reflecting on the ardent piety, the comprehensive views, the accurate discrimination, and the flowing eloquence, with which I knew them to be replete, and which would render them, as I hoped, as improving and consolatory to others, as they had formerly been to myself. It happened, however, after I had made some progress, and had even committed a few of the first transcribed Sermons to the press, that this plan was laid aside for a few months, owing to the following circumstances.

In the spring of this year, some ladies in London, well known for their rank and fortune, and who had been previously subscribers to the "Society for bettering the condition of the Poor," were prevailed upon by Mr., now sir Thomas Bernard, the active friend of many useful and benevolent Institutions, to form themselves into a Committee, for the purpose of inquiring into the situation, and, as far as it might be in their power, of ameliorating the condition of the female poor, throughout the kingdom. The Queen and the Princesses came forward as the avowed patronesses, and the society emphatically styled themselves, "*The Ladies' Committee.*"

In their first papers they proposed that District Committees of Ladies should be established throughout the kingdom, to correspond and co-operate with the primary Committee, which by enquiring into the state of poor females, in their respective neighbourhoods, and communicating the result, might at once afford relief to distressed individuals, and throw such light upon the general subject, as would lead to a comprehensive view of the whole.

I was charmed with the outline, when I first heard it mentioned, not only for its utility in a variety of subordinate respects, but principally, as setting an illustrious example of female attention, to civic duties. For it seemed to me that although we are not permitted, and perhaps wisely, to take any part in the legislation of our country, or in the administration of its laws, yet why should we not endeavour, collectively as well as individually, to contribute towards the observance of them, by promoting, recommending, and rewarding habits of industry, and good order, so essential to the alleviation of poverty and distress? And above all things, why should we not desire and labour to assist and preserve those unhappy victims of our own sex, who without such aid, must inevitably fall a sacrifice to vice, to infamy, and want? why should we not strive to save those who are innocent, and to amend and reform those who are guilty, by shewing them their true interest, and teaching them their indispensable duty? I did not indeed expect that the plan would be practicable to the extent proposed, but I thought it was a great point gained, that a number of ladies of weight and influence, should even form the project; hoping it would lead to some benevolent exertions, as useful to themselves, and eventually as important to their own happiness, as to that of those whom it was their primary object to serve and benefit.

It had so happened, that my little publication relative to the Spinning School and Grey-Coat School, had been transmitted to the Ladies' Committee, by my friend Mrs. Gray, which had induced an application on the part of one of their members, to send them any hints, if such should occur, for the furtherance of their benevolent design.

Ignorant as I was of the peculiar talents, dispositions, connexions, and relative situation of the several individuals; not knowing how far they might all of them be willing to adopt any specific plan, or be likely to draw together in the execution of it; feeling also that I should step out of my province, by presuming to dictate, I did not see that I could be of any use to them, unless it were in an incidental way. It had always been my intention, at some time or other, to write and publish the result of some years experience, in the constitution of Charity Schools, and the establishment of Female Benefit Clubs; deducing thence, if I were able, a few first principles respecting them, which ought to be strictly adhered to, and considered as indispensable in their original formation: and it occurred to me, if this projected plan were immediately put in execution, with reference to the Ladies' Committee, that the work might possibly be of use to them, and that at the same time their patronage would extend its circulation.

I applied for permission to dedicate my book, when it should be written, to their Committee; which being obtained, I set about it immediately. I began to write in November, and having thus publicly committed myself, and not knowing how I might be able to execute my purpose, I felt the undertaking extremely formidable. Persons who have enjoyed the advantage of a cultivated education, and have been early accustomed to composition, can have no idea how difficult an attainment it is to those who have not possessed these advantages; I did however the best I was able; and had my pamphlet printed, and copies sent to town, to be presented to her Majesty, the Princesses, the President and others of the Ladies' Committee, previously to their monthly meeting, in February,

This business being completed, I resumed the employment, to myself still more interesting, of transcribing and arranging the Sermons already mentioned; and which were accordingly published the May following. The primary object of these Discourses, is to demonstrate the extreme importance of many subjects which at first view, may seem speculative, to the formation of the genuine Christian character, not only in their first and immediate effects, but also in their subsequent operation on the habits, temper, and conduct of the individual. Of this description, are the first three; on Faith, those on the Love of God, on the Love of Pleasure; Reflections on the Tomb of Jesus; David's morning hymn of praise; and the two last, on the Author's recovery from a severe fit of sickness. The character of these Sermons has been fully established, by the suffrage of many undoubted judges of pulpit excellence; and their reception by the public at large, has been as favourable as could perhaps be expected, taking into account their total want of patronage.*

CHAPTER XLII.

Death of the Author's mother....Her tranquil old age....Her picture....Second visit to London....Excursion into Kent....Reflections on the tomb of the Black Prince at Canterbury....On the tremendous cliffs of Dover.

On the 18th of May, 1805, when the last sheet of my preface to Mr. Cappe's Sermons, was in the press, I lost

* A second edition of these Discourses was published by the Editor of the first, in the spring of 1816.

my dear mother, after a few days' illness, in the eighty-ninth of her age, and the forty-first of her widowhood. I have great comfort in reflecting that the last few years of her life were by far the most happy. Her mind was totally free from anxiety; she was surrounded by affectionate friends, and most sedulously attended by faithful, affectionate servants; looking backward, she had nothing to regret, and forward, every thing to hope. "I used to think," she said to me, but a few days before her death, "that the race would be hard run between myself and good Mr. Cappe, yet have I survived him almost four years."

Among the friends who contributed essentially to my mother's comfort, I must particularly mention Mr. Cappe's sister, who went to live with her in the third year of our marriage. This worthy woman was only eighteen years younger than herself; and it was a singular circumstance, that two persons already so much advanced in life, whose previous situations, habits, mode of life, and way of thinking, had so totally differed, should not only agree perfectly, but should contract so strong a mutual friendship, that the life of the one appeared to be bound up in that of the other. I had a proof of this on the part of my mother, the preceding summer, when Mrs. Mary Cappe had a severe illness; and on her part, when my mother died, a shock which Mrs. M. Cappe never recovered, notwithstanding she then removed to live with her nieces and myself; a situation, which, having lost her friend, she certainly preferred to all others. What a testimony is this to the excellent disposition of both!

I drew up a short memoir of my mother, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine, for June, 1805. Her

memory had been failing some time, especially in respect of recent events; but those which had taken place in her youth, she delighted to relate, and could do it with perfect accuracy, excepting that she would sometimes make a mistake in the date, of ten or twenty years. My father she very often mentioned, but of my brother, she seldom said any thing—the general associations connected with his history in her mind, were too painful.

She told me a few months before her death, and it was the first time she ever gave a hint on the subject, that she had had several offers of marriage after she became a widow. The first was from a clergyman, a college friend of my father's, who had known and been extremely attached to her in early youth, but had never avowed his attachment. She frankly replied that there was a time when she should have preferred him to all the world, but it was now much too late, and that she had determined not to contract a second marriage. This gentleman never married. The second offer was from a clergyman also, a widower, and possessed of a much larger fortune; but it was not probable, having refused the first, in respect of whom there might have remained some latent prepossession, that she would accept of any other.

When she was eighty-four, I prevailed upon her to have her picture taken; and it bears a strong resemblance, although it does not quite do justice to the original. "How ridiculous," she said, "at my age, to sit for my picture; had it been taken thirty, forty, fifty or sixty years ago, some of my partial friends might have thought it worth preserving, but the picture of an old woman who will value?" I could reply with great truth, that in this she was wholly mistaken—the pictures of

handsome young women were to be met with every day, but on the contrary, a countenance and complexion like hers, after an arduous pilgrimage of eighty-four years, might elsewhere be sought for in vain.

She was extremely anxious that her faithful servants, who had both of them lived with her many years, should have a pecuniary reward, expressive of her gratitude for their affectionate attention and long services; and I was happy in having it in my power to fulfil her wishes, by investing a sum of money after her death, for each of them, in the funds. I had also the satisfaction of engaging both in my own service, making such other family arrangements, as I hoped would contribute to their comfort.

We had been under great anxiety this spring, on my son William's account, who came home in February, in a very alarming state of health, and was almost wholly confined to his room, upwards of four months. When he was nearly recovered, having no longer any particular obligation that should confine me at home, I determined to make another visit to my venerable friends in Essex-street, and for once in my life, an excursion into Kent, to visit a relation, who resided not far distant from Dover.

So much are we the creatures of habit, that no one who has not made the experiment of residing many years in nearly the same place, occupied in one regular routine of succeeding duties, can fully comprehend what an effort on my part, this seemingly formidable xpedition required.—It was however accomplished; I had the satisfaction of seeing an amiable and near relative comfortably settled, of visiting a part of the country, I had never before seen, of contemplating the effects of superstition, as exhibited at the shrine of Thomas a Becket.

in the cathedral of Canterbury, and as developed in the flags worn hollow by the knees of many a zealous pilgrim, who had piously resorted to worship there. I was also struck and affected, whilst visiting that cathedral, not so much by the tomb of the gallant Edward, as by the trophies won at Cressy and Poictiers, with which it is decorated. The helmet and breast-plate then actually worn by him, irresistibly transport the imagination to those sanguinary fields of bloodshed and slaughter, bedewed by the bitter tears of the widow and orphan; a melancholy tribute to national vanity, ambition, and folly!

I was highly gratified and delighted at Dover, by the sublime, yet awful and tremendous cliffs, from whence

> "The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard."

Here, as I stood and viewed the corresponding cliffs on the French coast, I could not but lament that two people, whose respective countries appear once to have been united, should be separated by those petty jealousies and fierce animosities, which for so many successive centuries, have been the scourge and the reproach of both. When will the causes of this disunion cease to operate? such a happy change, which implies in it the entire subdual of the vindictive passions, should it ever take place, must be the result of the benign influence of pure and unadulterated Christianity; but in vain shall we look for this influence in the luxurious courts of princes, or the interested councils of ambitious statesmen. The complete triumphs of this heavenly temper, are to be found only in the more private, and generally, in the more humble walks of life. That its divine effica-

cy, however, is not diminished, where the selfish or the malignant passions do not paralyse its operations, I had a remarkable instance, at that time, in the history of an exemplary, patient sufferer, to whom I was accidentally introduced in that neighbourhood, and to whom I shall now introduce my readers.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Some account of A—e R——r....Her singular affliction....Her various talents....Extraordinary resignation and piety....An unexampled instance of constancy.

A—E R——R, a native of Dover, was early distinguished for her good understanding, fine taste, and amiable disposition. When she was about eighteen years of age, she was suddenly deprived of the use of her lower limbs, occasioned, as it was supposed, by an affection of the spine; and from that time to the present, she has never been able to rest herself in a horizontal posture, but obliged to remain constantly sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. She always faints, or to use her own phrase, *goes away*, whenever she is moved: and a loud or acute noise, such as the firing of a gun, the ringing of bells, or the sound of any instrument of music, constantly produces the same distressing effect; and sometimes for so long a period, as to occasion the greatest apprehension that she will not recover. On this account particularly, they were obliged to remove her from Dover, which was not effected without extreme difficulty, a few years ago. She was brought in a sort of basket, hung up in a covered carriage, in order that the motion

might be felt as little as possible; yet, notwithstanding all this care and precaution, she was in a state of complete insensibility the whole time, not having the least consciousness, from the moment of being taken from her bed at Dover, till she had been sometime in that prepared for her, at a small village called Woman's-wold, about seven miles distant, where she now resides. This village is situated about a mile from the high-road between Dover and Canterbury. Her mother and sister have a small house there; they are worthy people, in reduced circumstances, and the further distress of great pecuniary difficulties, would have been added to their other misfortunes,—had not a subscription to the amount of about £40 per annum, been entered into by the neighbouring families, for their assistance. Their little habitation is just opposite to the church, a curious old specimen of Saxon architecture: it has no steeple, and only one bell, which they never ring or toll, in kind consideration for the sufferings of Miss R.; so greatly is she respected, and so much sympathy does her singularly afflictive case excite. She does not look emaciated, but is the most diminutive figure, I ever saw; her very bones not appearing above the ordinary size of those of a child of five or six years old. Her countenance, far from being heavy or languid, is animated in an extraordinary degree, which is the more remarkable, as she scarcely gets any sleep, except for a few minutes at a time, reclining her head upon her hand. Her eyes sparkle with intelligence, and she converses upon every subject which occurs, with ease and perspicuity, not without elegance. Her manner is extremely striking, and her tones of voice, although sweet, so exceedingly small, that it is difficult to conceive of them as proceeding from a human being. She gave me

an impressive idea of a disembodied spirit, or rather perhaps of one clothed with an ethereal, instead of a gross, corporeal body; and the elevation and piety of her sentiments, perfectly harmonized with, and favoured the impression. I was exceedingly affected by seeing her; and deeply regretted that I could not make her a second visit, having fixed my departure from the country, for the succeeding day. The following conversation I shall insert, as a striking picture of her state of mind.

"Miss R., what a blessing it is, that you are enabled to preserve so much tranquillity and even cheerfulness, amidst so many deprivations, and in a situation so afflictive and alarming—your example is very edifying."

"It is indeed an unspeakable blessing," she replied, "that I can be so composed; and I will mention to you a little circumstance which has greatly contributed towards it. My grandmother was a woman of exemplary piety, and in every respect, a superior character: whilst I was yet very young, it was my delight to sit by her upon a little stool with my work; whilst she related to me the several events of her past life—the trials she had endured, (for she had known much sorrow)—and how the Providence of God had always supported her through them. She never failed to conclude with this remark: "I do not tell you these things, my dear child, to lead you to imagine that I have had more afflictions than others; but to impress upon your young mind this great truth, that those who put their trust in God, he will never forsake." "One might almost think," she added, "that my grandmother had foreseen what would be the events of my life. This pious and just remark of hers, has never for a moment, been absent from my mind; in

all my sufferings and alarms, it has been my polar star; it has conducted me hitherto in peace and comfort; and I believe and trust that it will continue to conduct me in safety to the end."

What a striking proof is this little anecdote of the lasting and salutary effects which are sometimes produced on the whole character, by reflections immediately deduced from the circumstances of real life; and what an encouragement to proceed in the employment, to the writer of her own memoirs! The great truth affirmed by the pious grandmother, had been equally true, had it merely been stated as a religious aphorism; but without the connexion in which it stood, it would not have made the same impression, or have been followed by the same happy consequences.

Miss R. is extremely ingenious in various sorts of needle-work, and imitates flowers and birds, upon card and pasteboard, with the point of a needle, or a fine pen-knife, with great truth of design, grouping the flowers with extraordinary taste and elegance.

But the part of her history that will perhaps be deemed the most extraordinary, "in these degenerate days," when "the age of chivalry is past," is the fact I am now going to relate.

Previous to her illness, she had engaged the affections of a youth, who was at that time an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary at Dover; and they were to have been married, as soon as he was in a situation to maintain a family. The same fatal stroke which deprived her of her health, destroyed likewise all hope of their union; but did not destroy their mutual attachment. He went to Edinburgh to finish his education; but the resolution he had previously formed before he went,

continued unshaken after his return, and still remains, of never forming any other connexion during her life-time. He determined to fix near her, that he might not be deprived altogether of her conversation, and that he might have it in his power occasionally to contribute to her comfort. An apothecary was wanted for a public Institution in the county, and the place being only seven miles distant, he determined to accept the situation, solely on that account. He fills this station, as I was told, in a very exemplary manner: and once a fortnight, every alternate Wednesday, walks to Woman's-wold, to spend the day, with the beloved object of his affections. He supplies her with books, and with every other comfort within the power of his slender income, that may contribute to her happiness. She in return, makes him all his linen, and ornaments his little sitting-room with various specimens of her ingenious performances, which doubtless have a value in his estimation, far beyond any thing that money could purchase. "Have you heard of my C——?" she said to me.—"That my attachment to him should continue is nothing wonderful, but that in my situation he should retain his for me, and this through a long period of more than twenty years, is perhaps without a parallel."*

After we had left the room, her mother told me, and she wept when she gave the account, that she had never

* Since this was written, the house where she resided, at Woman's-wold, being appointed to be sold, there was a necessity for her being once more removed; and Mrs. B., a neighbouring lady, had the goodness to fit up for her a cottage, in her own park, about four miles from Canterbury, where she now resides; and which gives her faithful friend the privilege of visiting her once a week, instead of only once a fortnight, as he tells me, in a letter lately received from him.---Nov. 1816.

seen her daughter discover the smallest fretfulness—so admirable is the tone of her mind! She delighted in having the curate of the parish come to pray with her on the Sunday, who was a pious character, and one capable of suiting himself to her extraordinary mental, and religious attainments.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Satisfactory visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey....Introduction to some of the Ladies' Committee....Death of Mr. Cappe's sister....Her character contrasted with that of a late celebrated duchess, who died the same evening, in their walk through life, and in their departure out of it....Singular accident of the Author; the various minute independent circumstances required for her preservation....Lessons to be learnt from such deliverances.

In returning home, I stayed some time in London, and had a lodging in Essex-street, near my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, with whom I spent a considerable portion of every day, with more complete satisfaction and uninterrupted enjoyment than I had ever done since their leaving Catterick. Often did we look back on those trying scenes, as on a troubled sea, long passed in safety; and the only sentiment excited by the retrospect, was that of ardent gratitude to the merciful hand, by whose guardian care, through the course of a long eventful period, we had hitherto been preserved in peace and comfort! I had the satisfaction of keeping the birthday of my venerable, aged friend, then entering on his eighty-third year. He was become very feeble, in consequence of the repeated slight paralytic attacks already

mentioned; and his eye-sight failed him so greatly, that it was not in his power to read much, or for any long time together; yet such is the force of habit, that he delighted to sit with a book open before him, that he might refer to it whenever he found himself able. He had still great pleasure in hearing the discussion of literary, moral, or religious subjects, by the numerous friends, some or other of whom generally visited them every day: and although he could no longer take an active part in the diffusion of pure religion and virtue, the great object of his whole life—he could still instruct by his patience, cheerfulness, and resignation, under the growing infirmities of old age, and supply a living example of the character pointed out to imitation, by the royal bard of Israel, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

I had the pleasure, whilst in London, of being introduced to many worthy, excellent persons, and among others, to some of the Ladies' Committee; also of bringing forward by subscription, the poems of an unlettered Muse, which have since passed through three editions, and obtained for their author, Charlotte Richardson, some degree of celebrity, together with the means of a more comfortable maintenance.

On my return home, in November, 1805, I found my sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Cappe, declining very fast; she lingered however, until the 1st of April, 1806, and then expired in the seventy-third year of her age. Few persons perhaps ever trod the path of humble duty, through the course of a long life, with more undeviating steps. In the faithful discharge of every relative obligation, she was exemplary. Devoted to the service of her friends, and regardless of her own gratification, every

returning day still found her diligent at her post, labouring for others; and her reward even in this world was great, for she truly enjoined "that peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

It is remarkable that when confined to her bed during the last fortnight, and delirious at times, from extreme feebleness, the same habits continued. "What did we come into this world for," she would say, "but to be good and to do good?" and then she would extend her weak, emaciated arms, as if knitting, sewing, or spinning, still endeavouring to occupy herself with the greatest assiduity: and the last day of her life, was really a day of triumph. "I hope," she said, "I am very thankful, but I never can be sufficiently thankful for the unspeakable blessings I now enjoy; then clasping together her trembling withered hands—"happy, happy, happy," she exclaimed, "thus to go to heaven, surrounded by such friends." And these were among the last words she was able to articulate.

This very same evening was rendered memorable by the death of an illustrious female in London, the late Duchess of D.; but in a state of mind, alas! how dissimilar. Let us pause for a moment, to contrast their different situations and subsequent characters. The one, possessing exquisite beauty, fine talents, rare accomplishments, fascinating manners, and naturally of a very amiable disposition; placed in a rank, the most elevated, entrusted with a fortune the most splendid,—no wonder that she attained the highest celebrity, not in her own country alone, but throughout the whole of civilized Europe. But was she therefore happy? For a time indeed, she seems to have pleasantly, as well as gaily, danced the round of fashionable dissipation and folly;

but when wearied of these enjoyments, and that greater stimulus of gaming became necessary, how miserable did the sequel prove!—The other, born in a comparatively humble station, in whom there was nothing to admire except her virtues, and these known only within a very narrow circle; possessed of no talents or beauty, to obtain applause, and without any other ambition than simply to do her duty, had neither leisure, time, nor fortune, to bestow on amusements. Contrast them as they passed through life—contrast them in the moment of their departure out of it, and then say, which of the two characters would the voice of wisdom recommend to the imitation of her votaries?

Ought not instances like these, to have some effect in sobering the vain ambition of parents for their children? should it not convince them, that happiness does not always result from fine accomplishments, and a splendid establishment; but rather, that whatever be the rank, situation, or acquirements, to "fear God and keep his commandments, is the whole duty of man."

In the summer of the year, 1806, I met with a very singular accident. Dining at a gentleman's house in Wakefield, I swallowed a piece of gristle of a breast of veal, which stuck in the throat, so as entirely to compress the windpipe, and to prevent the possibility of breathing. The extreme danger of my situation was instantly perceived, and the cause discovered. It happened that Dr. Hird of Leeds, had accidentally called upon the family, and been prevailed upon to stay dinner; and the thought struck him, whilst all the rest of the company were running for assistance in various directions, to dash a quantity of cold water into my mouth, which producing a sudden contraction, gave instant re-

lief, by dislodging the gristle. In a minute or two more, all would have been over, and I verily believe that this was the only expedient that could have been effectual. Dr. Hird, therefore, was the agent under Providence, to whom I was indebted for the preservation of my life. The sensation was exceedingly distressing, being I doubt not, precisely that which is experienced by strangulation. I was fully conscious of my situation, and rejoiced in the presence of Dr. Hird, knowing that it would be a great consolation to my three daughters, (none of whom were present) and to some other kind friends, to learn afterwards, that every thing had been done, of which the circumstances would admit.

It was a maxim of my late husband's, to inquire of every passing event, what it has to depose concerning the providence and government of God. On an occasion like this, I could not be unmindful of the salutary advice; and it was obvious to remark, that had the accident happened the day before, or the day after, both of which I spent in the country, my death had been inevitable; likewise, that it must have been equally fatal, occurring when and where it did, had not Dr. Hird that day called upon the family, and been prevailed on to stay dinner. and also had he not possessed the presence of mind to apply the only possible remedy. Now, when a train of circumstances so exceedingly minute, apparently independent of each other, yet operating as distinct causes, are every one of them essential to the production of a given effect, must we not conclude that not one of them happened by chance? And am I not warranted in the firm belief, that it was the intention of a gracious Providence by these means, at that time to preserve my life? So literally true, then, is the assertion of our Lord, that

"not a sparrow falleth to the ground, without our heavenly Father."

But it may be asked, could not life have been preserved in a much shorter way, by simply preventing the accident? I answer, undoubtedly; but let it be remembered, that the mercy would then have been wholly unperceived, and consequently, that not one of the salutary convictions would have been felt, which similar dangers and similar deliverances are intended to produce. Do they not teach us, in language not to be mistaken, that we and our affairs are at all times in the hands of God, —that circumstances apparently the most trivial, and arrangements the most minute, may be, and often are employed as his agents, to take away life, or to restore it, even at the very moment when it is about to expire? Shall we then calculate on protracted existence in this world, because we see no danger at hand? or shall we on the contrary, refuse any labour of love, in the strict line of duty, because the greatest apparent danger may attach to the effort?

CHAPTER XLV.

Two more visits to London....Mr. Lindsey's rapidly declining health....An account of his death....Importance of gospel promises to the aged biographer....The life of Christ prepared for the press....The Author's motives....The hopes of the closet compared with the actual survey of customs, prejudices, society, and manners.

In the years 1807, and again in 1808, I visited my friends in Essex-street, and although I found them surrounded with every comfort, which their situation could

admit, and Mr. Lindsey, patient, meek, resigned, and even cheerful as usual; thinking well of God, and of his government; truly thankful for all his mercies, and looking steadily forward to more glorious displays of his infinite goodness; yet his entire inability to read, or converse, except occasionally for a few moments, was extremely painful to those who admired and loved him, and had so often been delighted and edified by his pious and instructive conversation. At the time of my last visit, in 1808, he was unable even to attend long at a time, to any book that was read to him, except the New Testament;—but of the discourses, the actions, the transcendant miracles, and the heavenly precepts of his divine Master, he never tired. On these occasions, a gleam of lively pleasure was wont to enliven his languid, yet placid countenance, whilst he frequently repeated, as it seemed, involuntarily, whilst the narrative proceeded,—"aye, aye," in a tone of inconceivable sweetness, and which fully revealed what was passing in the mind respecting Him, "whom not having seen, he loved," and to whose blessed society he is now for ever united,* to proceed right onward with accelerated pace from glory unto glory!

It was evident, that the period of probation assigned to this humble confessor, was now fast approaching to its close. It was extremely painful to me, to leave London under this conviction; and especially as it seemed

* I do not conceive this language to be improper, when used even by those who interpret the Scriptures, as teaching a state of insensibility, from the moment of death to the period of a general resurrection; since, whatever is decreed in the immutable counsels of God, as the reward of exemplary virtue, may be justly considered as if it had already actually taken place.

to afford my aged friend particular pleasure, to share the soothing sympathy of one, whom he had honoured for so many years, with his peculiar esteem and friendship. "I charge you," said Mrs. Lindsey to her servants, "do not tell your master that Mrs. Cappe is going away." But as I had been dangerously ill myself, it was necessary, in order to complete the recovery, that I should leave a close lodging in Essex-street;—to have remained there much longer, would have been extremely expensive;—I could be of no real service to one, who was surrounded by so many affectionate friends, and I was greatly wanted at home. Mr. Lindsey, lingered about six weeks after I came away, until the 3rd of November. On the 6th, I had the following account of his death, from Dr. Blackburne, Mrs. Lindsey's brother. "I feel a degree of complacency, unusual on such occasions, in announcing to you, the easy transit of our excellent and venerable friend to the realms of peace. Mr. Lindsey, expired at ten minutes past six yesterday evening, without a sigh, or the least change in the placidity of his aspect. He had been confined about six days to his bed, the oppression on the brain gradually increasing each day, till the final happy and gentle extinction of life."

On the 7th, I had a letter from Mrs. Lindsey, of which the following is an extract. "I write to give you the satisfaction of knowing, that by the mercy of God, my dear departed saint fell asleep in perfect serenity, and knew me almost to the last, said in his own sweet tone, and plainly, 'my love;' a word he had repeated when awake, and able, both day and night. When I said to him on the afternoon of Thursday, 'My dearest love, you and I shall live together for ever,' he

replied in an audible voice, 'aye.' His countenance now dead, is so exactly expressive of his constant benignity, that it conveys satisfaction to all who behold it, and solaces me to contemplate."

How insupportable would be the feelings of the aged biographer, who is destined to survive the almost total extinction of all her early connexions, and to record the death of those whom she has most highly revered, and tenderly loved, were there no hope of a future happy reunion! Let those despise or lightly esteem the gospel of Christ, who do not stand in need of its consolations! Let them point out some other pilot, who can conduct them with equal safety, along the arduous road of human duty; support them by his precepts, and animate them by his example, whilst they humbly endeavour to follow and obey him in this life, and who can cheer and enlighten by his promises, and his resurrection, the dark and dreary valley of their departure out of it!

I had been much occupied during the greater part of this year, in preparing for the press, a series of Notes of my late husband's, on the four Gospels, formerly transcribed from his short-hand papers, and from the margin of different Bibles. The dictating from these, had soothed many a long hour of languor and debility, which would otherwise have hung heavily upon him, and had doubly endeared them to me, as well on that account, as for their own intrinsic merit. I considered their importance as being such, that I felt very desirous that others should benefit from them as well as myself; and I conceived that their extensive circulation would best be promoted, by endeavouring to interweave the narrative of the four Evangelists, into one connected history in their own words; placing the Notes at the bottom of the page, and

dividing the whole into sections; adding at the end of each, such reflections as might arise in my own mind, from a careful and serious perusal of each section. My first design was to publish the work in quarto, placing the book, chapter, and verse, from which the narratives were taken, in columns, by the side of the history; but not being able to take the whole risk of the expense of publishing upon myself, I was dissuaded by my bookseller from this attempt, and advised to publish in octavo; merely placing the name of the book, chapter, and verse, at the head of each section; and this was done accordingly, and the book was published in April, 1809.

When I considered the important light thrown upon various parts of the sacred Volume, and particularly on many of the conversations of our divine Master, by these Notes—the result of many a year of serious and patient investigation, on the part of one, whose single object was the developement of scriptural truth; whose early youth and declining age, were alike devoted to the careful study of the Scriptures in the original languages, under the deepest sense of their unspeakable importance; of one, whose investigations bore always the stamp of profound thought, of deep piety, and of original genius—I was led to flatter myself that their acceptableness would be great, and their circulation wide and extensive.—When however, I stepped out of my closet, and took but a transient survey of the busy world around me—of the fears, the prejudices, and the enthusiasm of many; the indifference, if not absolute scepticism of more, and especially of a great portion of the literary public, for whose use these Notes were principally calculated; when I looked into the popular histories of such eloquent, spe-

cious writers as Gibbon and Hume, and many others, and saw how their genius, and erudition, conforming to the false philosophy, careless habits, and dissipated manners of the age, had insensibly undermined all desire of religious knowledge and improvement, I was led to anticipate what has actually happened, that many would not look into the book, and that of the few who did, the greater part would not give themselves the trouble of reading it. The periodical publications of the day, are in general, a pretty good criterion of the popularity of the subject treated, and here the indication was most unfavourable; for with the exception of an article in the Monthly Repository for May, 1810, written in a high strain of praise, and duly appreciating the value and importance of the Notes; and of one in the Eclectic Review for 1810, speaking highly of the Reflections, hardly any notice has been taken of the publication. Thus discouraged, I shall not attempt in my lifetime, to bring forward another edition; but perhaps I may endeavour, if I should be able, being fully persuaded of its real, intrinsic value, to prepare a quarto edition for the press, on the plan originally proposed; which my executors may publish hereafter, if they should think it likely to get into circulation.* The light thrown upon many difficult passages in these Notes, is surely invaluable; particularly on the celebrated conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus,—with the woman of Samaria, and many others. Of the Reflections, it may not become me to speak; yet as this will not appear before the public, whilst the writer can have any interest in its approbation or censure, I may be allowed to say,

* The Author abandoned this design; but at the time of her death, was engaged in reprinting the Reflections in a cheap form, chiefly for the use of the Tract Societies.--Ed.

that on a careful re-perusal, I think they can hardly be attentively read, without exciting additional interest in the character of Him, who, to adopt his own energetic, but highly figurative language, was indeed, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Distressed state of the Berwick Female Benefit Club....Efforts for its restoration....Ultimate success....Attempt to establish a Female Benefit Club at Long Preston....Imperfect success....A neglected parish....The Author visits the Lakes....Unable to witness the beautiful scenery....A new edition of the Discourses on Providence....An interesting visit to Green-hill, near Manchester....To Liverpool....Establishment of an Auxiliary British and Foreign Bible Society....Its great importance....Benefits arising from the habit of reading the Bible....Death of Mrs. Lindsey.... Her Memoir.

In the spring of 1810, having heard repeatedly that the Female Benefit Club, at Berwick-in-Elmet, which I had some agency in establishing, in conjunction with my late friend, Mrs. Eamonson of Lazencroft, in the year 1774, was not well conducted, all the original honorary members being dead or removed, and none having succeeded to supply their places; I determined to visit them once more, and to attend their Annual Meeting on Whit-Tuesday. I had been absent so many years, that I did not expect to see a face I knew, among these poor people; but to my astonishment, twenty-nine, or thirty of the original members were still living, but generally transformed from being stout, healthy and robust, to the feebleness and decrepitude of old age. They lamented exceedingly their being now so entirely deserted, having no one to care for them, or to manage their affairs; and I endeavoured to console them as much as it was in my

power, with the faint hope that some of the neighbouring ladies, might again be induced to interest themselves in their behalf. An event, however, took place, in the course of the summer, which although at first apparently unfortunate for them, has eventually done them great service. Their Rector and Treasurer, although seemingly in good health, died suddenly, and insolvent; notwithstanding the living is nearly two thousand pounds per annum. The money belonging to the Society, being vested in the Funds in his name, great alarm was excited lest it should be lost, and their Institution of course, entirely ruined. Fortunately however, the Society was registered; and they could therefore, avail themselves of the protection of the Act of Parliament for the security of these Societies, which provides for their being paid whatever may be due to them, prior to the claims of any other creditor. The business was very troublesome, but at length their money was transferred into the name of Dr. Mansel, Bishop of Bristol, who succeeded to the living of Berwick, and kindly consented to be their Treasurer, along with three other gentlemen of this city. My friend Mrs. Gray, and myself, took lodgings there that summer, for some days, in order to investigate the state of their accounts from the first establishment of the Institution to the present time; yet we should not have been able completely to have succeeded, without the kind assistance, and professional knowledge of Mr. Gray.

Soon after my visit at Berwick, I went to Long Preston, in Craven, my native village, in the hope of establishing a Female Benefit Club there; but although I succeeded in part, and met with a better reception than I could have expected, from the *Statesmen's* wives, ma-

ny of whom became honorary members, yet so wholly unaccustomed were the lower orders of the female poor, for whose use the proposed Institution was principally intended, to experience any particular attention from those in superior stations, that they could not give credit to the profession of one, now a stranger, that her sole object was to serve them: and this distrust, joined to the general reluctance to sacrifice a small present gratification, in order to obtain a distant, but far more important good, prevented the greater part from joining, and effectually kept aloof the young women in the neighbouring villages. Had there been a resident clergyman of any respectability and influence, I could have had no doubt of complete success, but Long Preston is a forlorn, deserted parish. The vicar, I was informed, had never been there, but to take possession; and was engaged in a law-suit, with many of the principal parishioners, in the hope of raising the value of the living.

From Long Preston, I accompanied my daughters to the Lakes in Westmoreland, where I was kindly accommodated for a short time, by my friends Mrs. Millar and Miss Cullen, then resident there. I had proposed considerable pleasure, if not improvement, from seeing the romantic and sublime scenery, with which this mountainous district abounds; from contemplating the unrivalled beauties of Keswick, and the awful grandeur of Borrowdale; but the weather proved unfavourable, and I was too much indisposed the greater part of the time, to make any distant excursion. I consoled myself, however, by recollecting and believing the truth of a sentiment of my friend Mr. Lindsey's, that such pleasures were merely for a little time deferred. "If," said he, "our almighty Father hath been thus profuse of beauty,

to adorn the habitation of creatures so imperfect and sinful, what will be the glories of those heavenly mansions, destined for the future abode of just men made perfect!"

In the spring of 1811, I published a cheap edition of Mr. Cappe's admirable Discourses on the Providence and Government of God, which had been long out of print, and much inquired for; prefixing a short Address to the youth of the rising generation. And in the course of the summer, I received great pleasure from visiting Manchester and Liverpool, where I had the privilege of being introduced to many worthy, enlightened, and excellent persons, and of seeing many admirable charities; among the foremost of which, is the school for the blind in Liverpool, conducted with great ability and success, upon a very extensive scale. In this school, those hitherto unfortunate people, are not only taught various arts, by which they may gain a maintenance, but are restored to that place in society, which they probably might have held, if they had not suffered the privation of sight; a consciousness which insensibly raises the tone of their spirits, and renders them cheerful, contented, and happy.

My friend, Mrs. Jones of Green-Hill, near Manchester, with whom the greater part of this portion of time was spent, has a large school for the education of poor girls, at her own expense; where they are taught needlework, reading, and writing, and whatever else may be likely to make them valuable servants; and when their school education is finished, places are provided for them. They who remain in the same service three years, and behave well, are rewarded with a silver medal by their kind benefactress; which they receive, wearing a neat new dress, of Manchester manufacture, previously prepared for the occasion, by the same bountiful friend. I

was present on one of these happy occasions, when five interesting young women received each this honourable distinction, and two others were present, who had received medals two years before. After singing an appropriate hymn, in which the whole school, and many neighbouring gentlemen and ladies joined, who had come hither on the festive occasion, the children were all regaled under the shade of the trees behind the hospitable mansion, with roast-beef, plum-pudding, and fruit. This school, however, is but one channel through which the bounty of Mrs. Jones is accustomed to flow; for her whole time, and a considerable portion of an ample fortune, with the full concurrence of her excellent husband, are habitually devoted to various acts of kindness and beneficence, towards all, in whatever rank or station, to whose comfort or happiness she can in any way contribute.

In the winter of 1812, we received the greatest pleasure from the establishment of an Auxiliary British and Foreign Bible Society, in our ancient city of York; which we had previously almost despaired of accomplishing; not being supported by the Archbishop, the Dean, or any of the Church Dignitaries on the one hand, or by the Corporation or City Magistrates, on the other; with the single exception, however, of the worthy Lord Mayor, the Hon. L. Dundas, who was prevailed upon to fill the chair as President, and of one respectable Alderman, who gave a donation of ten guineas. This charity I consider as being the most noble of all others; whether in respect of its primary object, that of shedding "light on those who sit in darkness," or in its eventual good influences, in promoting harmony and peace among different sects and parties, who all acknowledge the same

great Master. It is not that I expect any supernatural illumination to accompany the mere reading of the Scriptures; it is in the full conviction of their superior excellence:—of their transcendent superiority over all other writings, in constantly referring every passing event, whether prosperous or adverse, to the sole will and pleasure of the Maker and Lord of all:—of Him, "who kills, and who makes alive,"—"who wounds and who heals;" and in the happy effects produced by a sense of their own accountableness, on minds the most uncultivated.

Go into the world, contrast the effects produced by the conviction of these important truths, with the conversation, the views, the objects, and the pursuits of the most polished circles; or, if you are wearied with the everlasting attempt to excite the admiration of each other, and to arrest the fleeting breath of fashionable applause, read the most profound compositions of those of our highly celebrated authors, "who have not God in all their thoughts." They will amuse you perhaps, with brilliant sallies of imagination: they will give you, it may be, a very luminous account of the operation of secondary causes; they will describe with clearness and precision, the crooked steps of the proud ambitious statesman, or the sanguinary footsteps of the lawless conqueror: but if they look no higher than those, can they pour the balm of true consolation into the wounded spirit? Can they bestow on their admiring disciples, that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and which the world neither gives nor takes away?" Can they give full and convincing assurance that the disappointments, the afflictions, and the calamities of life, are not the vindictive punishments of an angry judge, the cruel effects of a disposition in the Deity, as the father of Grecian

history expresses it,* "to envy human happiness," but the kind chastisements of a tender parent, for the reformation and improvement of his imperfect, sinful creatures; a necessary discipline to fit and prepare them for pure, intellectual, and heavenly happiness? Is it a trifling privilege to have full assurance through that gospel to which God himself "hath set his seal," in the miracles, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ; and in the preaching of his apostles, with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven; that death is not the end of man?—Is there no pleasure, no solid consolation, in thus obtaining a glimpse, as it were, of that happy land,

> ——— "Of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,
> Where endless day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain?"

Then, if these things are of no value, if they are privileges not worth obtaining, if they have no tendency to make the genuine disciple of Christ, happy in himself, and a blessing to all around him; then is the British, and Foreign Bible Society, an Institution it were vain to establish; and its grand object, the promotion of gospel truth, a blessing of no importance!

For my own part, I can truly say, that in the course of a long life, not wholly spent without observation, I have never yet seen an instance, where the Bible has been habitually read, though the understanding respecting the genuine import of many passages, may not always have been much informed, that the heart has not been made wiser and better; that many evil passions have not been corrected, although perhaps not wholly

* Herodotus; Mitford's History of Greece, 4th vol. page 354, 4to. edit.

subdued; and the pious and benevolent affections further cultivated, improved and enlarged. Say then, if it be not true, that the gospel is indeed the "pearl of great price," for which the enlightened "merchant-man," would cheerfully "sell all that he hath," to make the purchase?

Nor does the importance of the British and Foreign Bible Society appear diminished, or its value inferior, when we witness the subordinate happy effects resulting from it; softening the animosities of discordant, contending sects and parties, by demonstrating, that there is one object at least, and that a most important one, in which all may most cordially unite. With what delight, upon this occasion, have I seen the friends with whom I am in more immediate religious communion, join heart and hand with some other excellent persons, who are our friends also, but whose speculative opinions, on some points, differ widely from ours: giving thus a sort of happy foretaste of that delightful harmony which shall hereafter obtain, when all that is imperfect shall be done away; when we shall no longer "see as through a glass darkly, but shall know even as we are known!"

On the 20th of last January, (1812) I received the afflicting account of the death of my highly honoured friend, Mrs. Lindsey. I have said afflicting, but I half recal that expression, for it was an event to which she herself had long looked forward with far other sentiments than those of apprehension or regret; and such was the state of her health and spirits, that her dearest relatives could not consistently wish that her life should be very long protracted. Yet she was the friend with whom I had gone through life, in the constant habit of

confidential intercourse; not a thought on either side having been concealed, or a project or sentiment unimparted. To her and to her excellent husband; to their conversation, their example, and to the great principles of strict integrity in the sight of God, and of entire submission to his will, whether to do or to suffer, which had habitually regulated their conduct, I had owed more than I can possibly express: how then could I look forward to an entire cessation of all further intercourse in this world, without feelings of very tender regret? I was desired to draw up a Memoir for the Monthly Repository, which was inserted in the number for February of that year; and I also struck off a few copies for the gratification of particular friends, who might not see that publication.

I have endeavoured in that Memoir, as well as in the preceding narrative, to give a faithful delineation of her character; and have inserted in both, various extracts from the few of her letters, still remaining in my possession, to enable my readers more accurately to form their own judgment respecting the discriminating powers of her acute, comprehensive mind; of the extraordinary energy and fortitude, and the deep sense of humble piety, with which it was habitually imbued. "I wonder," said an amiable friend of hers, (the widow of the late Gen. Deane) "what will be your high destination in the future, everlasting world; for my part, I shall esteem it a privilege to be seated at your footstool; and when I observe you swiftly passing by, enthroned on a ray of light, I shall say to my compeers, 'Surely there is some great event on the eve of taking place, for see, the Lindsey commission is out!'"

I shall transcribe that paragraph from the Memoir

in the Monthly Repository, in which I have spoken of her death, correcting an error into which I had fallen, in consequence of my having misunderstood some of the circumstances attending her last illness, transmitted to me by Dr. Blackburne and Mr. Frend.

"On Monday, January 13th, a party of Mrs. Lindsey's particular friends drank tea with her, and she appeared much as usual; they were struck however, on taking leave, with the fervent manner in which she prayed that God would bless them; 'as if,' says Mr. Frend, 'she had a kind of presage of her approaching dissolution.' On the Tuesday evening she had a slight paralytic seizure, but although the pressure on the brain gradually increased, she retained her speech and faculties, till Friday afternoon; inquiring particularly and by name, on Friday morning, after the sick and poor in her neighbourhood, whom she was accustomed to relieve. About one in the afternoon she was seized with a fit, and sunk gradually into a state of insensibility, without pain or suffering of any kind, until Saturday morning, when she calmly and tranquilly expired. It was her daily prayer that her last sickness might not be long, so as to be a burden to her friends; and her prayer was heard."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Proposal of removing the Dissenting College from Manchester, in 1802.... Difficulties and discouragements....On the part of Mr. Wellbeloved's friends....On his own....Apathy of the dissenters....In some degree overcome....Labours of Mr. Wellbeloved....His health injured....Two additional tutors engaged....Principles of the Institution....Their value and importance.

I OUGHT perhaps, to have mentioned in its place, as being a subject in itself extremely important, and in which I have felt a very lively interest, that in the year 1802, a proposition was made to my friend Mr. Wellbeloved, by the Trustees of the College, for the education of Dissenting Ministers at Manchester, which after the resignation of Dr. Barnes, had been principally conducted by the late Rev. George Walker, to remove the Institution to this city, and to place it wholly under his direction. My late friend, Mr. Wood of Leeds, was the principal agent in this business: he had the interests of the Institution exceedingly at heart, and well knew, although Mr. Wellbeloved himself did not so appreciate his own talents, how amply he was qualified to conduct it with ability. The difficulties to be encountered, were of such magnitude, and the discouragements so many and various, that for some time Mr. Wellbeloved hesitated about accepting the proposal. I shall enumerate a few of these, whether as they regarded the Institution itself, or his own more particular situation and feelings.

In the first place, the patronage was very small, and the funds extremely limited, neither of which were likely to be much increased, a sort of melancholy forebod-

ing, having seized the minds of some who might otherwise probably have come forward, that because Warrington and Hackney had failed, no Institution on similar principles, and with similar views, ever could succeed. Others again, who did not carry the matter quite so far, (and among these were many persons of weight and influence,) were yet of opinion, that no place ever could succeed, that was not within a short distance of London. Whether they apprehended that the air, the pursuits, or the style of living in a metropolis, were essential to the prosperity of an academical education, I never heard precisely ascertained; the assertion answered very well as a simple aphorism, without descending to these particulars; and supplied a complete apology for those to stand aloof, who from one cause or other, did not wish to come forward.

Again, there were many who affirmed, that able coadjutors were no where to be found; Mr. W., it was truly said, could not alone fill all the different departments, and that as a precarious Institution like this, so feebly supported, must probably soon share the fate of those which had preceded, and which had commenced their career under auspices far more favourable, it was not to be expected, that men of talents and learning, would engage in its service as coadjutors, lest they should eventually share in its disgrace. Added to this, there were no buildings for the accommodation of students, as formerly at Hackney, and as still were remaining at Manchester.

Nor will it be imagined, after what has been premised of the state of the funds, and the deficiency of patronage, that any very alluring prospects could be held out, of pecuniary advantage. So much otherwise indeed, at

least in as much as Mr. Wellbeloved was concerned, that the balance was most decidedly against the undertaking. His character was already so established as a private tutor, that he could obtain without any risk, and with much less anxiety, whatever number of pupils he wished, on terms abundantly more advantageous, than what was offered in the way of stipend, as theological tutor, and for the board of the young men. As far therefore, as pecuniary considerations, freedom from great anxiety, or a moderate portion of ease and leisure, should be taken into the account, there could be no hesitation about the wisdom of declining the proposal altogether: and his own most immediate connexions thought the hazard of failure so great, the pecuniary loss so certain, and the fatigue to be undergone so formidable, especially with his numerous family, and Mrs. Wellbeloved's delicate health, that they scrupled not to affirm, that to accept the proposal would at least be an act of great imprudence, if it did not amount to a dereliction of primary duties, for visionary ideas of general utility, never likely to be realized.

A few persons however there were, in the foremost rank, of whom was the late Mr. Wood, as already mentioned, who were very anxious that the trial should be made. Some of these had known from experience, that when the energies of an active mind are powerfully excited in behalf of what is conceived to be important duty, and subservient to general good; when the motives are entirely pure, uncontaminated by little views of vanity or low ambition, the success is frequently beyond all expectation; at least they knew that no virtuous effort is ever wholly lost, and that results the most important, are sometimes produced by means apparently the most inadequate.

In addition to these suggestions, arising from a general view of the subject, there were, to a mind like that of Mr. Wellbeloved's, some very powerful inducements, which more immediately respected himself.—The prospect, if the attempt should succeed, of far more extensive usefulness, in this than in any other line: the employment, in itself so delightful and important, of scriptural investigation, free from the trammels of creeds and articles; together with the animating hope of training up a succession of pious, virtuous, and ingenuous youths, who might be successful preachers of a purer gospel, when his own voice should be silent in the tomb.

The greatest obstacle to his engaging in the undertaking, arose from his not duly appreciating his own powers; disposed always to think of his own attainments, as being much below their real standard, he hesitated, lest by an unsuccessful attempt, he should injure, from his own inability, the very cause he so earnestly wished to promote; nor were there wanting those who were fully disposed to give credit to the justness of those apprehensions.—Mr. W.'s real character was at that time but little known, and there is always a disposition in those who do not take the trouble to examine, not willingly to assign a higher place to another, whether in the literary, moral, or religious world, than he himself is disposed to claim. At length, however, these fears and scruples were happily overcome; and in the midst of many real discouragements and difficulties, Mr. W. began his arduous labours, in the year 1803, with four divinity and four lay-students. For the first session, he had not only the various departments of theological, classical, and mathematical tutor to supply

alone, without assistants, but he had besides, some youths already upon his hands, whose education he had previously engaged to complete, and whom he could not class with the new pupils.

In the commencement of the session of 1804, Mr. W.'s labours were considerably lessened, by the appointment of Mr. Kerr from Glasgow, as classical and mathematical tutor; but yet, as it was a principle with him, not to content himself with a mere official discharge of duty, but assiduously, by every means in his power, to increase the knowledge, expand the mind, and improve the character of those committed to his care; —not to content himself with the mere repetition of a course of studies marked out by others, however able and learned, but to consider with anxious solicitude, what alterations a change of circumstances or other causes might render expedient: and how far the methods hitherto pursued, might be capable of improvement,—the labour and fatigue was exceedingly overpowering.

For the first two years, Mr. Wellbeloved's health did not seem materially affected; but in the latter part of the session of 1806, he was so extremely ill, and the disease assumed so alarming an aspect, that a fatal termination was apprehended. The patronage of the Institution, or the contributions towards its support, were but little increased: a third tutor therefore, could not be engaged; and there seemed every reason to fear that the health, if not the life, of my inestimable friend, would fall a sacrifice to overpowering anxiety and fatigue, accompanied probably, at the same time, by the entire ruin of the Institution.

What was now to be done? Mr. Wellbeloved himself,

according to his usual habits, conscious that he had done all in his power, was determined without a murmur, to wait the probable event. His friend Mr. Wood, in the preceding autumn, had been brought to the very brink of the grave, and although he was now very slowly recovering, he was not in a state to be consulted on any matter of importance. In this exigence, unequal as she might be to the attempt, it seemed a duty incumbent upon the writer of this Memoir, having witnessed the whole progress, to try if the apathy which seemed to have paralysed every rational and generous exertion in the dissenting public, could not be roused into some degree of animation and vigour. The expedient adopted, was to write to my friend Mr. Turner of Newcastle, (unknown to Mr. Wellbeloved) stating a few plain facts, respecting the present state of the Institution; its especial importance, being then the only one in the kingdom conducted on similar principles; its bearings on the great interests connected with religious liberty, with the sacred and unalienable rights of conscience, and with those enlightened views of the Gospel dispensation, so peculiarly essential to its cordial reception, in the present advanced state of science and literature. The important inquiry was instituted, whence it could have arisen, that whilst the abettors of every erroneous system of Christianity, however clouded with the misapprehensions and mistakes of bigotry, prejudice, or superstition, may always be certain of ample support; the only one (in the apprehension of the writer at least,) which had truth and reason for its basis, should be suffered to languish and decay?—Mr. Turner took the most likely means of giving full effect to these representations and remonstrances, not only by sending extracts

to various persons likely to be interested, resident in different parts of the kingdom, as proceeding from an eye-witness, but what was still more important, by adding his own valuable testimony to the truth of the facts therein stated; and giving the sanction of his name to the reasoning founded upon them, which, as having proceeded originally from one, who might be considered as incompetent to form an adequate opinion, could not otherwise have excited the requisite attention.

These exertions produced the happiest effects; many prejudices, fears, and apprehensions, were gradually subdued; several new subscribers were added; and the funds were increased in the course of the following year, so as to give considerable vigour and animation to an almost forlorn and expiring hope. Still, however, Mr. W. was destined to labour on with only one coadjutor; for although at the commencement of 1809, the funds were so far increased, that the engagement of a third tutor might have been hazarded, yet one of the original difficulties still remained—that of not being able to meet with any person, in all respects properly qualified, and at the same time willing to engage in the undertaking.

As it is not my intention to give a regular history of the rise and progress of this Institution, believing that when it shall have attained the just celebrity to which it is now gradually advancing, this will be done by some abler pen, I shall here pass over many subordinate links in the chain, and merely state, that the appointment of a third tutor did not take place till the commencement of the session of 1810, and that proper accommodations for the students could not be procured till the beginning of the last session, 1811. Such however, has been the unwearied diligence of the excellent theological tutor,

even when he had but one assistant, such the versatility of his talents, that many young men have already left the College, whose various acquirements and exemplary conduct, reflect the greatest honour upon the education they have received there; and respecting the future, every thing may be hoped for from the able assistance, in conjunction with Mr. Wellbeloved's own labours, of two such coadjutors as the present mathematical and classical tutors, the Rev. William Turner, junior, and the Rev. John Kenrick.

It is not to promote the interests of a particular party, the little triumphs of one sect over another, that the seminary at York, has been founded. It has a far more extended and nobler aim—to follow truth on the genuine Protestant principle of candid and serious investigation, as far as it can be discovered—the truth as it is in Jesus. He alone is considered as the great Teacher and Exemplar of human duty, and of human destination. The violent controversies which have so long agitated the Christian world respecting the commencement and mode of existence of this heavenly Messenger, are considered as of no farther importance to his faithful disciples, than as these questions may bear upon the suitableness of his example as a rule of life; and of his resurrection and exaltation, as a charter of hope. To his real dignity it can add nothing, whether he be considered as first called into being, when he was born at Bethlehem in Judea, or began to exist at the distance of ten thousand, or ten millions of ages. What superior distinction can mere priority of created existence claim in his sight, "who alone is from everlasting to everlasting; with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day?" In comparison of him, all

are equally of yesterday; and therefore, it can be no degradation of the exalted rank in the scale of being, now held by our glorified Redeemer, to suppose that he was once a complete partaker in the human nature: nor, can it derogate any thing from that profound veneration and entire obedience, to which as a divine Teacher, he alone is exclusively entitled "who was dead and is alive again, and lives for evermore."

Will it be said that all these avowals of candour and impartiality, respecting doctrinal points, must, after all, be a mere deception; for, as Unitarianism is the known sentiment of the tutors, and the avowed principle on which their worship is conducted, how is it possible that a prejudice should not be excited in its favour, in the minds of the pupils, antecedent to this declared impartiality of examination? The fact is so far readily admitted, that in proportion as the tutors are esteemed and respected, their known opinion on any given subject, must have some weight in determining that of their pupils; but the question may be asked, how is this to be avoided? The tutors must either have some steady opinions of their own, which therefore, it is their duty, upon proper occasions, explicitly to avow, or they must wander about in the perplexing maze of universal scepticism, unknowing themselves where to rest, or to what haven of repose to conduct their wretched followers: but would a state of mind like this be desirable in the instructer of youth?

Again; if this difficulty be alleged as inimical to the avowed impartiality of Unitarian Dissenters, how is it removed in respect to those who conduct the education of persons intended for Ministers in the National Church? Are they less tenacious of their own opinions? less so-

licitous to engraft them on the minds of others?—But, were it possible to suppose this, are there no other principles, arising from their peculiar circumstances, which have a still more powerful tendency to turn the balance in favour of established systems? Safely entrenched on the one hand, behind Articles, Homilies, and Creeds, which pour forth the most terrific anathemas against the adventurous youth who should dare to dispute the least important of their dogmas; and exhibiting on the other, the splendid prospects which open on the view of him who promises implicit obedience, are there no additional motives suggested to stifle free inquiry, and to arrest the salutary progress of Gospel truth? Have the effects of excessive fear no tendency in respect of the timid, but well disposed mind, to generate an abject superstition, in place of genuine piety; the desire of riches and honour no influence on the ambitious and worldly-minded, to render them indisposed to search after Gospel truth? Let the experience of ages give the answer.

But, even were this admitted, has it ceased to be the fact, that the spirit of this world is totally at variance with the spirit of genuine Christianity? Have its honours, and its emoluments, its splendour, and its amusements, in the lapse of two thousand years, entirely changed the nature of their influence? Do they now lead the mind to look beyond them, to stretch forward from "those things which are seen and temporal, to those which are unseen and are eternal?" to endure privations, calumny, and reproach, rather than renounce opinions, and comply with practices, inimical to the developement and future progress of important truth?—If these things are not affirmed, then it must be admitted, that in proportion as an academical Institution is free from the conta-

gion of these debasing, misleading influences, in that proportion must be its real importance and intrinsic value.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The events of life not more afflictive than necessary....The effects of great prosperity exemplified in the history and fate of a celebrated beauty, the Author's contemporary....Striking coincidence between the dictates of experience and the principles of the Gospel.

WHATEVER reception this Memoir may meet with from the public, in which however, the writer can have no personal interest, one useful inference, I earnestly hope, cannot fail to be drawn; an inference which appears to my own mind of so much importance, that I ardently wish I possessed the power, as I do the desire, of fixing the attention of the reader steadily upon it. It is this: That afflictive as may have been many of the principal events of my past life, yet no other disposition of circumstances would have been equally salutary.—Having originally an aspiring temper, a great love of society, and a desire of figuring in it; had I possessed an attractive person, an affluent, or even an easy fortune, such merely as my entrance into life seemed to promise,—there might have been no bounds to my ambition or vanity; but the confluent small-pox destroyed all pretensions to the one, and the early death of my father, and of our kind relation and friend, Sir Rowland Winn, together with the visionary turn of my unfortunate brother, effectually deprived me of the other.

Great prosperity often proves a snare; and that it would have done so, to a temper like mine, is highly probable; and I must beg leave here, as a case in point, to produce the instance of a young lady, my contemporary, whose original situation, although different from, (for her father was a merchant) did not in fact, rank higher than my own, and whose talents were probably about the same class.

Possessing a singularly fine person, and a handsome face, she was admired abroad, and worshipped at home; every thing she said or did, was praised; and this general encouragement so exhilarated her spirits, which were naturally lively, that she became yet more celebrated for her wit, and the charms of a peculiarly animated style of conversation, than for her beauty. The vanity of her parents was not less flattered than her own; and there was not a place of fashionable resort, within the neighbouring districts, where the enchanting, elegant Hannah, was not the theme of every tongue.

When I first saw her at her father's house, she was about nineteen; ascending rapidly towards the zenith of her fame, and pointing directly, in the estimation of her friends, and probably also in her own, towards a coronet. I was then seventeen, and possessing none of these attractions, it was scarcely known by any of the gay company, that one so insignificant as myself, was in the room; or, if perchance an eye did glance towards me, it was merely in the humiliating way of contrast. I was fully conscious of this, and it so lowered the tone of my spirits, that if I had been spoken to, which however did not usually happen, I should with difficulty have returned an answer: I did not feel envious, for that was not my temper, yet unquestionably a wish was secretly

breathed, that without injuring her, I might have participated in her triumphs.

Sometime after this, having "borne the bell" in Yorkshire, the sphere of her influence was extended to circles yet more splendid, and she was not denied a place in the first ranks of fashion, even in the metropolis. The late duke of York, so celebrated for his taste in female beauty, was numbered among her admirers; which, if it could not excite the hope of princely elevation, gave additional lustre and eclat to her far-famed celebrity. Among her admirers, there were doubtless many who aspired to her hand, but it so happened, that she never married.

Eventually estranged from her family, by the taste she had acquired for more brilliant society, and probably unable to sustain the wretched ennui of a more domestic circle, she resided principally for some years, in the house of a late eminent lawyer, who rose at length, through the various gradations of his lucrative profession, to the dignity of lord chancellor, and whose lady was her relation, and friend. Here she was continually in the first society; but her health and beauty soon began to decline, and her spirits sunk in proportion. Still, however, by keeping quiet the whole day, and by the assistance of strong soups, of ether, or of opium, she could grace with her presence, and enliven by her delightful conversation, the splendid midnight supper. But at length, even this became impracticable; and she retired to a small house of her own, which she fitted up with the greatest taste and elegance, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and where she died not long after: the newspapers sounding forth her praise, as of one who had ornamented and embellished the first and most enchanting society.

I made an excursion in my return out of Kent, in the year 1806, to visit a relation in Surry, where I was asked if I did not remember the beautiful and accomplished Miss M.——? "Most certainly, and I remember also how much I admired her." "I dined yesterday," rejoined my friend, "with an acquaintance, who has taken a ready furnished house at ——; over the chimney-piece in the dinner-room, is a charming picture of a very fine woman, whose face I thought I recollected, taken in a masquerade dress; and upon inquiring whose it was, my acquaintance coldly answered, that he really did not know; he conjectured however, as the furniture together with the house, belonged to the female servant of a lady recently dead, that probably it might be the picture of her late mistress, a Miss M. of W——, in Yorkshire." My friend, who had known this lady as the arbitress of taste and fashion, when figuring in the plenitude of power, was exceedingly struck and affected. "Alas," he involuntarily exclaimed, "not only dead, but so soon forgotten! Her fine picture in the possession of one, who had not even the curiosity to enquire of whom it was the representative!" What were the mingled feelings to which this little anecdote gave rise, when it was thus related to me! Surely they partook far more of deep regret, than of severe censure; for where is the young, the lively, the inexperienced beauty, whom the enchantress pleasure might not thus have deluded and enchained? How thankful then ought those to be, who have been preserved more by a train of salutary deprivations perhaps, than by their own fortitude and wisdom, from a termination, in respect of this world, so humiliating, and in respect of another, so devoid of consolation!

I would here remark, as obviously arising out of the the little history I have just related, the striking coincidence that subsists between the views of human life, and its most important ends and objects, which we obtain from experience and observation, and the precepts and rules laid down for the conduct of it in the Gospel; and more especially, as exemplified in the circumstances and character of its great and illustrious Author. I mean not here to speak of those gross vices, against which the most express prohibitions and the most awful warnings are every where delivered in the New Testament; such as cruelty, sensuality, hypocrisy, or dishonesty; vices, which in the language of an Apostle, "ought not so much as to be named among Christians;" but of those things, which although in their own nature not sinful, yet in their consequences, if earnestly desired, and habitually indulged in, form an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of eminent virtue. For instance, to live in splendour, to be magnificently adorned, to frequent places of public resort, and to be considered there as leading characters, is not necessarily sinful—yet surely there is the utmost danger to be apprehended, not only lest the vehement desire of these things, which frequent indulgence with respect to them, will greatly increase, should open a door to ambition, to envy, to censoriousness, and discontent, but likewise, lest they should insensibly lead to and exhibit such false views of human life, by the factitious lustre which is continually shed around them, as completely to mislead the unwary pilgrim from the only path which can safely conduct him to the promised land?—Is the Author of our being unapprised of this frailty in his feeble offspring; and if he

gave them a revelation from Heaven, might we not conclude that he would guard against it? Now what is actually done in the Christian dispensation? Have not all the moral precepts of the New Testament this especial end in view? Are we not exhorted to be "vigilant," to be "sober-minded, not to love the world, nor the things of the world?" And wherefore? but that we may in this present stage of existence, preserve the freedom, the peace, and the tranquillity of our own minds, and be rendered more meet, in that which is to come, "for heavenly happiness?"

But, it is not by the precepts of the Gospel alone, but also by the example of its illustrious Founder, that we are guarded against a judgment so erroneous, and the evils consequent upon it; for wherefore was it, if not principally for this end, that he appeared upon the stage of this lower world in the humblest station? That his chosen messengers were poor illiterate fishermen? —wherefore, but to demonstrate in a way, which all may understand, that those things so highly valued among men, are of little account in the sight of God, that they do not confer real dignity, nor can ever lead to substantial happiness?

This remarkable coincidence affords, in my mind, one striking proof among innumerable others, that he who holds in his hand the vast train of causes and effects, who sees at one glance, every result from every possible combination of circumstances; and who therefore, for the wisest and kindest purposes, has ordained that we should be so constituted, and made liable to be thus deceived, thus fascinated, and mistaken, is likewise the Author of the Christian Dispensation. Dwelling upon these ideas, into what strains of holy exultation does not

an Apostle break out! "For God hath chosen the weak things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen:"—"That no flesh should glory in his presence."

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Author's freedom of speaking justified....Her motives for withdrawing from the Established Church....Objections answered.

As it is not my intention that these papers should come before the public, until the writer is no longer interested in the opinions that may be formed of them; until she hath past that awful bourne, from which "no traveller returns," and beyond which, the censure or the esteem of her fellow-mortals is of no importance; it has been her earnest endeavour to anticipate, in imagination, that solemn period, (now probably not very far distant) and to conceive of herself as if she were already entered on that station, whatever it may be, for which the goodness of God, and her previous habits, and progress in virtue, and holiness, may have fitted her, and from whence she shall then actually view it.* This endeavour, imperfectly as it may have succeeded, has given her a freedom in speaking of herself and others,

* I would again remark here, as I have observed already, p. 316, that the hypothesis of a state of non-existence until a general resurrection, makes no sort of difference in this case; as the judgment which we shall hereafter form of human life, and of the part which we ourselves have acted in it, will not be at all affected by the length of time which may have elapsed in the estimation of some orders of beings, between the events themselves, and the period when the power of consciousness and of retrospect shall be restored to us.

to which she could not otherwise have attained. Whilst we remain in this world, we cannot be wholly abstracted from its influences; but she who considers herself as if she were already removed beyond them, has little reluctance in disclosing the most secret recesses of the heart, if thereby some future fellow-traveller may be benefited: neither does she feel abashed, however moderate her talents, few her mental acquirements, or obscure her station, by any consciousness of impropriety, in thus obtruding herself upon the public; well knowing that whatever passes in the mind of one human being, must excite some interest in the minds of others, who are subjected to the like influences, and exposed to similar trials.

There is one action of my life in particular, to which I must here advert, as having, I doubt not, been censured by some, ridiculed perhaps by others, and lamented it may be, by more: I mean that of dissenting from what is commonly called the Orthodox creed, and consequently of withdrawing from the Established Church. I mean not however, to offer an apology; for had I done otherwise, although I might have escaped the anathemas of articles and creeds, and steered clear of the odium attached to heresy and schism, I could not, with my present convictions, have approved myself in his sight, "who seeth not as man seeth, who regardeth not the outward appearance, but who looketh on the heart."

The doctrine of the strict unity, the incomprehensible majesty, and the infinite supremacy of the great Lord and Father of all; as uniformly asserted in the Jewish Scriptures, as constantly taught by Christ himself, and as strenuously maintained by the apostles, in the ac-

count transmitted to us of their preaching at Jerusalem, after the death, resurrection, and ascension of their divine Master, approved itself to my mind, by its sublimity, simplicity and grandeur, long before I had heard any thing of abstract, metaphysical distinctions about essences, modes, and substances, of which so much has been said, and so little understood, by the most profound scholars; and an incidental conversation of my father's, already mentioned in this Memoir,* gave to the conviction such additional force, as no argument in favour of the notion of a Trinity could ever afterwards efface.

I had no conception, however, for many years, that this departure from a doctrine, which the Established Church deems fundamental, involved in it any obligations on the part of an obscure individual, to separate from her communion. Attached to it by long habit, by respect to the memory of my father as a church minister, and by many a pleasing, early association; having often anticipated with delight, the return of that sacred day, when I should repair with those most highly honoured and beloved, to the ancient, venerable edifice, consecrated by the piety of successive generations;—having often attended the village funeral, and connected together the firm belief in a glorious resurrection, with the mouldering relics revealed to sight, by the affecting developement of a new-made grave;—having listened with awe, not unmixed with pleasure, to the simple stanzas of Sternhold, in the full chorus of village harmony; a strong predilection in favour of the whole was unavoidably generated; and it is highly probable that I should always have continued to act under its influence, had I

* See p. 27.

not been impelled to a more thorough examination of the subject, by the train of reasoning I was led into by my venerable friend at Catterick; and which was afterwards still more emphatically enforced by his own powerful example, and by the noble conduct of his exemplary companion, on that occasion. It was true, that as a mere passive hearer, I could not have all the motives to a separation, by which he had been influenced. Far from rehearsing, I was not even obliged to repeat, the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds; I had no heterogeneous articles to sign; no contradictions to reconcile between private opinion, and the lead necessarily taken by the minister in his public profession. The questions with me were simply these:—Are principles and sentiments as unequivocally expressed by actions as by words? Does not a regular attendance on the worship of the Established Church, amount to an implied approbation of the principles on which it is founded? Is her Liturgy, however pious, simple, and excellent, in other respects, formed upon erroneous principles? How then can I continue habitually to be one of her members?—Should I dread to practise so much mental reservation in respect of an earthly potentate, who has nothing beyond the extinction of this mortal life in his power, and who might not discover the deception; and should I have nothing to fear from His displeasure, in whose hands are all hearts and all powers; at whose footstool, "Angels, the host of heaven, thrones, principalities, and powers, do homage; without whose favour, we are every moment in jeopardy; who alone can prolong our days in joy or in sorrow, and make us capable, if he pleaseth, of immortal happiness, or liable, if he commands it, to everlasting destruction?" Could I forget whose solemn

declaration it is, that "the Lord our God is ONE Lord:" and that, "to love him with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the mind, and with all the strength, is the first and great commandment?" Could I remember these things, and continue to sanction a creed, by habitual attendance on its solemn rehearsal, which peremptorily declares that "the Trinity in Unity ought to be worshipped;" that "in this Trinity none is afore or after other, but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal:" and that whoever believes not every iota of what it contains, "keeping the whole faith undefiled, shall, without doubt, perish everlastingly?"

I know there are many who satisfy themselves in their continued adherence to the Established Church, on the score of objections real or imaginary, to the modes of worship adopted by the various denominations of dissenters; and who fail not to inquire why they should leave the profession of their fathers, in which they have been educated, because it is imperfect, for the sake of another to which they have no such tie, and which must necessarily be imperfect also; imperfection being the very nature of every thing human? to this it may be sufficient to reply, that admitting, what no one will question, that a stream from the clearest fountain, in its various, distant meanderings, must contract some pollution from the impure channels through which it may be compelled to pass, still it does not therefore follow that his wisdom is to be praised, who prefers to drink of one which he deems to have been contaminated at its very source.

Again; the man who habitually attends a church, some of whose fundamental principles he deems erro-

neous, and by that means, virtually sanctions what he wholly disapproves, putting the awful consideration of future responsibility wholly out of account, is surely, to say the least of it, in a far less advantageous situation for mental, moral, and religious improvement, than he who attends a worship, the principles of which he sincerely does approve, and which he firmly believes to be founded upon genuine Christian and Protestant principles; although it may, and probably must unavoidably happen, that the minister who conducts that worship, may sometimes explain particular passages of Scripture in a manner very different from what he conceives to be their just interpretation. This important difference will ever remain,—that the opinions of the man who is a member of the Establishment, are identified, and his conduct is expected to be strictly in union with the religious system he openly professes; whilst the other, not being bound by any particular confession of faith, is at perfect liberty to follow the dictates of his own conscience, and to embrace whatever he believes to be really Scriptural truth, although it may, in some instances, have been explained by the officiating minister, in a manner somewhat different from his own previous conceptions of its genuine import.

CHAPTER L.

General acknowledgement to friends....Old age not necessarily cheerless and unhappy....To the Christian, how soothing and tranquil....Favourable to the acquisition of just views and sentiments....Safety and happiness of departed Christian friends....Conclusion.

I OUGHT not to conclude this already, perhaps, too long-protracted Memoir, without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to many friends, from whose kind attentions, at one period or other of my progress through life, I have received great pleasure, although our walk may not always have been precisely in the same path; and among the foremost of these, is sir Edmund Mark Winn, Bart, of Acton, my very kind friend, and near relation; a character little known, on account of his retired habits, but possessing many qualities truly estimable;—Mr. Nicoll, one of our present city counsel, who was formerly a pupil of my husband's, and has ever since been a sincere and steady friend to every branch of the family. Often have I been cheered as he entered the house, (which he usually does when resident here, for a few minutes every day,) by the friendly sound of his voice; and many have been the perplexing circumstances in which I have been assisted by his judicious professional advice, in cases where legal information is important and necessary.

Of Mr. Wellbeloved it is quite unnecessary that I should here say any thing; having already had many opportunities of bearing my feeble testimony to the uncommon excellence of his character, and to the comfort, which, for a long series of years, we have derived from

his friendship: but I ought not to omit the great pleasure we have also received from the highly cultivated society, and steady friendship, of Mrs. Wellbeloved. There is one trait in her character, among many others, peculiarly excellent—the exemplary patience, fortitude, and resignation, with which she has endured, for a long series of years, a very delicate state of health; and the habitual composure and cheerfulness with which she submits to all the privations and self-denial, which it necessarily imposes.

It has generally been thought that old age, and especially female old age, is a period to be looked forward to with the most painful anticipations, as a dreary scene, affording nothing but the melancholy shadow of departed pleasure, reflected by the mirror of a too officious memory, and as bordering certainly, in common with the same period in the other sex, on the dark confines of the grave. But this depends almost entirely upon the way in which our youth and middle age have been spent; and upon the nature of the objects on which we have been accustomed to depend, for our greatest enjoyment. If indeed, they have been those of vanity, of giddy dissipation, of pride, or of ambition; the pleasures arising from any of these being every day less vivid, and the expectation of soon losing them altogether, every day more certain, it must be admitted that the situation is sufficiently oppressive, and the prospect every way gloomy and alarming. How often have I seen the shade of departed beauty neglected, perhaps despised and ridiculed, yet still hovering with fond attachment, among the scenes of her former triumphs, the victim of disappointment, if not the prey of envy, malignity, and despair!

Others however, there are, a comparatively favoured

few, whose splendid fortune or highly elevated station, still secure in their train a small attending group of fashionable worshippers; who, flattered by their notice, and ambitious of the credit supposed to be attached to their patronage, still flutter around them at the crowded midnight assembly, repelling for the moment, the unspeakable wretchedness of total neglect. But can it be affirmed even of these, that they never hear the low, sarcastic remark,—"How peevish, how troublesome, how stupid she is become?" Do they never detect the unguarded sneer, or perceive the widely-marked distinction, between the genuine respect, which springs from the heart, and the time-serving adulation of interest or ambition? Does the painful reflection never obtrude itself, on their retirement from those toilsome scenes, in the silent sleepless hours of the succeeding night, that all these gaieties are on the very eve of their departure? and do they never ask themselves the serious question, how far a life thus spent in the vain pursuit of these unsatisfactory shadows, can be a desirable preparation for the solemn scenes and awful realities which will assuredly succeed?

But let it be remembered that these mortifications, disappointments, and painful apprehensions, are not naturally, or necessarily attached to our declining years. To her, whose thoughtless steps, in the early periods of this probationary scene, have been happily turned aside from the paths of dissipation and folly; whether by the salutary discipline of Providence, the influence of genuine Christian principles, or the happy restraint of both united; to her, who has habitually endeavoured, though perhaps too often but imperfectly succeeded in the arduous endeavour, to discharge, with unshaken fidelity, every

social and relative duty; in whose estimation the present state has ever been stamped with its genuine characters of short, uncertain, and probationary, and whose mind has gradually more and more assimilated itself to the salutary results of this important conviction; how welcome is the approach of old age! What a subject of inexpressible thankfulness, and of humble, grateful triumph, that she has mercifully been conducted safely through a wilderness, so abounding with delusive meteors, which sparkle only to deceive! Having no longer any thing to hope, and at most, but little to fear from the world, and the things of the world, what a state of calm tranquillity may she not now enjoy, respecting the present, what a freedom from painful anxiety respecting the future! The doubtful question, it may be, has heretofore often occurred, how should I withstand their fascination, if scenes of prosperity should open before me? How should I bear the pressure of deep affliction, should I be overtaken by it? The loss of such a blessing, the sickness or death of such or such a friend, how should I sustain it? But these dangers she now regards as nearly over. The far greater part of her beloved and pious friends, those with whom she has walked through the various vicissitudes of life, with so much advantage and delight, are happily arrived at the destined port in safety. There they have already joined, or are prepared to join, the blest society of just men made perfect: are come, or are prepared to come, to "an innumerable company of saints and angels; to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to God, the Judge of all." Does the ambitious, sanguinary conqueror march on triumphant from victory to victory, through scenes of carnage and universal desolation, to subjugate and overthrow the as-

tonished European nation! The danger affects not them. They hear not the tremendous sound of the dreadful war-hoop, the shouts of the victor, the shrieks of the vanquished, or the groans of the dying. They tremble not, lest the pestilential blast, by which their brethren are falling, approaching nearer and still nearer, should at length overwhelm their beloved country!* They are happily arrived,

"Where pain and sickness never come,
Where grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

No clouds those blissful mansions know,
For ever bright and fair;
And sin, that source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there."

As for herself, although still liable to the infirmities and failings which always attach to the human traveller, yet comparatively unconnected with the scenes around her; at a distance as it were, in old age, and apart from the world, she has more leisure, and is better situated

* When this was written, (in the year 1812,) Buonaparte was proceeding triumphantly in his Russian campaign, wickedly laying waste whole districts; wading through seas of blood, and proudly arrogating to himself the power of Omnipotence. Already did he anticipate the attainment of universal empire, until being arrived at Moscow, the awful mandate was issued, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further."—But what language can express the horrors inflicted, and endured by the retreating army! With astonishment and dismay will future generations read the appalling narrative; contemplate the giddy elevation of the lawless conqueror, together with his tremendous fall!—May they thence learn to trace the hand of God in these stupendous events; and humbly to feel, and devoutly to acknowledge, with the eminently pious Jewish prophet, "That the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and appointeth over them whomsoever he will." Dan. v. 21.—Dec. 1816.

for contemplating justly, the various sources whence its miseries, its follies, and its vices flow: Happy, if aided by the steady light of long experience, she may be permitted to raise the warning voice, still to exert her feeble powers, and to call forth every latent energy, for the benefit of those who have not yet advanced so far on their journey. It is true, that in respect to her own steadfastness, she may still have cause to fear. She may yet have some important duties to fulfil, and much pain, and weakness, and infirmity to endure. But this she knows assuredly, that no event can take place, respecting either herself or others, which is not the just appointment of infinite wisdom, and transcendent goodness; which is not in the sight of God already good, because it will eventually become so. On his supporting arm she rests securely, though "heart and flesh should fail." By him protected, though she walk through the valley of the shadow of death, she will fear no evil, for the Lord is a sun and a shield, and is ever nigh to those who call upon him. "The Lord is her strength and her song, and he is become her salvation."

July 12, 1812.

APPENDIX.

January, 1818.

I CANNOT more appropriately begin an Appendix to the Memoir finished in 1812, than by expressing my warmest gratitude, and most heartfelt thanks, to the bountiful Giver of all good, for having in mercy prolonged my life until this time, in tolerable health, and much comfort; and for having enabled me to continue, notwithstanding many increasing infirmities, an attentive observer of the great plan of Providence, as exhibited in the current of events; and also in a few instances, perhaps, to contribute something to the promoting of his gracious designs.

As far as the individual is concerned, any further detail of the few occurrences of my life, must necessarily appear to others dull and monotonous; for the stimulus of hope and fear respecting this world, being withdrawn in old age, there is nothing fascinating to captivate the imagination; no apprehended change of circumstances in the ebbing tide of life, to interest deeply the heart; day after day succeed, almost without giving notice that they have for ever passed away. And here I cannot but remark, that although the termination of life, at all times uncertain, must decidedly to the aged, be very near at hand, yet the same imaginary vision respecting its still further prolongation, remains; not indeed to delude the

reflecting mind into the folly of planning schemes of future adventures, or worldly aggrandisement, or with the expectation of some untried enjoyment, but to lead it on imperceptibly to look forward from week to week, and from month to month, as if the probability were yet on the side of its lengthened continuance. When the gay baronet's widow of eighty-two, sent out her invitations for a splendid card-party in the following month, she as little anticipated, as she would have done, threescore years before, that the cathedral passing-bell would, in a few hours, announce to her numerous fashionable acquaintance, that her place in this world was no where to be found!

Increasing years teach nothing more decisive respecting the precise period of the termination of life, than those which are past; nay, I am not even sure whether the longer protracted consciousness of existence, together with many repeated instances, probably, of recovery from apparently dangerous indispositions, may not have a tendency to produce an effect directly contrary; if not on the understanding, yet to encourage a continued perseverance in the same vain and frivolous pursuits. We fix our eyes on the few hobbling travellers, that still remain on the broken arches of Mirza's bridge, and advert not to the innumerable multitude of our former contemporaries, long since swallowed up in the gulph below!—The above remarks would not have been made, but for the sake of earnestly admonishing young persons to aim at forming early habits of sobriety, self-denial, and reflection; to warn them not to spend the greater part of their valuable time, in an unceasing round of unprofitable dissipation, under the delusive expectation that increasing years, by loudly proclaiming the impeding, in-

evitable revolution about to take place, will produce the important change, so indispensable to their future happiness, without any effort, care, or solicitude, on their own part, to effect it. The fact is, that of a future unknown state, the glories of which we have never witnessed, and of which we have the testimony of an apostle, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive," our ideas are much too imperfect, to counteract without extreme care and attention, the pernicious impression of things seen and temporal. One remedy indeed, the goodness of our heavenly Father hath mercifully provided, in bringing again from the dead one illustrious human traveller, who, for our sakes, submitted to a death the most painful and degrading; that by studying his life, and endeavouring to imitate his spotless example, we might be induced to aspire to a participation in that exalted felicity, to which, by his visible ascension into heaven, and the subsequent gift of the Holy Spirit, thence dispensed to his disciples, we even of this distant day, have the most incontrovertible evidence.

But to resume my narrative. I had long been convinced from the careful observation of many facts, which for a series of years, had come to my knowledge, that it would be of the greatest importance to the welfare of all our public Institutions, whether hospitals, lunatic asylums, poorhouses, or prisons, that the female departments, should be regularly visited and inspected by well-educated persons of their own sex, officially appointed by the governors for that purpose. The great necessity of such a regulation in our own County Hospital, in particular, had been especially apparent; but the opposition of some of the governors, who had a kind of instinctive horror

against what they deemed innovation, and especially if it were to be effected by any species of female interference, together with other circumstances which need not to be enumerated, and the general indifference manifested on the part of the public at large, rendered it quite hopeless for some years, to bring forward any precise proposition on the subject. Early however, in the year 1813, an opportunity was afforded for a full discussion of the subject, by an occurrence of a very disgraceful nature; which had there been such an arrangement previously, might probably have been prevented: but still being fully aware, that mere argument and reasoning would have little weight in the scale, against prejudice and self-interest, it seemed to my mind that as the hospital was very poor, that if a considerable number of ladies of fortune and respectability, could be prevailed upon to become Annual Subscribers of two guineas each, on the express condition of the appointment of female visitors, and by this means, add materially to the income, this sort of tangible argument, which all would understand, and few venture to oppose, would probably be successful. Accordingly, the ladies of the Archbishop, of the High-Sheriff, of the County Members, with many others, were immediately addressed; and in the course of the ensuing summer, favourable answers were received from more than fifty, many of them residing in distant parts of this large county. As the writer was personally unknown to the greater part of these ladies, and many of them were probably strangers even to her name, the adventurous attempt would not have been made, but under the firm conviction that it is nothing with the supreme Arbiter of events, to bring about his own gracious purposes, by instruments apparently

the most inadequate; and therefore, that if the attempt were approved in his sight, it would assuredly succeed. After these answers were returned, a paper was sent to the governors, assembled at the General Annual Meeting, in the following November, announcing the proposal, when the terms were accepted by a considerable majority; and some ladies were appointed to act as Visitors, two at a time, for the ensuing three months. Nor was it perhaps, too much to hope, that this object being accomplished, though but in one single instance, it might eventually prove serviceable to other similar establishments; the good effects it would be seen to produce, acting upon them as a stimulus to adopt a like salutary regulation.

During the summer of this year, (1813) was published by my friend, Mr. Samuel Tuke, a very interesting account of the rise, progress, and present state of the Retreat near this city, mentioned in page 277 of this Memoir. The object of this publication, was not merely to describe the mode of treatment pursued there, or to point out the instances in which it had been successful, and those in which it had failed, but to suggest many subjects of inquiry respecting the nature and causes of insanity, and of the methods hitherto adopted for its mitigation or cure; without however adverting to the many abuses said to prevail in any particular Institution. It so happened, however, that most of the evils in the system then generally pursued, and which Mr. Tuke had so strikingly described, did then actually exist in an extensive Lunatic Asylum, erected near this city, by public subscription, about the year 1778. This Institution, established by the late Dr. Hunter, avowedly upon the system of humane treatment, and on his

part, at first at least, of disinterested benevolence, had so exceedingly degenerated, from the want of proper inspection, and various other causes, that nothing short of a complete revolution could effect a cure. But how was this to be effected? The physician who succeeded Dr. Hunter, and to whom the entire management had at that time devolved, ranked high in the public opinion, and would be strenuously supported by many powerful family connections; and to increase the difficulty, it was not easy to ascertain by what means sufficient proof could be obtained of the reality of the suspected abuses. —The depositions of the afflicted patients themselves could not be admitted, and the servants and keepers were too much interested in the continuance of the present system, to reveal the secrets of the "prison-house." —Most incautiously, however, for his own interest, but most fortunately for that of the Institution, the physician himself threw down the gauntlet, and though not accused, very warmly defended himself in the next York papers, under a feigned signature, against the supposed insinuations of the historian of the Retreat. This of course, produced an answer from Mr. Tuke, written with all the calmness and composure of one who had no interests to serve, but those of truth, and to which he signed his name.—Thus was a controversy begun in the York papers, by the very party whose interest it would have been to have kept all quiet; a controversy which led eventually to a most important reformation, not only in our own Asylum but in many others, and which at length, it is hoped, will issue in the general mitigation of the sufferings of a class of persons, labouring under the greatest calamity to which our common nature is subject. It is not my intention to detail

the particulars of this controversy, but merely to enforce, what indeed it is the primary object of this whole Memoir to establish, that, whatever it is the design of infinite wisdom and goodness to accomplish, can be effected by means apparently the most improbable, and that the various coincidences necessary to this end, far from being attributable to what is usually called chance, are in fact, so many links in the great chain of causes and effects; and thereby to impress the conviction that no virtuous effort, however small, will finally be lost. I will here adduce the following additional instances in further proof of this most consolatory conviction. A pauper in the York Asylum, being found by Francis Moat, of Thorne, an excellent humane overseer, in a most wretched condition, was, by his very extraordinary and generous exertions, removed to his own parish; when the circumstances that led to it, underwent a thorough examination before a most active and respectable magistrate, Godfrey Higgins, Esq. of Skelton-Grange, near Doncaster. The facts alleged were fully substantiated; but Mr. Higgins, finding that not the smallest censure was, in consequence, passed upon the Managers of the Institution, nor any change of system likely to be adopted, published a circumstantial account of the whole proceeding in the Doncaster newspaper. This happened just at the close of the controversy, which had for some time past, been carrying on at York; of which, however, this gentleman knew nothing when he published his account, and which, though it had powerfully arrested the attention of many reflecting individuals, had not yet greatly interested the public in general, and would probably soon have passed away, and been forgotten, had it not been a second time excited by this

most unexpected coincidence. The physician was now obliged to call a General Meeting of the Governors, for the purpose of inquiring how far the alleged delinquencies on the part of the Managers, were well founded. These gentlemen were persons of great respectability, but being most of them the warm friends of the physician, and taking it for granted that every thing was really as correct as they wished, and as it was stated to be, a number of other independent gentlemen determined to qualify themselves for voting at the ensuing Meeting, by subscribing each £20 to become Governors, for the sole object of obtaining a full and complete examination. Accordingly, the first proposition brought forward by Mr. Nicoll, (who much to his honour, took the lead on this occasion) and which was merely carried by a single vote, was the proposal of appointing a second General Meeting, at which all the servants, keepers, and agents, of every description, should be fully examined, and the various particulars eventually laid before the public. The result was very important, being nothing less than a completely new arrangement of the whole establishment, which is now I believe, conducted on principles truly enlightened, humane, and economical.

In the year 1814, I was enabled, notwithstanding frequent indisposition, to write a little work on the comparative utility of educating poor female children in boarding-schools, contrasted with the advantages of charity day-schools; consisting principally, of the following particulars.

I. An Inquiry into the objects of the various Charity Schools of the last century, together with the abuses to which they are liable.

II. On the trouble of correcting those abuses, exem-

plified in the difficulty experienced in carrying into effect the new regulations in the Grey-Coat School in this city, introduced in 1782.

III. The advantages of long-established charity schools, contrasted with day-schools, whether in their influence on society at large, or the greater improvement, and final advantage of the individuals educated in them.

IV. On the practice of apprenticing females for their labour.—The evils of which it is productive.

V. Further considerations on this subject, with especial reference to the Foundling Hospital.

VI. On the want of success in attaining many of the objects of these Institutions. Female apprenticeships one cause of failure.

VII. On the utility of Benefit Clubs, or Friendly Societies, and the necessary regulations.

VIII. On Hospitals or Infirmaries. Importance of Ladies visiting the Female Wards.

IX. Serious Address to the rising generation, and especially to young females, to avail themselves of the unspeakable advantages they possess in being Christians, over their degraded contemporaries, whether in heathen or Mahometan countries.

This little work was dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Wilberforce, but being published at a time when unfortunately he was perhaps more than usually occupied, it did not obtain that share of his attention, with which the writer had flattered herself, and which in her estimation, its importance really deserved. But to resume my narrative:—Having in many instances, seen the good effects produced by a volume of Discourses, chiefly on Devotional Subjects, of my late honoured husband, which it had been my privilege to transcribe and publish, I was

desirous of selecting a second volume from the many papers yet in my possession, formerly transcribed, referring principally to practical subjects. But abounding as these Discourses were with arguments the most impressive, and with passages truly eloquent, such was the difficulty of selecting and arranging them, that I should probably have decided against making the attempt, from the well-grounded fear of not being able to do them justice, had not my mind been powerfully stimulated by the ardent desire of presenting each a copy as a sort of legacy, to the students educated in the York College, of which my friend Mr. Wellbeloved, is the Theological Tutor; and accordingly, they were re-transcribed in the spring of 1815, and published in the following June. Thinking, as I do, that the more enlightened principles which these young men are likely to embrace, are those of pure and genuine Christianity, the unsophisticated word of God; though so generally misunderstood, and often unjustly calumniated; I could not but most ardently wish that they may, through life, "adorn the holy doctrine they profess," by the uniform practice of every social and personal virtue, and that they may ever bear in mind the solemn exhortation of the apostle, so earnestly recommended in these Discourses, of not being conformed to this world, but transformed by the "renewing of their minds." Rom. xii. 2.

In the September of this year, I accompanied some friends in a little excursion to Catterick, Richmond, and Bedale, for the sake principally, of once more looking back upon scenes which were wont to be deeply interesting, and of renewing former associations closely connected with them. In reviewing the romantic and exquisitely beautiful scenery of Richmond, I was not dis-

appointed. Its fine, rapid, sepentine river, its hanging woods, the interesting ruins of its ancient castle, and the scattered remains of its mouldering priory, had lost nothing of their interest in the lapse of half a century. But I sensibly felt the absence of that active, ardent mind, with which the whole was formerly wont to be connected, and which gave life and animation to every surrounding object. I did not see the venerable Archdeacon * smoking his morning pipe on the delightful terrace of the rectory garden, which looks down upon the school, the church, and the mountain-stream, and forward to the picturesque remains of Easeby Abbey, seen in the distance. At Catterick, I was far from enjoying equal pleasure: the vicarage-house is indeed enlarged and improved, but its character is totally changed; and esp ially, as the interesting view of the church-yard, planted with trees, and adored by a shrubbery, also planted by my father, and afterwards kept in high preservation by Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, is now entirely shut out in the approach from the village, by a high wall which has usurped their place, and rears its aristocratic head, to the entire exclusion of any vestige of rural simplicity. There had not been a resident vicar for more than forty years. The house had been tenanted by a succession of families, who having no particular interest in the parish, felt not the loss of the delightful associations thus entirely destroyed. Not a single remaining vestige could I trace of the days of other times, when my late excellent friends passing by the low wall, adorned by shrubs and flowers, which separated the church yard from their own premises, were wont to delight the crowded villagers, assembled in

* Archdeacon Blackburne, my father's friend.

groups to hail them, as they entered through the little gate, and passed along the path-way that led to the house of prayer. Never shall I forget the benign countenance of the amiable pastor, as he gilded by them, fully occupied with the ardent, benevolent desire of promoting their present and eternal happiness.

In the early part of the year 1816, I had much satisfaction in publishing a second edition of Mr. Cappe's "Discourses on Devotional Subjects," which had long been out of print, and which were in considerable request; an occupation of great efficacy, to counteract the sombre shade thrown across the spring, and some parts of the succeeding summer, by the dangerous long-protracted illness, in one or two instances, and the sudden unexpected death in others, of several particular friends. A mournful tribute which the aged are, of necessity, peculiarly called upon to pay. I had also great delight this summer, in the privilege of having some little agency in the successful establishment of an extensive Sunday school, in the parish of Feather-stone, near Pontefract, under the auspices of my near relation, Sir Edmund Winn, and accomplished by the indefatigable labours of an excellent young man, whom the Archbishop had just appointed to be a resident curate there; and who together with his wife, notwithstanding the disadvantages of being strangers, with a narrow income, and afflicted by very indifferent health, have in two years, produced a reformation in the general character of the young people of an extensive and long-neglected parish, which far exceeds all previous expectation.

In the following Aug ist. I made a visit to Leeds, where happening to see in Dr. Whitaker's edition of Thoresby's "Ducatus Leodiensis," a very misleading

representation of the causes of Mr. Lindsey's secession from the established Church, and of the circumstances under which he removed to Essex-street, and having been an anxious eye-witness of the painful steps that led to that memorable transaction, I sent a statement to the Gentleman's Magazine, which was inserted accordingly, in the No. for Nov. 1816, as follows:—

MR. URBAN, *York, Oct.* 19, 1816.

HAVING lately looked into Dr. Whitaker's edition of Thoresby's "Ducatus Leodiensis," I was greatly surprised to find that in speaking of my late most excellent friend Mr. Lindsey, as having been a pupil of the eminently pious Mr. Bernard, although he admits that he was "honest and amiable," he subjoins, "but of perplexed understanding and scrupulous conscience, who forsook his former connexions and the Church of England, for an Unitarian Chapel in Essex-street."—Vol. II. p. 72.

On the opinion given by Dr. W. of the understanding of that excellent person, I shall not animadvert, although there are those who would require some further proof of its being "perplexed," than merely that of his having conscientiously seceded from an establishment, some parts of whose Liturgy and Creeds, and many of whose Articles, he could not reconcile with the leading doctrine of Scripture, namely, the unity of God, and which therefore he considered as being highly inimical to the simplicity of the Gospel, and to the interests of integrity and truth. My object in this paper, which I request you will insert in your valuable Miscellany, is to rectify a mis-statement, which would lead all those readers unacquainted with the fact, to draw the erro-

neous conclusion, that when Mr. Lindsey resigned his living, the step from Catterick to Essex-street, was one of easy achievement, a mere every-day occurrence of preferring one comfortable situation to another; a misstatement which I consider myself as being more peculiarly bound in duty to correct, as I am probably the only person now living, who was present during nearly the whole of that heart-rending transaction, and who was intimately acquainted with all the distressing circumstances by which it was preceded and accompanied, and which followed in its train. In as far indeed as that excellent person himself can be implicated, it has long ceased to be of any moment what others may feel or think.—He is placed far beyond the misconceptions of ignorance, or the misrepresentations of bigotry; but to the living it may be of importance that they should have the means of duly appreciating this part of his conduct, that they may thence learn by example as well as by precept, that to the genuine Christian, perfect integrity in the sight of God, is the "pearl of great price," a treasure of inestimable value, which he is imperiously bound to purchase, though he should be compelled "to sell all that he has," in order to obtain it.

Eminently pious from early youth, and uniformly excellent in the whole of his conduct. Mr. Lindsey knew no other desire than to devote himself wholly to the ministry. The splendid prospects that early opened upon him, from his intimate connexion with two of the first families in the kingdom, by whom he was regarded as a confidential friend, from the very moment of his leaving Cambridge, had no other influence upon his mind, than to put him more seriously on his guard against the allurements of high station, the desire of

wealth, or the love of power; and it was his firm resolution from the very first, never to accept of any situation in the Church, in itself however unexceptionable, the duties of which he could not personally fulfil. All offers therefore, of further preferment, of which he had many, he firmly resisted; and for the space of ten years, at Catterick, devoted himself wholly to the arduous duties of a faithful affectionate parish minister. The living was at that time worth about £300 *per ann.* although I am told it is now raised by Mr. Lindsey's successors, who for the space of more than forty years have not resided, to the annual amount of £1400.

In this retired situation, it is probable my venerable friend would have ended his days, had he not been from time to time more convinced, by a closer examination of the Sacred Oracles, that there are many things enjoined by the Established Church, which they do not authorize, and hence the distressing dilemma, whether to continue in a respectable situation, and one of considerable usefulness, esteemed and beloved by all, or subject himself and Mrs. Lindsey to great pecuniary difficulties, to the censure or pity of his numerous former friends, and to the prospect of spending the remainder of his life in useless indigence. Often have I seen him under the utmost anxiety,—not whether he should encounter these difficulties in the cause of truth and a good conscience, but whether he might not be mistaken in making a decision, so contrary to that of almost all to whom he had mentioned the subject; a necessity, which to an affectionate, humble mind, is perhaps the most painful part of the trial. When, however, the decision was finally made, with what composure of spirit did not Mr. Lindsey determine, not only to part

with his plate and furniture, as a means of present subsistence, but even with a well-chosen library, which he had for many years been carefully selecting; in which Mrs. Lindsey, most highly to her honour, very cheerfully concurred. So far was it from being the fact, that when the resignation of Catterick was signed, a congregation in Essex-street, was prepared to receive the seceder, that on the contrary, at that trying moment, the world was all before them, and, like our first parents, "where to choose," they knew not.

It was indeed Mr. Lindsey's earnest wish to form a congregation, not bound down by contradictory Articles and Creeds of the 16th century, a kind of specimen of a reformed Church of England; but so uncertain was he of success, that for some time he had hesitated whether to make the attempt in London or at Bristol. On the 9th of December, 1773, the writer of this paper accompanied her honoured friends on their doubtful pilgrimage as far as Wakefield, where they were kindly received by the late excellent Mr. Turner, the Dissenting Minister in that town. At that trying moment all their former connexions, some of whom could have administered essential comfort, stood far aloof; and not one ray of light, save the faithful testimony of an approving conscience, enlivened the gloomy horizon.—Never can I forget what were my sensations, when the chaise that conveyed them towards London, drove away from the hospitable door.

But it is not my intention, Sir, to take up the time of yourself or your readers, with any further details respecting the opening of Essex chapel, which has already been done much more ably by the present Minister, Mr. Belsham, in the Memoir of his excellent predecessor, (pub-

lished for J. Johnson and Co., St. Paul's church-yard, 1812.) If I shall have succeeded in proving, that either through inattention or prejudice, the learned Editor of the "Ducatus Leodiensis" has not in this instance, given an accurate statement, and that there are subjects on which he should be read with caution, my object will have been obtained. But be this as it may, by inserting the above in the Gentleman's Magazine, the respectable editor, to whom it is probable even the name of the writer is unknown, will evince his liberality and love of truth, and greatly oblige an occasional reader,

CATHARINE CAPPE.

In the course of this summer, we had the pleasure of seeing a Savings Bank established in this city, under the patronage of several gentlemen, who kindly give a portion of their time and labour to its complete accomplishment. It had at first, much opposition to encounter, but the great utility now, at the time of my writing this, (October 1818) is so fully established, that the sum of £30,000 has been already paid into it. These Institutions, in conjunction with Benefit Clubs, for mutual assistance in sickness, (Institutions which are by no means opposed to each other,) I consider as amongst the greatest improvements of the present day, and this not merely as encouraging a spirit of virtuous independence in the labouring classes of society, and as checking thoughtless extravagance, but as teaching the habit of looking beyond a present momentary enjoyment, to the attainment of a permanent, important, distinct good; a principle, which if uniformly and consistently acted upon to its utmost extent, would lead the enlightened mind to the practice of every social, moral, and religious duty!

After my return home in the autumn, finding that the utility and desirableness of appointing female visitors to persons of their own sex, in public hospitals and lunatic asylums, was far from being generally admitted, although happily established in our own, I hoped it might be useful to take a more extensive view of the subject in all its bearings—whether as it respected the matron, the apothecary, the nurses, the medical pupils, the patients, or the lady visitors themselves; the cultivation of their benevolent affections, their usefulness and respectability of character, and its ultimate tendency to raise them higher in the scale of moral and rational beings. Accordingly, I drew up a short pamphlet on the subject, in which I endeavoured to state the several particulars with as much clearness and precision as I was able, and sent it to the Pamphleteer, a publication of great respectability, where it was inserted in Number XVI. for November, 1816.

In the beginning of the year 1817, Mrs. Alexander of this city, an eminent speaker among the Society of Friends, published a small pamphlet, containing a series of well-authenticated facts, respecting the cruel usage of those unfortunate deserted children employed as climbing boys; which was followed by procuring a machine for sweeping chimneys without their aid, for the use of those who should in future be determined not to employ them. Her little tract soon obtained extensive circulation, the use of the machine was generally found to answer, and we have since had the honour, in concurrence with many other places, in different parts of the kingdom, of adding the names of many York citizens to a petition to Parliament, to put an entire stop to a trade, which cannot be learnt without the infliction of much suffering, even un-

der the most favourable circumstances; which generally produces great bodily deformity, mental degradation, extreme moral depravity, and incurable disease, terminated frequently, by a painful and premature death.—The bill in favour of the abolition, happily passed the House of Commons, and we entertain the most sanguine hopes of its eventual complete success.

In the month of August, I received by the post, an anonymous letter, written evidently with the kindest intention, holding out the example of Dr. Stock of Bristol, who from being a warm Unitarian, was become a zealous Calvinist, and praying earnestly that I might be led to follow his example. I could not decipher the postmark, but from the whole strain of the letter, it was evidently dictated by a sincere desire of saving me, in a future world, from that inevitable destruction, which in the view of the writer, awaits all those (not merely the incorrigibly wicked, but even the most virtuous and exemplary) who do not believe in the Atonement of Christ in the way prescribed, not by the Scriptures, but in articles, creeds, and catechisms: I wrote an answer, which appeared in the Monthly Rep. Vol. XIII., p. 112.

I had the gratification in Dec. 1817, of finishing for the press, a third edition of Mr. Cappe's "Discourses on the Universal Providence and Government of God;" an employment which powerfully led my mind into a train of thought, in the highest degree consolatory, under a series of events, both public and private, unusually afflictive and calamitous. Two of these I shall mention. The unexpected and lamented death of the Princess Charlotte and her infant, on the 6th of Nov. of this year, and of my friend Mrs. Jones of Green-Hill, (who has been already mentioned in this Memoir,) on the 27th of

the same month. Respecting the first, there has, I believe, been but one sentiment of grief, throughout the kingdom. I certainly never do remember any public event that caused such universal sorrow. The exemplary conduct of the Princess, and her excellent husband, Prince Leopold, after their happy marriage; their living apart from the splendid follies, and never-ending dissipations of fashionable life; their devotedness to rational and useful pursuits; to their own mental and moral improvement; their simple and unostentatious manners; their desire to fulfil every Christian duty, whether religious, domestic, or social, and to make all around them happy; these numerous indications of future excellence had made a silent, but deep impression, on the public mind; and if the question in words, were not propounded, what happiness may not a nation expect, from examples so edifying in the highest station? the general irradiation of countenance observable, whenever Claremont was mentioned, sufficiently demonstrated the exulting hope of every heart.—But, "He who seeth not as man seeth," for reasons no doubt as wise as they are kind, saw fit in one moment, to overcloud this flattering prospect, and to lay this exulting hope prostrate in the dust. —The second heavy loss which spread sorrow, not indeed, over a kingdom, yet certainly over a pretty extensive district, was the death of my friend Mrs. Jones of Green-Hill, a loss which could not fail to occupy a prominent place in the mind of the writer. Many years younger than myself, and until the attack of the painful disease which proved fatal, apparently in perfect health; distinguished by a complexion and form, on which time had made few inroads, who could have foreseen that she would not long, very long, have been the survivor? This

summer, had her life been prolonged, we were to have passed some time together in the delightful environs of Thorp-Arch; and in one of her last letters, she dwells with pleasing anticipation on this long-projected plan. Many were the interesting subjects we were to have discussed, many the plans of extensive benevolence, which she would have delighted to promote. I was requested by her excellent husband, whose sorrow for her loss, will end only with his life, to draw up a short Memoir for the obituary in the Monthly Repository, which was inserted in the Number for January, 1818, some part of which I shall here transcribe. My lamented friend was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Joshua Bourne, minister of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Hindley, in Lancashire, whose life was published, together with that of his highly respected father, by the late Dr. Toulmin of Birmingham. Placed by her marriage with Mr. Jones, (a gentleman, whose views and principles harmonized perfectly with her own) in very affluent circumstances, she was not ambitious of being distinguished by any species of vain display, or of engaging in a round of fashionable dissipation, where she might perhaps have figured with some eclat. But it was not her ambition to attract admiration to herself, on the contrary, it was the wish of her pure heart, most effectually to prove her gratitude to the great Giver of all good, for the advantages she possessed, by supplying the wants, and alleviating the distresses to the utmost of her power, of every member of his large family, with whom she was in any way connected, or to whom her kindness could possibly extend, and this in the wisest and most judicious manner. Not one of her early friends or former associates did she ever forget or neglect, always considering how

best to promote their happiness and comfort, without attempting to take them out of that station in which Providence had placed them. I had not the privilege of her acquaintance, till the year 1805, when being instrumental in bringing forward the effusions of an unlettered muse in this city,* Mrs. Jones was so deeply interested in her story, that she wrote to make her the offer of becoming the mistress of the Charity School, already mentioned as maintained at her own expense; and ever after that time, I had the felicity of enjoying her friendship. Her admirable disposition, and great desire to communicate happiness, was not only conspicuous on great occasions, but was equally apparent in the more ordinary transactions—in the minuter circumstances of life; in what may be denominated the amiable, rather than the exalted virtues. To give innocent pleasure, whenever she had the power of doing it, as well as to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked;—to instruct the ignorant, or to administer relief to the sick and afflicted, was a part of her daily occupation. Of this singularly engaging trait in her character, I shall give the following specimen, which I had from a person who was present. Coming from her apartment one morning, a very few weeks before her death, after a very restless and distressing night, she saw upon the breakfast-table, an advertisement announcing an approaching musical festival at Manchester, and it instantly occurring to her, that there might be some young persons among her acquaintance, to whom it would be a great treat to make part of the audience, but to whom the expense might not be convenient, she instantly called for a pen and ink and

* The Poems of Charlotte Richardson.

set down the names of all such as she could recollect of that description, to whom she might send tickets. On the same principle, the vegetables, fruits, and flowers of her gardens, hot-houses, and green-houses, were very constantly shared with her town friends, who had not gardens of their own; and when going to Manchester, she not unfrequently loaded her carriage with them. She suffered for the last two years, under a very painful and distressing disease, which at length put a period to her valuable life. I had a very interesting letter from her, written on the 17th of November, just ten days before her death, in quite her characteristic manner, scarcely adverting to her own sufferings, although they were very severe, and that she was fully aware of what must very speedily be their final termination; but full of the tenderest anxiety for an amiable young relative, whose every hope of happiness in this world, appeared to have been destroyed but a very few days preceding, by the sudden and wholly unexpected death of one most deservedly dear to her, and to whom she was very soon to have been united.

It was indeed, the leading feature of my friend's mind, to withdraw herself as much as possible, from every selfish solicitude, thereby fully evincing, that in practice as well as in theory, she was the genuine disciple of Him, who when about to endure all the indignities and agonies of the cross, exhorted the sorrowing daughters of Jerusalem, not to weep for him, but for themselves and for their children! Blessed Spirit, when we meet again, what will be thy benevolent, thy exalted pursuits? Rather however, let us sedulously inquire, how we, whose probationary term is not yet quite expired, may so employ our remaining time, as to render

that meeting, whenever it may take place, glorious and happy!

I shall here transcribe a few sentences from a Sermon preached at Cross-street chapel, Manchester, the Sunday following her interment, by one of the resident ministers there. As this is done without his permission, I do not give his name, but it will doubtless be recognized by many, who formed a part of a crowded and affectionate audience. Having adverted to the recent lamented death of some other members of his congregation, he thus proceeds:—"I cannot forget, yet I would not speak, as now remembering my own loss of a most valuable friend. I wish to speak of her, not to stir anew the grief which I know must be rising in the hearts of many, but to excite in them, in others, and in myself, a holy emulation of that excellence which is gone to its reward. Her prayers and her alms are gone up for a memorial before God. That God whom she loved and served, did not forget her. That God who visited her with long and painful sufferings, did not abandon her. We knew not the reflections that cheered and supported her; but we know that she was supported. We hear not the ministering voices which whispered peace and hope in the calm slumbers, that made the change from life to death, hardly perceptible. We know not, nor perhaps could we yet receive into our minds, the parting thought that left reflected on her countenance, the brightness of immortality. But we cannot doubt, that the blessings of the many whom she had blessed, the prayers of the poor and destitute, to whom she had ministered, were not without their influence in that parting hour. Nor ought we perhaps, to

omit the testimonies of a present and remembering God, that the event which seemed too soon for us, too soon for the many whom she lived to serve, shortened to her the season of suffering, saved her from the lingering pain which must have been the consequence of continued existence."

On the 29th of July, 1818, I had the pleasure of seeing and of being introduced to that eminent labourer in the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Dr. Henderson, who attended our Annual Auxiliary Meeting at York, and gave a most interesting account of the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures in Iceland, in Sweden, and above all, in Russia. He was on his road to Scotland, of which country he is a native, and after proceeding north as far as Aberdeen, it was his intention to return to Leith, there to take ship for Hamburgh, thence to travel across the northern part of the continent to Petersburgh, to sail down the Wolga to Astracan, and to remain there perhaps some years, for the noble purpose of translating the Scriptures into the different dialects of the Tartar language.

How inexpressibly consolatory is it to the aged, way-worn traveller, to contemplate the wonderful exertions now making, and as she hopes and trusts, daily increasing, to disseminate the knowledge of the one living and true God, the Father of all mercies, through a dark and benighted world, lost and bewildered in the gloomy mazes of superstition, idolatry, and vice! When we read in the Mosaic dispensations, of the severe denunciations against the Canaanites and other neighbouring nations, for worshipping the false deities of human device, we are apt perhaps to think, that the punishment was more than commensurate to the offence; but when we contemplate

even in our own times, a period of so much greater light and knowledge, the miseries still inflicted and endured by superstition and idolatry, on the wretched inhabitants of those countries, which know not God; when we cast our eyes on the temple of Juggernaut, and see the fires kindled, to consume the frantic widow of Hindostan; when we try to enumerate the dreadful list of horrid enormities, which owe their origin to these debasing superstitions; surely we must confess, that even the command of complete extermination, harsh as it may appear, was issued in mercy by Him "who seeth the end from the beginning," not merely to the unhappy idolaters themselves, to save them from plunging deeper and still deeper into sin and misery, but as a solemn warning to neighbouring nations, to thousands and tens of thousands, who would have been corrupted by their pernicious example, and have perpetuated the dreadful evil from generation to generation.

Among the improvements of the present day, in our own country, we must surely give a first place to the strenuous efforts now making, to transform our prisons and houses of correction, from schools of infamy and vice, into establishments of salutary discipline, and mental and moral improvement. What an honour to our sex, that an illustrious individual, assisted by her truly benevolent female coadjutors, should have taken so distinguished a lead in this most important and benevolent undertaking. Need I mention the name of Mrs. Fry? Surely the children of future ages shall rise up and call her blessed!

1819.—My friend Mr. Wellbeloved has been long engaged in preparing for the press, a corrected edition of the Bible, and I esteem it a high privilege to have lived to see

some of the first part completed, containing the Book of Genesis. It was published in July last, but owing to various circumstances, has not yet, I believe, obtained very general circulation. It is his great and primary object to serve the best interests of revealed truth, quite independent of all party views; and to this end, to avail himself, so far as he is able, of all the light thrown upon this important subject, by writers of the first eminence, both before and since the publication of the commonly received version, in our own country, or on the continent. Regarding the Sacred Writings as the best gift of God to man, his imperfect, erring creature; as the only infallible guide, when rightly understood, by which he can safely be conducted to honour, glory, and immortality; it has for many years been his ardent desire and earnest endeavour to gain such an accurate knowledge of the languages in which they were written, of the manners of ancient times, of the customs, laws, opinions, and prejudices, to which they continually allude, as shall rescue them, on the one hand, from the misconception of ignorance and superstition, and on the other, from the malignant sarcasms and prophane witticisms of ignorant, uncandid critics. He does not flatter himself after all, that his version will in every instance, be perfectly free from error, but as he is quite indefatigable in the laborious researches after truth, in perfect singleness of heart, it surely is not too much to believe, that the blessing of God will finally rest upon it, and that it will eventually be rendered an incalculable blessing to the present and to many succeeding generations. Every section is accompanied by suitable reflections which are chiefly practical, and tend to give a far more just idea of the books of the Old Testament, their great end and

object, and of the characters recorded in them, than those generally received, and such as did they generally obtain, would completely silence the objections of unbelievers arising from imperfect and mistaken notions.

The great benefit to be obtained by the frequent reading of the Scriptures, is to familiarize to our minds, the reality "of things unseen," and to endeavour, as they teach us, to see God in every thing, and every thing in God; and hence, as might be expected, we find that the humble, pious Christian, who makes them his daily study, notwithstanding innumerable misconceptions and mistakes, advances much further in real virtue and holiness, than those whose creed may be more correct, but who have not formed this salutary habit.

The fortitude and piety of Mr. and Mrs. Wellbeloved were brought to a most severe trial, this year, by the sudden and unexpected death of their second son, of a typhus fever at Homburg, near Frankfort on the Maine, in Germany, after a few days illness. He was a most amiable young man, in his 22nd year, of the best principles, excellent talents, and uncommon attainments. He was designed for the ministry, and accompanied his friend Mr. Kenrick, on a tour to the continent, for the object principally of learning the French and German languages, and of becoming better acquainted with foreign literature. His excellent conduct and pleasing manners, soon obtained for him many friends in a land of strangers, and our English Princess (Elizabeth) honoured him and his friend Mr. Kenrick, with the most marked attention. Mr. Breidenstein, the chaplain of the court pronounced an impressive oration in German, at his funeral; which was attended by two Lutheran ministers, some of the officers of the household, and by the daugh-

ters of Mr. Breidenstein and other young ladies, who after the interment, sang a hymn in German; threw a garland of myrtle, which they had previously prepared, into the grave, and afterwards in mournful silence, strewed it with flowers.

The last time I saw this excellent young man, before he left England, speaking to him of his father's Bible, he replied—"The undertaking is indeed very laborious, yet I hope, on my return, that I may be able to afford him some little assistance." But this was not permitted; and if we do not at present discern all the reasons for such an afflicting dispensation, we may rest assured that the time is coming, when whatever is dark here, will be illuminated; and when we shall for ever have reason to rejoice in, and be thankful even for those bereavements and deprivations, which caused at the time so much heartfelt sorrow. The excellent father was unspeakably comforted and consoled by this faith rising to conviction, and enabled by it, to support and strengthen the minds of the afflicted mother and sisters. His first sermon after the fatal intelligence, and indeed the whole service, was singularly striking and impressive; his text 1st Samuel, iii. 18. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good."

In the course of the summer, there was much public, as well as private calamity. The 16th of August, 1819, will long be remembered in the annals of our country, for the unhappy affray that took place at Manchester, between a large party principally of the weavers, &c. from the outskirts of the town and neighbouring villages, assembled to petition for a Reform in Parliament, and a party of the Yeomanry sent by the Magistrates, to disperse them. Some persons were killed, and more wound-

ed; and a spirit of suspicion, anger, and revenge, on both sides has been kindled, which it is easier to raise, than to subdue.

Much of all this dissatisfaction owes its origin to the enormous increase of public debt, which has accumulated with accelerated force, during the dreadful system of destructive warfare, in which Europe, enlightened Europe! has during the last century, (as in days of comparative barbarism) been continually engaged. Would, that this alarming result, with the train of greater evils, which it further portends, would teach nations wisdom, and hasten the happy period, when "they shall not learn war any more." The establishment of peace societies has certainly this beneficent tendency; but their progress in this country, it may be feared, will long be impeded by deep-rooted prejudice, interest, and old established customs. Among our brethren in North America, if they have similar obstacles to encounter, yet they are not of the same magnitude, and accordingly, there these establishments increase and multiply. May the example of the children, in this instance, read to the parent a lesson of Christian forbearance.

I have already adverted to the unspeakable delight imparted to the aged pilgrim, by the contemplation of the many benevolent plans now in act, both in our own and other countries, to lessen the sum of human vice and misery. But alas, how is this cheering prospect darkened, by hearing continually of the rapid increase also, of luxury and dissipation in the higher and middle classes of society; rendered still more ruinous, by the absurd fashion of sacrificing to these nocturnal amusements, those hours intended by a kind Providence for

rest and repose. But on this subject, I forbear to enlarge further, having already endeavoured affectionately to point out some of the many destructive consequences, which inevitably result from these pernicious habits, to the persons themselves, and to all connected with them; whether in the deplorable waste of time, the destruction of health, or in the prevention of all mental, moral, and (alas, need I add) religious improvement.*

If it is the part of wisdom, during every period of this short life, to familiarize ourselves as much as possible, with the awful expectation of its final close, surely it must be especially desirable, that the aged should continually look forward to that important revolution, which in respect of themselves at least, must assuredly be near at hand. The fear of death seems principally to have its foundation in the foreboding consciousness, that in respect of that new and untried state, of the precise nature of which we are altogether ignorant, no present efforts of our own, no solicitude on the part of our dearest friends, can be of the smallest avail to our help and comfort. Having perhaps throughout life, been too much in the habit of resting our security on the unstable, tottering foundation of secondary causes;—on our own wisdom or prudence;—our ample possessions;—or perchance, on the patronage, or the kindness and friendship of others; the mind feels appalled by the near approach of its apprehended, destitute condition; alarmed by the terrific certainty, that

* See an address prefixed to four discourses of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, on the Incompatibility of the Love of Pleasure with the love of God.

all these aids are about to make to themselves wings, and flee away. These fears and apprehensions however, would not create dismay, did we habitually feel that abiding consciousness, that entire conviction, not merely of the power, but of the infinite mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, which continually animated the bosom of our divine Master. We know that even in the garden of Gethsemane, surrounded as he was by all the horrors of approaching crucifixion; forsaken by his friends, and assailed by his enemies, with expressions the most bitter, of contumely and reproach, his constancy did not forsake him. "Father," was his devout petition, "Thy will, not mine be done." On the score of merit indeed, whatever may have been our conduct, we can have no claim to reward; for what have we, that we have not received? Our talents, whatever they may have been,—our opportunities, were they of our own creating? Even the disposition to use them wisely, sprung it out of the dust? But it may be alleged and truly, that whatever may have been our little comparative attainments, and however correct may have been our general conduct, yet that the truly humble ingenuous mind must be deeply conscious of much imperfection, of many infirmities—probably of much mispent time, and perhaps, of some actual transgressions, and may therefore forebode some degree of suffering, to wipe away these stains. But although these apprehensions may be well founded, since "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," yet what has the heart that is wholly devoted to him, to dread? Know we not assuredly, that we cannot go where infinite wisdom and goodness shines not around? Whatever may await us in that unknown scene, it must be merciful and kind, form-

ing an essential part of a great plan of infinite benevolence, which will issue in higher and still higher attainments in holiness, virtue, and happiness, as we advance from glory to glory, through the endless ages of eternity. Amen! Alleluia!

SUPPLEMENT.

THE excellent Author of the preceding Memoirs, survived the date of the last addition to them in the Appendix, about eighteen months: her bodily strength gradually failing, but her mind exhibiting few, if any marks of decay. From the faithful delineation which she has here given of her own character, every intelligent reader must have been fully convinced, that the first desire of her heart was to do good, and that in the accomplishment of that desire, she was as indefatigable as she was judicious. No part of her character indeed, was more striking than her unwearied activity. She knew not what it was to be listless and indolent. From the hour of her rising, which was always early, to that of her retiring to rest, with the exception of a few minutes of the afternoon devoted to repose, she was unceasingly employed, either in devising or in executing some scheme of private or of general benevolence. Of her it was literally true, that she was never weary in doing well. From every frivolous or useless occupation, she conscientiously abstained; and "every fragment" of time she carefully "gathered up, that nothing might be lost," of so precious a gift.* Her life was extended by the number of her years, beyond the usual

* See, on this subject, some admirable remarks in Sir H. M. Wellwood's Sermon, No. II.

limits of mortality; but, by the diligent employment of every hour, she enjoyed a length of days, to which it is the lot of very few to attain. Her example in this respect, the Editor deems it important distinctly to point out, and earnestly to recommend, as worthy of all imitation.

No remarkable events distinguished the latter part of the Author's life. Her growing bodily weakness, was a continual warning to her, that the hour of her departure was at hand. She was attentive to the solemn warning; and while it excited no dissatisfaction, awakened no painful forebodings, disturbed not the serenity, animation, and cheerfulness, which formed such striking features in her character, it stimulated her to exert to the utmost, every remaining power, to occupy every talent, with which she was still entrusted, that at the daily expected coming of her Lord, she might be found watchful. The frame of her mind, at this interesting period, may be seen in the following short meditation, written by her, on her last birth-day, about six weeks before her death.

"June 14th, 1821. By thy good Providence, O most merciful Father, I have this day entered into the seventy-eighth year of my age. Many indeed have been my failings and imperfections, but to thy goodness I am unspeakably indebted, that by the gracious arrangements of thy providence, I have been uniformly preserved, through the course of a long life, from the guilt of wilful transgressions. The time cannot now be distant when I must render up my account; and my earnest prayer is, that the small remainder of my life may be wholly dedicated to thee; not that I may be exempted from the

pains and sufferings of the dying hour, but that, in humble imitation of my Lord and Saviour, I may so sustain whatever thou mayest see fit to appoint, as not through my feebleness and want of faith in the precious promises of the blessed gospel, to cause the way of truth to be evil spoken of. And now, my God and Father, I would commit the keeping of my soul to thee. O enable me, I humbly beseech thee, by whatever means thou pleasest, so to demean myself, that whether in life or in death, thy name may be glorified. Amen. Amen."

Such reflections as these she was accustomed to make on all occasions of peculiar interest. Several of these have been found since her death; and as they furnish additional evidence of her rational, ardent piety, and may be beneficial to others, it may be proper to introduce a few of them in this place.

Written probably on her Birth-day.

"1807. I humbly desire to thank thee, O Almighty and most merciful Father, for having so far conducted me through the trials, the perplexities, and the afflictions of life, in safety and comfort. For these perplexities and afflictions, I am truly thankful; fully conscious that if there has been in my subsequent conduct any thing acceptable in thy sight, it has been owing to their salutary operations. Many, I know, have been my failings and infirmities, many my omissions of duty. Much have I to regret the insensibility to things future and invisible, the coldness and indifference which has too often thrown a shade over my religious duties.—O that there were such a heart in me, that I could at all times live, and act, and speak as in thy presence!

Enable me, O my God and Father, during the short remainder of a life so graciously long protracted, to be wholly devoted unto thee!"

Written, on her visit to Berwick-in-Elmet, with her friend Mrs. GRAY, as stated in page 321 of the Memoirs.

Berwick, June 2nd, 1811.

"'And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in thee.' But have I deserved the least of all thy mercies?—Thou knowest indeed, that I would not willingly transgress even the very least of thy commandments; yet how dull and languid have been my affections, how inadequate the feelings of my heart, for the numberless blessings, which from day to day, thou hast showered down upon me! At this time, I would particularly magnify thy holy name, that I am still among the living to praise thee.—My honoured and beloved friends, with whom I was wont to rejoice in this peaceful village, have long since bid adieu to all the enjoyments of this world, as well as to sin, and sorrow, and suffering; and are now, I trust, rejoicing in some nobler mansion of their Father's house, there to celebrate an everlasting hallelujah of thanksgiving and praise. Enable me, I beseech thee, in all that is truly excellent to follow their example; and grant that the short remainder of my life, may in all things, be conformable to the faith of the Son of God. Give a blessing I humbly beseech thee, to the undertaking in which we are now engaged, in the service of the aged members of the Berwick Female Society, and dispose the hearts of those to come forward and do them good, to whom it especially appertains.—It is nothing with thee to effect thy righteous purposes, by means apparently the lowest and most in-

adequate; make us, if it be thy will, the humble instruments in thy hands, of giving new life and vigour to an institution, designed to soften the calamities incident to sickness and old age; to cultivate and improve the benevolent and pious affections; and to enlarge that comprehension of mind, by which alone we are enabled to relinquish a small present gratification, for the sake of a far greater, but more distant good. But whatever may be our success, in this, as in all things, may we be wholly resigned to thy righteous will, and to thy name alone be the praise for ever and ever. Amen."

On having attained the age of Seventy.

"O most merciful and righteous Father, through many perplexities and difficulties has thy kind and good providence graciously conducted me. Many have been my failings, many my imperfections and errors; but most of all have I to lament, that insensibility of heart, which has too often estranged my spirit from that delightful communion with thee, the only true source of all perfection, and in which alone can consist permanent and real felicity. I acknowledge, with the devoutest gratitude, that the disappointments and privations to which I have been subjected, as well as the success with which I have, on many occasions, been favoured, have equally been the effects of thine infinite goodness. Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name! And now, O Lord, for what remains, having attained, through thy goodness, to the age of threescore years and ten, enable me, I humbly beseech thee, to dedicate the short remainder of my life wholly to thee. I ask not so much to be exempt from the weakness and pains of declining age, as that I may so conduct myself

under them, whatever they may be, as shall finally tend to thy glory, and to promote the interests of true and undefiled religion. Amen. Amen."

September, 1814.

At the beginning of a Year, and shortly after the republication of the Memoir, &c.

"York, January 2nd, 1820. For ever blessed be thy name, O most merciful Father, that thou hast brought me in safety to the commencement of another year; and that although I feel many of the infirmities of old age increasing fast upon me, yet that thou hast enabled me, to contribute, in some small degree, towards what I humbly hope may be for the good of others.—May this separate Memoir of my honoured husband, and the Discourses on Pleasure, stimulate some, by their more ample diffusion, to be followers of him as he was of Christ; and give a blessing, I humbly beseech thee, to the feeble endeavour to point out the incompatibility of the love of pleasure with that devotedness to thee, that ardent desire to be conformed to thy likeness, which alone constitutes our supreme felicity, whether in time or in eternity.

"Whatever may be the trials and privations to which, during the short remainder of life, I may be subjected, enable me, I beseech thee, to bear them with patience, resignation, and cheerfulness, as the true and faithful disciple of him who endured the cross and despised the shame, for the sake of others, and whose ardent prayer it was, 'Heavenly Father, not my will, but thine be done!'"

On arriving at Ackton Hall, when she last visited her relation, Sir EDMUND WINN.

"Ackton, July 7th, 1820. I humbly thank thee, that notwithstanding many and daily increasing infirmities thou hast most mercifully brought me hither in health and safety, to admire and to enjoy the beauties of thy glorious creation.—Enable me, I most humbly beseech thee, to dedicate the small remainder of my life wholly to thee, by a constant attention, as far as may be in my power, to promote the happiness and welfare of my fellow-creatures."

The general strain of the preceding Memoirs, manifests the attention with which the Author was accustomed to mark the course of events, and the habit she had formed of looking beyond all secondary causes, to Him "in whose hands are the hearts of all men, and who turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth;" "in whom all live and move, and have their being." In the doctrine of a divine providence, she had found the source of consolation and peace, amidst all the vicissitudes of life, an effectual means of piety and virtue, and a strong incentive to active, persevering benevolence. She was therefore deeply concerned, whenever she found this important doctrine overlooked and neglected by others; and was most anxious to recommend it to the serious attention of all with whom she had any intercourse. Under such impressions, she wrote the following letter, shortly before her death, to a lady of her acquaintance, who had recently published a valuable work relating to America, and in the perusal of which she had been greatly interested.

York, June 14th, 1821.

My dear Miss W.

ALTHOUGH I was highly gratified and much obliged by your letter, and especially by the information it contained, yet I should not have troubled you with the expression of sentiments for which I hope you would give me full credit, had I not been anxious to tell you, that I immediately commissioned my bookseller to send to London for the Englishwoman's account of a country, in whose mental, moral, and religious improvement, I have for many years, been deeply interested, and with some of whose eminent sons I have the privilege of occasionally corresponding. I need not tell you that at the very advanced age of three-score and seventeen years, (attained to this day) with a very failing memory, and very little previous knowledge on subjects of general legislation, I feel myself quite incompetent to judge accurately on many of the topics ably discussed: I can say, however, with great truth, that myself and my daughters have read the whole with a very lively interest; that we exceedingly admire the patriotism, generosity, and disinterestedness of many of the characters so affectingly delineated, and sincerely join the writer in her ardent wishes, that the seeds of a more equitable government than the world has ever yet seen, scattered upon a soil peculiarly fitted for their further improvement, and more extensive cultivation, may go on peaceably to unite together in one mighty empire, the advantages of every climate, peopled from the same ancient family, of the same language, manners, and attachments, where human life shall attain to superior happiness, and human nature to superior perfection. One

alteration, however, in the future editions, I would beg leave to suggest and recommend to the amiable author; namely, that she should rather lead her readers to look up to an over-ruling providence, which "from seeming evil still educes good," so strikingly manifested in the whole of the American history, than to fortune, a most capricious sovereign, whose empire had it real existence, would be most uncertain and unsatisfactory: I admit, indeed, in its fullest extent, the instrumentality of second causes; such as the love of freedom, and the blessings of a liberal, equitable government, in promoting, the improvement, and increasing the happiness of its subjects; but I would ask, by what means it was that those choice spirits, that host of patriots were raised up, and placed in the very peculiar circumstances that should stimulate them to attempt, and enable them to perform, services to their country like these? Were there no unforseen coincidences under a higher direction, which were essential to their final success? For instance, had not the eyes of the British rulers been misled and blinded by prejudice, the love of power, and the desire of gain, could her American children have thus triumphed? You must forgive these remarks from an aged pilgrim, who has past through a long-protracted life, not wholly inattentive to the current of events; of one who has nearly done with "things seen and temporal," and who every day feels more and more impressively, that all her future hopes and expectations rest solely on the "Rock of Ages;" on His goodness, who has graciously promised, and will assuredly most faithfully perform! C. C.

During the last year of her life, it had occurred to her, that the Practical Reflections accompanying her

Life of Christ,* might be published separately in a small volume, and at such a price, as to bring it within the class of books circulated by the religious Tract Societies. She accordingly put the work into the printer's hands; but she was not permitted to see the completion of it. About one half of the volume was printed at the time of her death.

Her attachment to the Academical Institution at York, over which her friend Mr. Wellbeloved had for many years presided, is evident from the 47th chapter of the Memoirs. The season of the Annual Examination in June, was peculiarly interesting and agreeable to her. It afforded her an opportunity of seeing and conversing with some of the most valuable characters, amongst that class of dissenters in which she ranked; and every mark of approbation which the young persons in whose welfare she felt so lively a concern, received, and every hope they encouraged, of future credit and usefulness, were to her sources of the highest gratification. On no such occasion, perhaps, had she experienced greater delight, than on that which so shortly preceded her death. To all the ordinary sources of pleasure at such times opened to her, was now added that of having for her guest, Dr. Carpenter of Bristol, with whom she had long corresponded, but whom she had not before personally known. Her feelings on this and several other subjects, by which she was peculiarly interested, are so admirably displayed in an unfinished letter, addressed to Dr. Channing, of Boston, in North America, that the Editor cannot refrain from inserting it in this place.

* See p. 319.

York, July 26th, 1821.

I HOPE, my dear Sir, that you have long ago received a letter from me, written in March last; for I should be greatly concerned, if any of my American friends should think me at any time unmindful of them, so long as a kind Providence shall still enable me to hold a pen, to congratulate them on the rapidly improving state of their highly privileged country, destined, as I would hope, eventually to give the world a bright example of the blessed effects of an enlightened population, an equitable government, and of just and equal laws, faithfully administered. Of this, the quiet separation of Maine, from the province of Massachusetts, is a memorable instance; and the unanswerable defence of the Boston Unitarians, against the unfounded calumnies of a Dr. Spring, by a simple enumeration of recent facts, is a most consoling specimen. I thank you most sincerely, for the very interesting packet, with which you lately favoured me, but which I did not receive till about a month ago, though your letter was dated the 22nd of January. Our great distance here from a sea-port, is often the occasion of considerable delay. The valuable little packet however arrived just in time to give great pleasure to many of our distant friends, to whom I shewed its contents, when they were here on occasion of the Annual Examination of the Students, educated in York College, as well as to myself. Among these, were two gentlemen, whom you already highly esteem; Dr. Carpenter of Bristol, and Mr. Hutton of Leeds. Mr. H. was educated here, and of course has long been considered by the tutors, as a sort of adopted son, on whose exemplary conduct and high talents, we all congratulate ourselves. But it was

Dr. C.'s first visit, and therefore more peculiarly interesting to myself, as it did not seem likely at my very advanced age, that an occasional correspondence of more than nineteen years, and the consequent high esteem of his excellent character, should ever be further strengthened by personal intercourse. Like yourself, Mr. Tuckerman, Dr. Harris, Mr. Wellbeloved, and many others, every moment of his time is occupied by investigations, the most important, by the care of a numerous family, (for he has six children,) and by the necessity of taking pupils; for the riches of a splendid establishment do not shower down upon dissenting ministers; and his health too, is very delicate. In conversation, he is singularly animated and pleasing, and his tones of voice, whether in conversing, in preaching, or in prayer, harmonize perfectly with a truly enlightened Christian spirit, love to God, and good-will towards men. He was here nearly a week, and was so good as to gratify myself and my daughters, by making this house his home; but we could not see so much of him as we should have wished, as he was occupied many hours every day, in listening to the examination of the students by the tutors, which he considered as quite first-rate. I mention these particulars, as I am certain that you yourself, and our other American friends, rejoice unfeignedly in the progress of truth, especially of religious truth, however slow and partial, whether in the country of your ancestors, or in that which is more peculiarly your own. The time is fast approaching, and in respect to some of us at least, must assuredly be very near, when the Atlantic will no longer be a line of separation, but when all shall be for ever united, who in sincerity and truth, however imperfectly, have endeavoured to follow the holy example of our Lord and Master.

I hope before this time, you may have received a packet sent from hence, early in May, containing letters and grateful acknowledgments to all my more particular American friends, for a former collection of very interesting publications, sent by yourself and Mr. J. Tuckerman, in October last year; which after having read ourselves, are now going the round of some distant friends. We agree perfectly in as far as our transatlantic friends are concerned, in the utility and importance of a legislative provision for the support of public worship; but we in this country, where there are still such remains of papal and feudal times, are very differently situated.* Mr. Norton's publication is truly excellent, and Mr. Quincy's, as you desired, was forwarded to Mr. Fox. I rejoice that your peace societies continue to flourish, and that they are joined by such characters as Mr. Quincy. I cannot boast of the progress of ours at present; of some of the causes you are well aware, and if you were here, I would endeavour to point out to you some others, which more experience and calm reflection will, I hope and trust, eventually remove. But more than all the rest, I must not omit to tell you of the very high gratification I received from a Discourse of Dr. Channing's, kindly sent to me by Mr. Gustavus Tuckerman, on the decisive evidence of the divine mission of our Lord, from the transcendent superiority of his character, to that of the wisest and most eminent among his countrymen, subject as he must have been, from birth and education, to all those influences on which the foundation of character is wont to depend. Dr. Carpenter read it with delight, instead of taking his

* This alludes to some sentiments advanced by Dr. Channing, in a Sermon entitled "Religion a social principle."

breakfast, for he had hardly time for both. "Aye," said he, "this will do, this will do, indeed." I request you will thank Mr. T. for sending it, with my kindest remembrances to all the family. I am anxious to finish this letter, as I hope to have an opportunity of sending it by a friend, who will give it to Mr. Freme at Liverpool, to be sent by the first Boston packet. We were much interested by your amiable young countryman, Mr. Greenwood, who, we hope, has arrived in safety, and that there are hopes of his perfect recovery. Mr. Wellbeloved designs writing to our friend Dr. Harris, as soon as some interesting publications, now going to press, are completed, and which, if I am alive and able, I mean should be accompanied by a little Tract of my own. But my pen is now quite tired, and I can only.....

The "tired pen," was resumed no more. Soon after it was laid down, the venerable writer joined her daughters at tea, when she was cheerful, even to playfulness. After tea, she read aloud to them as long as day-light lasted. She then took her usual slight supper, and about ten o'clock, having herself conducted the family devotions, retired to that bed, from which she was never more to rise. She slept composedly till a little after twelve, when she awoke, and said to her maid who always slept in the room with her—"I am very ill, call my daughters." They went to her instantly; medical assistance was immediately procured, but to no purpose; she never spoke again, and in about a quarter of an hour expired as tranquilly, as if she had again fallen asleep. Thus gently closed a long-protracted life, which had been devoted to the fear of God, and the service of mankind, and blessed with all the natural fruits of piety and virtue;

a life which, as it had been carefully regulated by Christian principles and motives, was supported and cheered in every vicissitude, by Christian privileges and hopes. They who knew her, can have no doubt concerning what would have been the sentiments of her heart in those solemn moments, had she possessed the power of uttering them; no fear respecting the consequences of the important change she has undergone. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord:—yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

THE END.

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